

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Three thousand women in Greece have petitioned their government for public schools in which females may be educated up to the level of women of other nations.

Last Wednesday was celebrated in many places as the 113th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, the freethinking Irish patriot whose name overshadows that of every other character in Irish history. He was grandson of a soldier under Cromwell.

Rev. E. P. Powell, who is a practical agriculturist as well as a preacher, in one of his articles contributed to "Farm and Garden" in the *Independent*, expresses the opinion that not much is to be expected from legislation in amelioration of the condition of the farmer. He thinks that the present popular system of education not only produce, dislike for farm life but blinds young men to its advantages and unfits them for the work it requires. He holds that "trying to compel prosperity by a set of statutes" is folly and that the only hope of bettering the farmers' condition in the future lies in promoting love of farm life and educating farmers' sons in a way that will enable them to be skillful and successful in the cultivation of the soil.

The teacher of a public village school in Germany, who carried on the business of extracting teeth to increase his paltry income, utilized his dental skill for the disciplining of recalcitrant pupils. Eight boys were by him deprived of teeth, which he thought they could get along better without than with, as a punishment for gross disobedience. The parents of the children caused this odd disciplinarian to be prosecuted for doing bodily injury to their offspring, but the charge was dismissed because the teacher proved by expert medical testimony that instead of harming his pupils he had actually benefitted them. The tooth-extracting teacher was disciplined, however, by his superiors, and tooth extracting for the present will not become a part of German school discipline.

When the ex-Empress Eugenie arrived in Paris lately, a crowd that had assembled to witness the arrival of the ex-Empress Frederick who was momentarily expected, mistook her for the ex-empress of Germany and followed her to her carriage in silence. Once the imperial mistress of the most dazzling court in Europe and the darling of the third Empire, Eugenie now returns to the capital that but a few years ago cheered her wildly whenever she appeared in public, and she is forgotten and thought to be the empress of a hated nation. All this seems sad and indeed like the irony of fate, when it is remembered that it was largely the pride and ambition of Eugene that influenced the third Napoleon to declare against Germany that war which destroyed his throne and dynasty.

Miss Annie Dickinson is now confined in the Danville, Pa., insane asylum. This will be learned with deep regret and sadness by the thousands who remember with what eloquence and power this gifted woman

years ago spoke for freedom. For months it has been evident to her friends that her reason was being dethroned and her final collapse caused little surprise to those who knew her best. It is said that she has never been quite herself since her failure on the stage. Dr. Shultz, the superintendent of the Danville asylum, says that he will not be able to diagnose her case in less than a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and until then will be unable to state whether her mind will be restored in a short time or whether it will be restored at all. Miss Dickinson will receive much sympathy in this terrible affliction and the hope of everybody is that she may be restored to health.

The Eastern Pennsylvania Evangelical Conference last week split in two at Allentown, where one division guarded a church building all night to prevent the other from getting possession. Last Sunday all the churches of that denomination in Allentown, four in number, were locked up, the announcement having been made the day before that there would be no services. The keys were taken from the janitor and put into the hands of persons who represent the majority of the members in the fight. The object of closing the churches was to prevent the opposite faction from taking possession for Sunday services. The bolters under Bishop Bowman opened their meeting by singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul." We wonder says a daily paper if they ever heard of the title that an English clergyman suggested to Newman Hall after the latter had written a bitter and savage controversial tract wholly out of keeping with his fealty as a servant of the Prince of Peace: "Go to the devil, by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'"

Emperor William is too magnanimous or polite to punish Bismarck for his grumblings and criticisms, but is not willing to ignore them altogether. It is a satisfaction indirectly to tell the old prince that he may scold away at will without molestation so long as he or his organs violate no law; and that his scoldings will have not the least influence upon the course of events. This is practically what the remark of the emperor at the Bradenburg dinner the other day means, in spite of the expressions of sorrow at the spirit of "disobedience" which the ex-chancellor manifests. The privilege of fault-finding seems to be accord to Bismarck as his by right of the past, and his ability to gather round him a party strong enough to embarrass his successor is not believed in. A personal following he never did have, nor a strong journalistic support, and to-day he seems to have less than ever before. He is attacked as bitterly by the conservatives as by the freethinkers and the social democrats, and his defenders, the loyal adherents to the old régime, are becoming fewer.

Rev. Father Sherman, son of the late Gen. Sherman, now a student of the Jesuit order in the Isle of Jersey, says in reference to his father: "My father received absolution and extreme unction at the hands of Father Taylor. My father was unconscious at the time, but this fact has no important bearing, for the sacraments could be received by any person whose mind could be interpreted as desirous of receiving them." How could the mind of a man, when he is unconscious, be interpreted as desirous of receiving the sacraments?

It is not claimed that Gen. Sherman had ever expressed belief in the Roman Catholic faith, and those who knew him best say that he had no belief in Christianity as a revealed system. In an address at the Sherman-Porter memorial services in this city last Sunday evening, Gen. I. N. Stiles, who knew Gen. Sherman intimately, said: "He was a great admirer of Herbert Spencer, and whether, when death came and he was the recipient of religious consolation, he changed his views I do not know." All the foundation for the supposition that the old hero might have changed his religious views was the strong desire of his children, who had been brought up in the faith of their mother, and of the Catholic priest, that such a change should take place. But since it did not, extreme unction was administered to him anyhow.

Charles Cushing of Newark, N. J., lately applied to the chief of police for the police ambulance in which to remove his wife to the city hospital. For some time, Mr. Cushing said, the house had been haunted, and noises of a peculiar character prevented the inmates from rest at night. Officers Schmidt and Tyler and Sergeant Noll, who had been called to the house by Mr. Cushing night, corroborated that gentleman's statement. Spirit raps were repeated at intervals of a few minutes all one night long on every door of the house and in the room in which the officers were seated. Each visitation was followed by a misty substance which took on the shape of a man and then vanished into the air. The officers the papers say, were not cowards, and made a tour of the house, but in every room they entered the same singular phenomenon was witnessed. The woman was removed to the hospital.

Referring to unimproved lots in New York, which are enlisted at figures greatly disproportionate to their value, the *New York Press* recommends the method lately adopted at Bridgeport, Conn. In the latter city a man named Sanford owned a corner lot. It was near the court house; vacant, unimproved, but being in the heart of the city was very valuable. He was offered \$75,000 for the lot and refused it. Six months later, according to the custom in listed property, he "aided" the tax assessors to place a tax valuation on the lot by naming \$3,000 as its value. The assessors had knowledge of his \$75,000 offer, and refused to accept the valuation he named. They reasoned from the amount he refused that it was surely worth \$60,000, and they assessed it at the customary one-third of its undoubted value, or \$20,000. The owner within a couple of months began to erect a fine building on the lot. He could not afford to let it lie idle and pay taxes. If New York's tax department officials desire to increase the total value of listed property, they can do so legitimately, the *Press* thinks, by acting on the same plan as the Bridgeport assessors. There is, this paper says, utter disproportion between the listed values of unimproved and improved property on Manhattan Island, to the disadvantage of the owners of that which is improved. The owners of the unimproved property are largely speculators, while the owners of improved property are investors and pay double because of the invasion of the others. The tax department of Chicago might take a hint from the experience of the tax officials of Bridgeport.

A WOMAN'S SUGGESTION.

While THE JOURNAL covers a large field, some of its aims may be accentuated more than others. Its first purpose is to convince by demonstration and proof palpable that continuity of life and spirit communion are facts. For those thus convinced THE JOURNAL's next endeavor is to quicken and enlarge all their faculties, intellectual, moral, psychical and spiritual; for unless an expanding upward growth follows the knowledge, it were almost better the seeker had not found. Unless the initiate is spiritually awakened; unless he sees in life a new glory and dignity, unless religion takes on fresh beauty and meaning, then has his initiation been even worse than useless, in all too many instances. Knowledge is not always a blessing; it depends wholly upon the use one makes of it. THE JOURNAL is as indifferent to the accumulation of psychical knowledge for the mere acquisition, as it would be to teach a child the alphabet on condition that the learner should never use it. If to THE JOURNAL Spiritualism were no more than the acquisition of a knowledge of psycho-physical geography, then would it seek some other lever whereby to lift the race to a higher plane. If Spiritualism meant only the establishment of a two worlds' telegraph for commercial and social purposes, then would THE JOURNAL feel that it could better serve man by working along old lines, only keeping an upward look. THE JOURNAL fully believes the phenomena to be only the alphabet, the key, the foundation of Spiritualism; worthless unless utilized by the individual as help for interior growth. A knowledge of spirit manifestation no more makes one a Spiritualist than does acquaintance with the alphabet entitle one to a university diploma.

If it be said these are trite sayings, platitudes, so be it; only so that those calling themselves Spiritualists will take them to their innermost being and incorporate them as part of the living principles which raise them above dumb brutes. Great and all-important as a first step, the phenomena become of secondary importance the moment that step is taken and one enters the arena of Spiritualism. Hence THE JOURNAL is more deeply interested in the progress of those who have passed the initiatory stage, than it is in exploiting the phenomena, extolling the glories of Spiritualism, and proclaiming the irresistible prowess of its cohorts and their superiority over the rest of mankind. It is quite likely we have not always been felicitous in our methods of exalting the spiritual side of Spiritualism, for an editor is apt to be about as human as other men. Probably our efforts have frequently lacked perspicuity, and that thereby has our purpose been misunderstood. Yet to those who think, who are willing to make an effort to think, and to think deeply, it does seem to us that our words and actions show plainly our aim.

What we have said herein is but preliminary to a most admirable suggestion, as it seems to us, which comes in the form of a private letter from a very dear friend. This friend is a shining example of what Spiritualism can do for one in this world of trials. With early and long experiences, that would have crushed and disheartened most men, this woman has grown into a sweet, strong, lovely character; efficient, brave and cheery in meeting the material side of life; and yet gentle, soul-inspiring and helpful in spiritual things. She evidently desired we should appropriate her suggestion as our own, but we prefer to give credit where due, and only wish we were at liberty to publish her name, a name which many would recognize with a flush of pleasure and gratitude for kind deeds done in the past. Here is the suggestive letter:

The article in last JOURNAL on "Soul Communication," by H. N. Maguire, has resolved itself into a suggestion, which I cannot refrain from making. The anniversary of modern Spiritualism is close at hand—its specific need is spirituality. Why longer observe the day in self-emulation and the pharisaical utterances of those who seem more grateful that they are not as other men are, than that they need to be more as others are who put us to the blush in their sacrifices for the public good, in their aspirations for personal purity; in their supplications for the baptism of the spirit of the Christ, which we Spiritualists

should seek, till it shall make our works consonant with our faith. What think you of observing the day in self-denial and supplication for the spiritualizing of those in our ranks who know the way, but whose hearts need quickening. There is no question of the good results of concerted thought. Can we not inaugurate some method for a spiritual awakening among our people? I never felt such zeal for the missionary field among those of our own faith as now, and never was so convinced of their highest need. Consider this a private letter, and act upon the suggestion or not as you see fit. I only make it in love to the cause.... What a revival would take place if only the spirit were permitted to have sway. If this seems visionary and impracticable to you, just forget that I said it; and if worth acting upon, please make it THE JOURNAL's mission for soul-growth....

We hope the thoughts of this letter will burn into the soul of every Spiritualist reader and kindle the highest aspirations; and that her words may impel others to utter their best inspirations on the theme she so well discourses upon.

ENGLISH VIEWS.

The editorial plea for "More Spiritualization," published in THE JOURNAL of January 24th, was republished in *Light* (London) with the following editorial introductory:

Without endorsing the sweeping charges brought by the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—they would certainly not apply to this country—though we can not boast the wholesale trading that goes on in America, we are entirely in agreement with the demand for the spiritualization of Spiritualism. We here have got rid of much imposture favored by the dark cabinet. We want now to go on with the work which that paper is doing, the attempt to lift Spiritualism into a higher level.

In the same issue of *Light*, the editorial pages are taken up with an account of a late exposure of those old-time tricksters, Williams, Husk and Rita, in an attempt at materialization. The affair occurred in London, and succeeded through the use of an electric light, ingeniously contrived and worn as a scarf-pin, the wires and battery worn about the person in a way to enable the operator to have a light at will. The same plan has been repeatedly and successfully used in this country. Mr. Stainton-Moses, editor of *Light*, in his editorial comments, says: "The exposure was cleverly made, and our thanks are due, as exponents of a clean and wholesome Spiritualism, to the expositors whose report we have since received, and which we append."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, treating editorially of the same topic in *The Two Worlds*, heads her remarks "Away with Dark Circles," and says:

.... Without pronouncing any opinion upon the guilt or innocence of the accused parties, we have simply to say this calls for another added to the hundreds of protests the editor of this paper has made during the past thirty years against the practice of holding dark circles by any professional mediums, or amongst any sitters but in private circles, and friends who can trust each other. The entire gist of Spiritualism lies first, in the proofs direct, clear and tangible to the senses that the phenomena presented are wrought solely by supermundane beings, and never could be in any way tampered with by mortals; and next, in such intelligence accompanying the phenomenon as proves its identity with the spirit of some departed one known to and recognized by one or more of the sitters. The first of these conditions can never be rendered in dark circles. On the contrary, by affording opportunities for the action of deceit and imposture, dark circles are odious and injurious, except under the conditions above named, and ever have been discountenanced by the editor, and should be so by all who love and respect Spiritualism.

As to the second condition, it is the only one upon which the actuality of intercourse between spirits and mortals rests. Millions of tests of this kind have been given, and none should yield up belief in spirit communion unless that belief is founded in such tests. One communication rendered through a stranger from "John Smith" to his son, "Tom Smith," accompanied by crucial evidences of identity, is worth all the claims set up for communications with kings, queens, patriarchs, prophets, or any of "the illustrious dead," whose identity cannot be proved. Let the Spiritualists who truly love and honor their cause look to this, and just in as far as they depart from the rules of common sense, reason, and well-proven

facts in their investigations, let them expect to become the sport of heartless imposture.

A GREAT THINKER.*

A philosophical work entitled "Hegel's Logic" has just appeared from the pen of Dr. W. T. Harris, which makes the eighth in the Griggs series of philosophical classics, a series of excellent books, which enables the student of philosophy to get at the gist of the thought of great thinkers of the race without consuming years of precious time in mastering systems which, in these days of rush, is almost impossible. The few who take to these studies owe to the enterprising firm of S. C. Griggs & Co. a lasting debt of gratitude for presenting these volumes in so readable a form. Each is a resumé of the salient points of the system treated. The authors of these works are thinkers who can clothe their thoughts in a form that calls forth appreciative attention from all classes. Such men as Geo. S. Morris, John Watson, C. C. Everett, J. S. Kedney, Noah Porter, John Dewey and last but not least, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, are an honor to American scholarship. Each has a specialty and in this Griggs series the studies of each are given in the best manner, making this series truly "Philosophical Classics."

In "Hegel's Logic" the friends and admirers of Dr. Harris have the reason why he has labored so long in his favorite work before giving to the world the results of his thinking. With the exception of his fugitive essays in the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," which he has long edited with so much ability, no exhaustive work has emanated from his pen—except the work bearing the above caption. He is now master of the entire trend of philosophic thought, and the results of his many years of study in this critical exposition of the system of the great Hegel are valuable. Like his master, he has not only rethought the thought of the ages, but he has added his own insights to what he has so clearly presented in these pages. But few have the time to master Hegel, even if they have the ability. Under Dr. Harris's guidance, none can now plead the impossible in a study of Hegel, for in this volume we have Hegel clearly outlined with living thoughts of Dr. Harris to supplement those of the great German thinker. The distinctions between science, art, religion and philosophy are clearly made, the problem of evil is considered, and the Greek and German philosophical theories discussed. No extracts can do justice to such a work.

"Hegel's Logic." William T. Harris, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1890. pp. 408. Price, \$1.50.

HIGH LICENSE AND INEBRIATE ASYLUM'S.

Mr. Z. Shed, of Denver, Col., who is a lawyer and a practical business man, in a letter printed in the *Rocky Mountain News*, says that there is a reciprocal relationship between whiskey and politics, between conservators of the peace and city slums which, under present misguided efforts at reform, threaten our civilization. His position is that drunkenness is a disease and that all legislation directed against the evil which ignores this fact will ever be a failure. After the drunkard has paid the money which belongs to his wife and children to the saloon keeper for drinks which degrade him to the condition of a beast, to arrest him, fine him, and take more of the bread out of the mouths of his family, or to inflict upon him and his wife and children the further humiliation of a jail sentence, Mr. Shed thinks a puerile as well as an unjust method of dealing with the great question. Asylums are built for the blind and insane, but the drunken maniac is allowed to run at large. Low license, numerous saloons, cheap drinks and liquors adulterated to the degree determined by the greed of rapacious dealers, with no safeguard for those who are mentally incapable of self-protection, Mr. Shed thinks are a disgrace to modern civilization. His proposition is this:

Let no man have a license to make men drunk anywhere in this state for less than \$1,000 per year. Establish by law, at once, and put under state control, an institution to be known as the State Inebriate Asylum. Put the management of the same entirely beyond political inter-

ference by giving each political party an equal representation upon its board of managers. Apply one-half of the funds collected for liquor license (about \$300,000 a year) to the construction, equipment and maintenance of the same. The fund thus created will be amply sufficient in this state to place this institution under the control and supervision of as able medical talent as can be found in the world, and furnish comfortable quarters, good food, scientific and humane treatment for at least 500 inebriates every year. These unfortunates can be absolutely cured of the liquor habit in that time. Give us in connection with this a law under which any man or woman who is a confirmed inebriate or habitual drunkard may be confined in this institution and subjected to medical treatment for at least one year, or longer if necessary, to effect a permanent cure. Make it the duty of all peace officers, also of friends and relatives of inebriates, to call into execution, through the proper tribunals, your acts of legislation. If by humane and scientific methods, you can transform 500 drunkards into sober persons, and restore them to their homes and society, you have not only begun a good work which may be indefinitely continued, but you have taken 500 of the best paying patrons away from that class of dealers who profit most by the patronage of the habitual drunkard. Respectable dealers abhor this class of trade, and will favor such legislation. By means thereof, the dives and slums would be driven to the wall, and the traffic placed in the hands of the most respectable element engaged in that business. I urge that all this can be accomplished without costing the taxpayers a dollar, and without reducing perceptibly the revenues now derived from that traffic. And by this means, the expense of maintaining and curing inebriates and making better citizens of them, would justly fall upon a trade or business which now contributes nothing therefor. By this means we would effectually cut off the supplies of the drunkard and start him on the road to a new life. We would also protect his family and society from his outrages, and prevent him from thrusting upon society his depraved and diseased progeny to curse future generations.

THE TRANSITION OF HON. WARREN CHASE.

The earthly career of another pioneer worker in the cause of Spiritualism is ended. On February 25th, Hon. Warren Chase passed to the higher life, at his home in Cobden, Ill., at the age of 78. He had been ill several weeks, more from the infirmities and weakness of old age than from any specific or local disease. He suffered scarcely any bodily pain and his mind, clear almost to the last moment of earthly life, was full of serenity and peace. He said that he knew where he was going and looked forward with confidence and satisfaction, as much as he was attached to those he was soon to leave, to the new life and the new experiences upon which he was about to enter. Mr. Chase was one of the earliest as well as one of the ablest advocates of modern Spiritualism, having been, by his own investigations convinced of the truth of spirit life and spirit intercourse, before the Hydesville manifestations had occurred; and his more than forty years' advocacy of Spiritualism, with both tongue and pen, has identified him prominently with the history of this movement and made his name familiar to all Spiritualists throughout the world. Mr. Chase always took great interest in social and political reform. As early as 1843 he was stirred by the ideal social life which was depicted under the name of Fourierism; in 1844 he helped organize the Wisconsin Phalanx. He was, in 1847-8, a prominent member of the first and second constitutional conventions of Wisconsin and as such, and subsequently as state senator, powerfully influenced the legislation of that state. He did good political work too as a member of the upper house of the legislature of California in which he served in 1880-1-2. By special request of Mr. Chase, and in accordance with arrangements made while he was yet in health, his friend of many years, B. F. Underwood, went to Cobden and gave an address at the funeral, which took place on February 27th. A large number of people were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. Mr. Underwood's address was reported for THE JOURNAL and will appear in its columns next week.

There has been considerable commotion in English ecclesiastical circles over the report that the Bishop of Chester had been seen riding a bicycle about his

diocese. The straight laced among the churchmen were greatly shocked, and the bishop came out in formal denial of the truth of the report. The affair has led to an animated discussion whether church dignitaries have a right to bestride the flying wheel. Why should not bishops ride bicycles if they choose? As the *New York Press* observes, if these gentlemen should make less use of their cushioned carriages and take to the shining steel steed, their sermons might be considerably improved thereby. For bicycling is an exercise that hardens the muscles, clears the brain, steadies the hand and brightens the eyes of those who indulge in it judiciously. Whatever tends to make man more manly in body or mind ought to add to his efficiency in every department of life. Manliness is as much more powerful than effeminacy in the pulpit as it is elsewhere. The clergyman who is a trained pedestrian, equestrian or bicyclist will have more vigor himself and be able to put more vigor into his ministrations than the pale, dyspeptic bookworm who imagines that robust manhood detracts from the dignity of his calling.

Prof. H. D. Garrison, of Chicago, passed to the higher life February 24th. Up to within a few weeks of his death he was engaged in giving lectures on evolution which was his favorite topic. He was one of the founders of the Bennett Medical College, in which for years he filled the chair of professor of chemistry, and was until recently dean of the College of Pharmacy in this city, and for many years a prominent member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. During the war of the rebellion he served as surgeon in the Fourth Indiana Volunteers. He was deeply interested in science and an able expounder of modern scientific thought. Mainly through his efforts the Evolution Club of this city was organized. Prof. Garrison was not only a student and teacher of science, but an ardent patriot and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. In religion he was an agnostic, as Darwin used the word in defining his own position. Prof. Garrison had often expressed the wish that his body, after death, might be given to a medical college for scientific purposes, but his wife did not agree to this plan. She, however, consented to an autopsy which disclosed the fact that his brain weighed sixty ounces, a very unusual weight, being only four ounces less than the weight of Humboldt. Prof. Garrison had many warm friends and a large number assembled at his late residence on Thursday of last week to pay their tribute of respect to departed worth.

A political paper, of the same party to which Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, belongs, the *New York Press*, referring to his buying a large amount of silver bullion, and then voting for a free coinage bill, calculated to make that bullion worth many more thousands of dollars to him, says that that senator has not fallen from any sky-piercing pinnacle of statesmanlike greatness, that he has always been a patronage senator, an unscrupulous manipulator of the machine and an unswerving believer in the principle that "public trust is a public placer," the rightful property of whoever can get it by hook or by crook, and for all that is to be made out of its opportunities of gain. The low sense of honor, the *Press* adds, that permits a man to blind himself to the baseness of deliberately interesting himself, personally and pecuniarily, in the result of legislation that partly depends on his vote, deserves the aggressive and emphatic condemnation of decent public opinion, and that condemnation ought to be directed squarely at the men who are shown to deserve it, as Senator Cameron has been shown. But it will not do half so much good to condemn them and to score them after they are elected to high public places, as it will do to keep them out of public place when they try to get in, and to keep out all men like them.

Suppose we knew everything concerning the chemical changes of the cells and fibres of the brain, their action, their modifications in various ways,—all that takes place with regard to a definite emotion—we

should know a great deal about its how, but nothing about its what. The thing to be avoided, however, is excess. There are people who abhor Spiritualism. In its lowest form, Spiritualism has been almost the sewerage of history. If there has been any progress in knowledge and science, it has been begun by protest against excess and abuse of Spiritualism. Science has achieved what it has by draining the marshes and letting in the light. But there is a higher Spiritualism of which nothing of this kind holds, which every one must cling to in order to get sure anchorage for his soul.—Prof. G. Stanley Hall.

A new school of moral culture has been organized in Portland, denominated the Society of Theophilanthropists. Its object, as its name implies, says the daily *Oregonian*, is to seek and prove the principles upon which may be founded a science of life. "The nations are full of empirics in this the grandest of all fields of thought," said one of the founders of the new society, "and what if we are no more? Can anything but good come from aspiring for the better?" Though not exclusive in character, the controversial spirit is carefully guarded against in the meetings of the Theophilanthropists, the assumption being that expressions of error will do no harm when the discovery of truth is the object, and that truth needs no special advocacy. Theophilanthropists is a name that was given to a society founded by Thomas Paine, when he was in Paris.

Rev. O. E. Murray of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church, this city, in a recent lecture said: "When Rome found Ireland, she found the best schools in the world and the best scholars. Now, that Ireland is under the sway of the Jesuits, she is the beggar of the world. The poor people of that island pay more money to the man on the Tiber than to the English landlords. If that be slandering the Irish, I will take off my hat and get down on my knees to them. That little red school-house is the corner-stone of all liberty. You can look at Canada and see what Rome would do in this country if she had the chance."

The attention of Spiritualists is called to the eloquent and forcible contribution, on another page, under the title of "Pressing Questions of the Hour." Than the writer of that stirring criticism and appeal, no man living can be more fully in sympathy with Spiritualism, even though its exponent. The writer speaks out of the fullness of his kindly heart, strongly, imploringly even. Who will stand up and say that, as a whole, what he says and implies is unjust or untrue, or that what he prays for should not be the constant aspiration of every Spiritualist?

With the rejoinder of Mr. Jackson to Prof. Coues in this issue, it is better that the rather lively and picturesque contest between these gentlemen be closed, in so far as THE JOURNAL's columns are concerned. Each contestant has drawn blood, and the public must decide which is victor. THE JOURNAL does not propose to be the victim on whose devoted shoulders shall rest the burden of matter which this controversy has precipitated upon the editor's table.

The attention of readers is especially directed to the sixteenth page this week. Indeed, we are often flattered by subscribers who write us that they enjoy the publisher's column more thoroughly, though in a different way, than any other part of the paper.

The "literary element" in Boston has taken to attending Chinese dramas performed in the native tongue. The "literary element's" experience with Browning, says a contemporary that has but little appreciation of the poet of obscurity, has given it practice enough to understand Chinese at first hearing.

When the cigarettes get through with the King of Bavaria, who smokes a hundred of them a day, his high position will serve to make him a "terrible example."

WHAT ARE DREAMS?

BY LIDA HOOD TALBOT.

Are they simply the illusions of the unemployed mind—if such a state can be—or are they actual incidents of a state of mentality while curtailed from knowledge of the physical in the strange condition of sleep?

It is the claim of the ultra metaphysical theorist that not only "folks" are the incidents of a colossal dream, but that the sea, the starry wastes above, and all that in them is, are but the symbols of things fadeless. If this is true—and why not?—may not the experiences of the dreamer be as real as the waking events of his daily life? That is, one set of incidents contained within another set of incidents, like the toy boxes of Japanese ingenuity which delight childhood, each as full of meaning and as independent in character and action as the other.

Setting aside the symbol theory, there is an ever abundant testimony from worthy sources that the mind during sleep works intelligently and is capable of elucidating abstruse problems, which during its conscious action it seems incapable of working out. It also appears to possess the subtle power of projecting itself into the future and prophesying of things which "surely come to pass."

One person writes: "Since coming into a deeper thinking state of mind I have taken to dreaming; the deepest truths are often thus expressed in paradoxes like double kernels in a single nut, and I am guided by my dreams. I have grown to depend upon them so fully that whenever I am in a quandary concerning business affairs, I simply content myself until night comes; then when enfolded in slumber I seem to be given a clearer perception of understanding. I am shown the right course to pursue, through a series of signs or pictures. When this dream language first began, I did not of course understand it, and to me its import came gradually, as a child learns its letters. The line of procedure is perfectly marked out, every detail defined, and results accurately foretold. Events are clearly outlined months ahead of realization. In no instance has there been a mistake in the fulfillment of the dream where it was in the form of a prophecy."

Prentice Mulford declares "we travel when we sleep"; that when we enter into that realm of mystery, the mind—or spirit—is freed from its physical environment and wanders wheresoever it wills, passing into a higher state of life; but through our ignorance of this fact, it goes forth unbridled in a dazed and bewildered condition, because of a "lack of exercise" or cultivation or recognition of its power on the part of the dreamer, and this accounts for the whimsical or unsatisfactory dreams, which Shakespeare calls "the children of an idle brain." Nearly every one can testify to its activity during sleep, and many bear witness to its power and continued influence in the waking hours; for who has not had dreams that "stayed with them for days"?

Mulford makes some interesting suggestions for cultivating this latent, unacknowledged and unused power of the mind. Our waking life bristles with interrogation points, which neither priest nor cure can answer. Who can explain the prophetic dream of James Grant, the New Haven electrician, which located a break in the insulated cables that had defied every effort of electric experts to discover? The most thorough investigation had been made, without avail.

Grant dreamed that the difficulty was in a locality where a break in the wires might be least expected. Upon waking he remembered his dream, but gave little thought to it; the dream was persistent, however, and he finally determined to examine the locality—the number of the box being given in the dream. He was laughed at for suggesting such baseless authority. This examination was made, however, and the annoy-

ing break was found at the exact spot designated. Another similar case was related to me by Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, the well-known woman suffrage advocate. She was, at the time of her dream, a student at the Oxford Seminary, in Ohio, and she had gone home to Cincinnati for a short holiday. A few days after her return home, she came down to breakfast quite fatigued and distressed over a dream she had during the night. The college building, she dreamed, had been almost entirely consumed by fire, including most of the clothing and possessions of her schoolmates. She related accurately the circumstances and details of the fire, and what she had lost in it; a few minutes later the morning paper announced the fact of the fire. She returned at once to the scene of the disaster and found her dream verified in almost every particular. Such experiences in the "space which is as nothing to spirit" are many, and to deny or laugh at them does not in the least disprove or explain them. In sending her last poem for publication, Helen Hunt writes to her editor: "I can hardly say I wrote this poem, for I awoke with it upon my lips."

Then there are the dreams that one can not but wonder why or what vagary led to their creation, and how they were wrought out. A friend recently related that during the night she dreamed the floor of her room was full of holes. She was made to know—after the delightful dream fashion of just knowing, without the labor of being told or having to listen—that she must run around the holes. She succeeded, as could only have been done in a dream, and presently there came up through them tiny mice, accompanied by very diminutive kittens, both of which began fitting on her feet all sorts of lovely shoes, and were exceedingly expert and polite in their attentions. They probably were the ghosts of the original owners of the "hides" of the lady's latest fad in boots. A boy friend says that he has a most insistent dream, recurring night after night, with no variation of detail. It is that his ear has become a telescope, and that there are odd, grotesque-looking little men who are seeking to find out his secrets by peering through his ear into his head and brain.

Another dreams frequently that he has an exceedingly fine violin, upon which he plays divinely. Probably there are hidden strains of music lurking unknown to him. A well-known Chicago lawyer told me that his principal dream—for it has become a feature of his sleeping hours—is that of flying, or rather of swimming. There is no labor involved in propelling himself through the air; he simply, and seemingly in the most natural manner, waves his arms, like in swimming, and he goes easily wheresoever he desires.

A thoughtful, earnest woman, whose work and brain are busied with the serious things of life, persists in being visited in her sleep by whole barnyards of turkeys, guinea hens, ducks, chickens and peacocks, and young lambs, every one wearing, with the utmost ease of manner, neatly fitting crocheted jackets, fringed and balled and tied with many gaily-colored ribbons.

There is no rhyme or reason, apparently, in such "stuff," but why should the greatest gift of the infinite mind become such a roysterer while off duty? The ancients placed great reliance upon their dreams, and the Bible deals extensively in them, while the best thinkers the world has known have written their concern of them. Charlotte Brontë placed the most implicit confidence in one dream she frequently had, and maintained that for her to dream of a baby was an ill omen. George Sand was haunted in sleep by sweet singing, and voices repeating fantastic verse, which gave her indescribable pleasure, but says, "the odd phrases present no meaning to a broad-awake intelligence." She was, in the dream, always in a boat, filled with lovely forms and faces, and conveyed to her "unknown island," and adds, "nothing in real life can compare with the affection with which these mysterious beings inspire me."

Richard A. Proctor has written interestingly concerning dreams and visions, and cites the great Salma's power of creating "mental images"—which he

attributes of course to "cerebral action" which is as explanatory as "magnetic influence," and calls vision or dreamseeing a "latent capacity for a form of cerebration which may—for aught that is known—admit of being developed in races as it certainly can be done in individuals."

The "gray matter" claim, however, does not satisfactorily elucidate the image-making power of either the waking or sleeping mind. The statement of the scientist is as lucid to many as the mince-pie and hard-cider theory, which admits of psychological relationship between an overloaded stomach, an undesirable mother-in-law, and the grotesque performance of gray matter which lifts the mind of the dreamer to the back of that eccentric feminine and nocturnal beast commonly called nightmare, and it is a difficult thing for the unscientific mind to understand the cerebral connection with pie and cider and inconvenient relationship, for it does not seem quite nice when one thinks about it, to feel that undigested food in the stomach has the power to create the pale fabric of our dreams and mental images. It is much more interesting to think that when we lie down to rest, the mind disengaging and arraying itself in a finer garment of thought slips through the doorways of sleep and rises to a higher, freer and more perfect state of action, there to meet other released spirits of both worlds, those who have entirely outgrown the mortal garment, helping the temporary sojourner. It must be so, for there is extreme measurement and an intensity of feeling never experienced outside of the dreaming condition. Fright and despair are almost invariably deepened. Doubt figures slightly; there being rarely any questioning the ability to accomplish the dreamers wish. If any far-removed object is desired, or a distant place to be seen, there is no hesitancy in securing satisfaction, the dreamer simply goes, or without the form of traveling is there. Thought and dreams are very similar it appears. If we desire to fly, there is no trouble connected with the wish, we navigate the air as easily as we walk the earth. Like the "Strange People" of John Batchelor's novel. How impossible it is to interpret or make any lucid application of the poem we write or read in our dream, yet even in our waking hours we can "sense" by some inner power, the exquisite rhythm and harmony, and never is wide-awake laughter so deep and convulsing. One seems to get at the soul's depths of enjoyment, for it seems to come from some place where a perfect innocence dwells. Upon waking its gurgle is still with us even while we feel foolish over the realization that there was nothing out side the dream which bore the slightest resemblance to wit or absurdity of situation. I have known one or two instances where a dream led the dreamers to a peace of mind they could not find elsewhere. A young girl told me that her longing to become beautiful had grown almost into a mania and she was in a constant and positive state of discontent and unhappiness. She was not uncomely, but her delicate fair face had come to look most ugly to her, and life was anything but pleasant, filled as it was with the all-absorbing foolish thought of her plainness. One night, after a long talk with her mother who had unavailingly endeavored to console and soothe her with telling her of the superior beauty of mind, etc., she dreamed she was taken to a very high place above sea and land, everything was indescribably beautiful, she was told by some unseen one to "rest and wait." Presently pearl-tinted clouds came floating up towards her from the glowing distances, pulsating into opaline tints, and, deepening into amethyst and ruby, glowed and burned all about her. Presently through this joyous atmosphere of color there came slowly floating toward her a figure of such radiant beauty that her eyes were dazzled. The filmy garments of indescribable whiteness which floated and trailed over it "seemed made of purest thought," and red gold hair, like unto that of the wondering beholder's, fell in long rippling waves to the feet of the beauteous vision. Slowly it turned its wondrous face so full of peace and holy purity toward the young girl, and looking at her with calm eyes shining with the light of an o'erpowering love said, "In me, be-

hold thyself as thou art in thy true and higher self"; and as the young girl related her dream, I saw the peace the dream had brought, and behind it I could see a hint of the angel face.

As Emerson, that seer of the soul, says "In the instructions of dreams wherein we often see ourselves in masquerade—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element and forcing it on our distinct notice, we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature."

EVANSTON, ILL.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF STILLING.

By J. T. DODGE.

No mistake is more common than to suppose Spiritualism is modern, that it originated near Rochester, N. Y., in 1848.

An examination of the "Theory of Pneumatology" by Dr. Jung Stilling, written about 1806-7 in German, and published in London in 1834, throws important light upon this difficult subject.

His object was first of all to refute the system of materialism, to establish supernatural phenomena by modern and trustworthy evidence and to cast light upon the state of the soul after death.

His qualification for this task was by no means the best: for, although a man of profound learning, he was in philosophy an idealist who held that time and space are merely forms of ideas which have no objective existence, and hence that all matter and movements in the universe are ideal and not real.

It is not important to present his argument in support of his ideal theory which is speculation to the last degree.

In theology he was orthodox and evangelical, believing in the inspiration and infallibility of scripture; with these fetters upon his mental operations he had "divine revelation and individual experience for a length of time teach us that beings from the invisible world, and God himself also, have manifested themselves to the senses and act upon our visible world."

Although often recognizing the authority of the Bible he seldom quotes a text, but presents a long array of facts, which he calls incontestable, in connection with mesmerism, from which he deduces "the existence of this spiritual luminous body, or the human soul. They further prove he says that this human soul has need of its gross and animal body, solely with reference to its earthly life, in which man must necessarily stand in reciprocal operation with the sensible or material world, and to act upon others, both near and at a distance in a much more perfect manner."

He regards the phenomena of mesmerism as signs of a disease and by no means as a mode of divine revelation.

On the subject of apparitions he says, "the highest species of apparitions which have their foundation in human nature is when a person still living can show himself in some distant place." This statement is supported by an array of facts which he considers fully credible.

"It is now an evident and established truth, that there is in the human frame a subtle luminous body an ethereal covering of the immortal, rational spirit which has undeniably manifested itself in magnetism and in sympathy and antipathy, and shown itself operative in a variety of ways; with this body the rational spirit is eternally and inseparably connected. I have denominated this eternal luminous body, the human soul. This human soul can be detached from the nervous system in a numberless variety of degrees.

"The human soul can make itself visible (to the senses) in two ways; first by attracting atmospheric substances and forming a body like its own; and secondly, by placing itself *en rapport* with the person to whom it wishes to appear. In the former case, it may be seen by many persons; but then every one perceives that the apparition is no human being but a

spirit; in the latter case it is only visible to him with whom it stands *en rapport*."

In the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research similar ideas are advanced, but the volumes not being at hand exact reference cannot now be made. The above quotation may also suggest a possible theory of what is called "materialization."

Stilling believed not only in apparitions of spirits of the living, but also of spirits of the departed, and he quotes at great length from "A True Narrative of a Spirit," which was written in 1755, and for the truth of which he strongly vouches. From that narrative and others, he drew the conclusion that spirits change their form at every gradation of ascent or descent, being darker or lighter according as they were good or bad.

In what he styles a "Brief Summary" of his conclusions, he reiterates his idealism and reaffirms his disapproval of all attempts to hold intercourse with the world of spirits or to "develop the faculty of presentiment in order to learn things future or remote." He also presents his views of the nature and condition of spirits in the following very definite terms:

"27. The whole atmosphere is full of evil spirits and such as are partially good, the former being on the alert to deceive men under the guise of angels of light, and the latter in error themselves."

"30. The boundless ether that fills the space of our solar system is the element of spirits in which they live and move. The atmosphere is the abode of fallen angels and of such human souls as die in an unconverted state."

"44. Every one has one or more guardian spirits about him; these are good angels and perhaps also the departed souls of pious men. Children are attended solely by good spirits, but as the individual gradually inclines to evil, evil spirits approach him."

From the foregoing it will be seen how little which is new in theory is to be found in the Spiritualism of the last forty years. Psychical phenomena have been abundant and striking but the philosophy of the subject has progressed but little. Had not the mind of Stilling been dominated by the theological dogmas of his time, he would have been in almost complete accord with the Spiritualism of to-day.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

By W. B. SEABROOK.

If not always wise, many of the quaint ideas coming out of the mouths of babes are at least wonderfully unique.

Not long since, a wee little girl, leaning over the balustrade and gazing thoughtfully into the heavens, said to me seriously: "I wonder why God's servants don't sweep the sky; see how dirty it is." I could not but acknowledge to myself, as looking upward I answered the innocent query, that the numerous patches of lead-colored clouds, showing against the blue of the vault beyond, looked very much like dust heaps upon a blue flagstone pavement.

I once came upon a little fellow sitting on a bench in a public park. As I approached I noticed that his attitude denoted deep thought. The tiny philosopher's head rested in the palms of his hands, and his eyes were intently fixed upon the gravel walk at his feet. Save the sound of my footsteps, all was still about him, the hum of the city being just audible in the distance. I was ten feet, five feet, two feet from him, and he started, smiling and sitting up. I paused and said to him: "I seem to have frightened you; how was it that you did not hear me coming?" "I don't know sir," he replied, "unless my thoughts were too loud." This remark was similar to one of which I had heard—or possibly read—before: that of a little girl who, upon being asked what had kept her so long in the woods, replied that she had been "listening to the silence."

It is the fashion in some sections of the south—and possibly of the north as well—for parents to take their children with them to camp meetings. A pious friend of mine relates that one night, not long ago, a bit of a lady of seven startled a party of Christians, who were grouped around one of a dozen camp fires, at a camp meeting, by pointing to the star-lit sky and

exclaiming: "Oh! mamma, look, the angel camping out, too."

CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE PERTURBATIONS OF PROFESSOR

By HON. J. G. JACKSON.

Considering the importance of counteracting a tendency towards a return to the empiricisms of astrology in this scientific age, and of settling the questions Prof. Coues has mixed in to divert attention, bolster up his notions in his very lengthy article THE JOURNAL of February 14th, it appears best to allow his errors and assumptions to go uncorrected. To me this last effort of his presents about the same impression as a duet between a pompous courtier and a chattering popinjay.

I shall establish the truth and "it is the truth that hurts." Soon after my first critique of November 22nd, which covered all matters then at issue between Prof. Coues and myself, letters were received from persons who appeared to be learned gentlemen congratulating me on my exposure of his vagaries.

Said one of them: "It will be a hard professor, but he will not own to any error will wriggle out of it in some way." That gentleman surely was a prophet; for has not Prof. Coues wriggled from the very start, to the fullest extent of the term?

Let it be recalled that my first objection made his introductory article was that it gave an entirely wrong impression of the relations of Saturn to earth and sun, calculated to deceive readers not acquainted with astronomy in as much as it represented the sun and earth to be moving back and forth across the rings of Saturn as though paying special regard to his planetship. Then came the statement "Saturn 'within the next few years' will perform movements which will profoundly affect its position relative to the earth. I tried to rectify fundity in these movements by recalling others of the same sort have been recurring every twenty-nine and one-half years, as do as Sun, Earth, and Saturn retain their orderly organized existence in our solar system."

Next in order came his declaration: "If I am not mistaken, more than one of the prophecies now before the public bear directly as to date upon the years in which these planetary changes occur," and herein appeared the symptoms of faith in planetary astrology influences that induced my criticism. This was repeated here for the purpose of recalling to my readers the real issues between the professor and myself, from which he still continues to divert attention by setting up new ones in a most peculiar way, at the same time striving to exhibit his own erudition in contrast with what he calls my "ignorance." The above indicated astrological fancies as to planetary influences co-exist only with that dead science astrology which some bombastic cranks and empirics strive to couple with the cause of rational Spiritualism and to vivify into a new and visionary life. Therefore do I speak against it. The reign of the natural and the law-abiding as contradistinguished from the miraculous and the fanciful, knocks the life out of "judicial astrology" as practiced by the mountebanks of old.

It is in these words that the American Cyclopaedia defines astrology: "A system of rules for discovering future events by studying the positions of heavenly bodies, which was received for ages as a science; but has now lost all credit in civilized nations." There is another item of private correspondence to which, under the circumstances it does not seem discourteous to allude. I received from the professor a few days ago a letter couched in quite courteous terms, but notifying me that he was about to fire some "hot shot," and to be on the lookout. I thanked him for the favor, but mentioned that he need not be tender about it, that I was not a bit scared and rather enjoyed the prospect of something solid to come that would not end in a puff of smoke in my face with nothing left to kick at. But after even this hint was it not too bad that there was in his last shot really nothing but the same kind of delusive smoke, and bad smelling smoke

at? Not satisfied with getting my "back up" on and symbolism he must needs draw from his overwhelming erudition, and put us under the influence of mythology, etymology, alchemy, not omitting even palmistry and silkworms. I am hard to perceive what those subjects have to do with our differences, and hence I may presume they are thrown in for amusement; or was it to make a adding dust, or was it to exhibit his marvelous learning. Might we not say to him as Festus said to Paul, "Cous thou art beside thyself! Much learning; (in thine own estimation) doth make thee mad." It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Criticisms have started him to reading up on astronomy and he is already elated by it, as appears in his last splurge, by the several astronomical facts and quotations made with an air as if original with himself, and "Jackson" did not know of them, and could "be interested to learn" and could not contradict them. Is not such assumption as that rather amusing?

"Jackson" has no wish to "contradict" any correct notions from standard authority, and not one has made that I am not familiar with. Does it seem to you that the readers of THE JOURNAL are to be misled by such tricks as this and the take on of my near the close of his third main paragraph.

A scholarly author says "Jackson cannot help feel that were he to write such a mess of stuff as has a professor, somebody would call him a fool and he would not be able to deny it." Of course it would be polite to designate Prof. Coues in the same way, although a scholarly author of note, in a letter received to-day, used, in speaking of him, that very name.

But I hope that neither my friends nor the professors will be to much trouble over my "ignorance" of astronomical matters, or even of several others of the kind. He has given us his acquirements. Be- lieve me, I have read in mythology, I am, however, not a palmist, my "business," and am getting scarce at that "line of Saturn"—"the line of fate" and the talk, "prepare to meet his God."

As a student I had opportunity of acquiring linguistic accomplishments, but declined on the grounds that there was more practical knowledge attainable through use of the English language than any one man can well carry. So I never got more than a smattering of Latin and a little smattering of French; but I did my time to the "star-eyed" goddess. I have not been glad this course was taken on observing how many come from college equipped with the dead languages and not much else, yet who think they know it all.

Prof. Coues again shows his want of astronomical culture in saying that I fall into a grave error by speaking of Saturn's rings in the plural sense. They are so spoken of in all standard works, and are well known to be of a compound nature, lying close together. They are often also spoken of collectively in singular number, yet really appear to be divided into three. I received yesterday an astronomical monthly which speaks of Saturn's "rings" in the plural, while in a letter from a professor in the Naval Observatory, received but an hour ago, the writer states: "No recent discoveries have been made in respect to the union of Saturn's rings." Push on with your astronomical reading, professor, and never mind dwelling too much on my "ignorance." The exact composition of the body of the rings is, at last account, still undecided, and the Washington professor also says, in the letter just alluded to, "Nothing more is known about the composition of the rings of Saturn than what you (I) indicated." Prof. Coues hit the truth for once when he said, "The density of Saturn is either greater or less than that of water." I remembered that its density was tabulated in the books at three-fourths as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water. Prof. Coues's dictum now is seven-tenths as heavy as water. I am informed, in a letter received yesterday, that Prof. Newcombe says he knows of no discovery of any change from three-fourths. THE JOURNAL readers may take which authority they choose; but I would have them observe that Prof. Coues, being

posted in "planetary influences," "horoscopes," "houses of life," "lines of fate," etc., ought to know best, though, after all, I stand by the books, as confirmed by the Washington professors.

Prof. Coues says that the plane of Saturn's rings is inclined seven degrees to the plane of his equator. I have, for a lifetime, almost, regarded the plane of his rings as co-incident with that of his equator. Not knowing positively, but new discoveries might have been made, I wrote recently to Prof. Frisby, of Washington. He has kindly obliged me with a reply, this day received, wherein he says verbatim: "As far as known the plane of the rings is identical with his equator. The markings on Saturn are so very indistinct that it is difficult to determine the question with certainty. It is pretty certain they are nearly co-incident, and it is generally assumed they are actually so."

Try again, Prof. Coues, while I hint to you, that it is probable when you were quite small—milking the cows, as it were—Jackson was teaching astronomy, and reading, at intervals, "Newton's Principia Mathematica," that pride of human synthetic deduction; and it is not improbable that Jackson may have forgotten more of the facts and principles of the science than his critic ever knew. It will be at least prudent for him to be careful of his statements and assumptions.

Prof. Coues still insists upon the correctness of his original position that the earth and sun are playing lackey to the planet Saturn. Let the words of Prof. Newcombe, as found in his "Popular Astronomy," page 352, decide: "When the planet is in one part of its orbit, an observer at the sun or on the earth will see the upper or northern side of the ring at an inclination of 27 degrees. This position occurs when the planet is in the constellation Sagittarius. When the planet has moved—in its orbit—through a quarter of a revolution, the edge of the ring is turned towards the sun. . . . When the planet has moved 90 degrees farther—in its orbit—an observer on the sun or earth again sees the ring at an angle of 27 degrees; but then it is the lower or southern side that is visible." The planet appearing between the constellations Taurus and Gemini. When it (the planet) has moved another 90 degrees still farther, and appears in Leo, it has accomplished a full revolution in its orbit, and "the edge of the ring is again turned towards the earth and sun." Here is the truth plainly stated by one who is authority—Prof. Newcombe.

In his preliminary remarks, or whatever one may call them, Prof. Coues again repeats that "the planet Saturn has never been seen by mortal eyes." Since I denied that assertion, and "defied any one to defend it on any basis of common sense," it seems imperative that I make my words good, which can be readily done either against rational or nonsensical assertions of that sort. I anticipated the nature of the smart catch he intended to play, and will now show wherein and how he has "caught his foot." His quotations from Prof. Pierce and others, that Saturn is surrounded by clouds so dense that we see only his atmosphere, were meant in a general sense, as I well know. But there is something else well known to me, in spite of my "ignorance," that does not appear to have been known to Prof. Coues, with all his abounding wisdom. Both Sir William Herschell, in his time, and Prof. Hall, of our Naval Observatory, in 1876, with various other observers, notified by Prof. Hall, on the latter occasion, saw spots upon the body of the planet continuing for weeks, that enabled the former to determine the time of the planets diurnal revolution to be 10 hours and 16 minutes, while the latter, with the more accurate equipment of the great Washington equatorial, made it 10 hours and 14 minutes. It is enough! The eyes of Herschell, Hall, and several other "mortals," have seen the body of Saturn, and when Prof. Coues wriggles his foot out it will be muddy indeed. But he will not be the first man who has discovered he did not know as much as he thought. But let him keep up heart and go on with his good reading, the sprouts of green will all be rubbed off in time.

Shall I not as a matter of sufficient interest state further, that the planet Venus, now shining so gloriously

in the morning sky, is more thoroughly enveloped by clouds and vapors than even Saturn—so much so that the conclusion is that her body has never been seen—the time of her diurnal rotation never determined. Shall we adopt the ideas of our paragon of learning, and consider our "Star of Love's soft interviews" blotted from the morning and evening twilight?

As to the challenge of Mr. Chaney, the astrologist, I decline to accept it, taking little interest in anything that lacks a basis of positive knowledge and rational thought. I have not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance, though I remember some things in THE JOURNAL, over his name, that seemed well said. But I can get up no cordial feeling of respect for a planner of horoscopes, which will enable me to cherish

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

It would be very foolish in an old man like me to go all the way to Chicago for an opportunity of kicking the defunct carcass of astrology, while live issues are so abundant.

MYTHS.—II.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

What is a myth? It is first a fact—an objective fact made palpable to the senses as a manifestation of an interior fact. In the course of time the followers of the fact translated its meaning into consciousness and it stands forth to the mind as an idolized conception. This conception, when a god-myth, is that degree of the truth adapted to the world's want at the time it appears. In the degree of its manifestation to the world-consciousness, it becomes man's conception of the one God in His relation to the race as a god-man, hence Jesus Christ being the last manifestation of the indwelling Christ, he takes up into himself the whole life of humanity with all its experience and objectively declares that God and man form one two-fold union, and that each member of the race can rise to any altitude of spirituality where it can be made a partaker of that infinite union with God which stamps it and each immortal nature a god-man. This altitude is reached by an experience in all the variety which good and evil have worked out in their long antagonism. This antagonism is finally brought into harmony, evil serving good; selfishness serving altruism—all life one universal harmony.

Religion, in the ordinary sense, ended with the apostolic church. The "binding back" ceased with the last incarnation. Brotherhood has been the fore-feeler of every regenerating soul. The social instinct, however, rather than the religious, is our common inheritance. This has gone on until the state and the church have brought to our secular life the consciousness that there are no distinctions among men in a generic sense; but that all are brothers—sharers of one common life in one common humanity. The church is no longer a caravansary carrying for pelf the dust remains of defunct truth. We meet as men feeling our manhood as a sacred gift from God. This will be the peculiar characteristic of the coming church. Its spirit will be the social spirit resting upon our common life of secularity. Work—work for humanity will be its highest claim to our regard. By communion with the inner man, each individual will find all that has been objectively mirrored to the race in myth and fable. The incarnate process will bring to the consciousness of the individual the indwelling God—who has always, through the Christ, dwelt in man; but man has not always known it. He has lived in his lower and not in his higher nature, where and from whence all true rationality springs.

The ancient civilization was for the state; the individual was lost in the mass. The last incarnation changed all this. The seed planted by the Christ of a divine natural plane of consciousness commenced to grow, and for eighteen centuries and more the individual has been rising into self-consciousness. The reformation did its work—demolishing the old outward religious accretions. This clearance passed into the state and we have as a result in modern life the

"Parliament of the nations and the brotherhood of man."

In these latter days Spiritualism has come in as a dissolvent. The modern manifestations have destroyed the church in its old form—by releasing the individual from its claimed assumptions; until now, except for social purposes, the church is only a name.

Whilst this dissolution has been going on there has been silently forming in the breast of the few the knowledge which Spiritualism has brought to the world—that God dwells in man.

Through past ages the feminine element has been crucified by the masculine. Man's brutality has acted as a bar to the evolution of her finer instincts; a slave, woman has always been in the struggle for freedom. Through suffering, through sorrow, through the apparent suppression of her life she has infilled the form of past civilizations with that which, after so many ages, is now flowering out into the social order—an order which distinguishes the present from the past. The feminine element has been the involution of the evolution of to-day; hence this is the era of woman. As it advances, she will stand, not only as man's equal but as his helper—his counterpart. It is this duality, felt now in all the movements of society, which marks off these times from all prior epochs. The masculine will not be lost, but conserved—taken up and glorified in the feminine. The incoming dispensation will be characterized as the man-woman dispensation. Man's wisdom will guide woman's love; she in turn will be the life of his light—no more twain, but one.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

HERACLITUS: THE EARLY MYSTIC.

By LOUISE L. GUTKNECHT.

The picture that the ages reflect to us of the great thinker, Heraclitus, called the obscure, the weeping philosopher, is that of a lonely genius, with storm in his soul, who was equally misunderstood by friend and foe. According to Ferdinand LaSalle, he was the first pre-Socratic thinker whose speculative ideas built a system of thought, which forms the nucleus of all his works, whether dealing with ontology, theology, natural physical science, mental philosophy, or ethics. Far from being obscure, says LaSalle, he represents the immense struggle of the nature of thought to express itself in the form of thought. He embodies his thoughts into symbols, and even breaks the gods into pieces to put his ideas into them. It is here that Heraclitus is one of the founders of the Greek language. He raises the simple sense perceptions into spiritual symbols. Heraclitus says: "I searched for myself, but I found the universal, the wise, the undercurrent of all." The Stoics borrowed his thoughts, often missing their meaning; the old church fathers searched them, not unsuccessfully, but Aristotle and Plato commented on and understood Heraclitus best of all (see Plato's *Kratylus* and *Thaetetus*).

Heraclitus was the apostle of objective thought, his limit was failure to find himself—the subjective thought. His great invention, so to speak, is the unity of the conflicting antithesis, being and not being in the process of becoming. This antithesis he represents in innumerable symbols—spiritual as well as sensual—the invisible harmony and the visible harmony, *Apollon* and *Dionysius*, the name of *Zeus* and *Hephaestus* or *Hades*, the universal *logos* and the thought *logos*, fire and water, peace and war, health and sickness, day and night, the way up and the way down, the harmony of bow and lyre, (which *Creuzer* explains from an ancient picture, described by *Pausanias*, as *Apollo* putting down his bow to take up his lyre). These antitheses are continually becoming, the one turning over into the other.

The great dualism of the world is in continual flux and reflux; wherefore the ancients said that Heraclitus had banished rest from the world. The process of the becoming he likens to the process of fire or the flow of the river—a thought picture that greatly troubled his commentators, who only saw the elements in it. Most of them, LaSalle says, if they escaped the conflagration, were drowned in the river. It may be added here, that Heraclitus distinguished in the fire also the divine fire that never extinguishes and the earthly fire which dies and rekindles itself at the living.

The invisible harmony realizes itself in the visible rmony—the real world, which is the way down, likewise the visible harmony continually flows into the invisible harmony, which is the way up. The individual soul, as opposed to the world

soul, he likens to a dry beam, a fiery vapor, which, being tired of following the *Demiurg* in his innumerable walks, longs to realize itself in the visible world, the way down, which is tribulation, and its return, the way up; peace and rest. "Men are born to death and die to life. We live the death of the gods and die the life of the gods. Life is a debt that has to be paid," says Heraclitus. *Apollo*, the divine, realizes itself on the way down as *Dionysius*.

These antitheses he follows into every realm, and so becomes in his physics the philosophical father of *allopathy*, which cures by opposites. By his works and his exhortations to follow nature, he was the inspiration of *Hippocrates*. In Heraclitus's doctrine of the understanding it is the universal wisdom into which the human mind has to flow. All human reason is unreason; our eyes and ears lie. Sleep, to him, is the picture of this isolated unreason, whereas waking puts men into the right connection with the universal truth. In this we find happiness, while turning away from universal truth is his idea of wrong. The question whether Heraclitus was a follower of the *Orphic* or *Egyptian* theologies, LaSalle answers, "Yes and no. Heraclitus used their gods, as said before, as symbols." The name of *Zeus* wants to be pronounced—and not. Enter, the gods are everywhere. The daemon is in your own soul. "Plato," says LaSalle, "in his *Kratylus*, after representing Heraclitus in different Heraclitists, at last unfetters the great *Ephesian's* tongue. Like with the sound of a bass drum he silences the concert of these grand ideas, not capable of grasping themselves, by making Heraclitus himself exclaim: 'This all-pervading, never-extinguishing fire, this all-governing and never-amalgamating *logos*, is the idea, the subjective idea.'"

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE RELIGIOUS TRANCE.

The English Puritans of the time of *Henry VIII.*, *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, had their trances, visions and dreams, and believed in them, too, as revelations of the divine will and intentions, but the epidemic of religious enthusiasm which preceded and attended the civil war between *Charles* and his Parliament was the most pronounced that had ever been seen on the island. Long and fervent prayers were the rule; and during the prayers and singing men and women would work themselves up to a degree of religious excitement that prompted them not only to commit any extravagance which lay in this line of religious exercise, but also to believe in any extravagance that might be committed by others. During the progress of a prayer meeting in the army an enthusiast would rise and announce his vision, generally prophetic, often foreboding the defeat of the king and the destruction of regal power in Great Britain. There were seers and wonder workers among them. One claimed to heal the sick, another to raise the dead; one declared himself to be the Son of God, another professed to be the Trinity. *James Nayler*, an old quartermaster in the army, was adored and prayed to as a god. *Dorcas Erbery* claimed that she died and was brought to life by the laying on of *Nayler's* hands. The leading men of the nation, the principal clergy, were not exempt. *Cromwell* had prophetic visions and dreams, *Ireton* had trances, *Bunyan* believed that demons and angels were contending in his sight for his soul, and looked on in horror at the spectacle. And yet these men were not fools nor knaves, but simply religious enthusiasts. Their conduct in the ordinary affairs of life was above reproach. When the praying army of the commonwealth was disbanded, the ranks of the tramps and vagabonds were not increased, not one of the 50,000 became a beggar or criminal. In war, these praying, preaching enthusiasts were irresistible, carried everything before them. "Turenne was startled when he heard the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned it was ever the fashion of *Cromwell's* pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy, and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by friends, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counter-scarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France." But the Puritans were not the only inspired dreamers of England. During the time of *Henry VIII.* there appeared the *Maid of Kent*, a Catholic woman in the south of England, who had visions and trances and foretold the speedy and violent death of the king, and many grievous calamities to the nation, a series of revelations so little to the royal taste that she and a number of her followers were, by the king's command, hanged at *Tyburn* in 1534.

The preaching, prayers and hymns of the *Wesleys* produced in the latter part of the eighteenth century effects such as had not been seen in England since the religious excitement of the commonwealth. These men

and their collaborators were gifted with an impassioned eloquence which carried everything before it, and caused an intensity of religious emotion that, in these cool-headed days, can scarcely be realized. The most eloquent of their number was *Whitefield*, who, in some respects, as an orator was never equaled. His glowing descriptions of the beauties of a life given to holiness made men better in spite of themselves; his terrible denunciations of sin made the stoutest hearts quake; his portrayals of the wrath to come made women faint and men turn pale. Under his preaching physical manifestations were exceedingly common. Men fell as though dead and lay for hours unconscious, then rising, would make the welkin ring with shouts and songs. They had visions and told them with great freedom in their meetings, to the horror of formalists, who considered that sort of thing extremely demoralizing. Every effort was made by the ministers of the established church to suppress the excitement. There was talk of imprisoning *John Wesley* as a dangerous lunatic. Proceedings were at one time actually instituted against *Whitefield*, but the evidence was so trivial that even the hostile Magistrate was forced to dismiss the case at the outset, fearing to compromise himself by giving it serious attention. Failing in this, the parsons of the English church resorted to open force—incited the rough classes to riot, broke up the meetings by means of mob violence. Time and again was *Wesley* in danger of losing his life; time and again was *Whitefield* injured by stones and clubs in the hands of this mob. They in vain implored the protection of the civil power—the civil power was against them. But by and by there came the natural revulsion, a cry for fair play arose, influential friends demanded that these preachers should have a hearing. They did have a hearing, and the result of the religious enthusiasm with which the movement started was the foundation of the great bodies of Methodism.

The revival spread to America, and in 1810 a series of meetings began in Kentucky and Tennessee, the interest and fame of which soon spread all over the United States. No church house could contain the multitudes which flocked to these gatherings, and the meetings were held either in the open air or under huge booths made of the branches of trees. Thousands attended, and many "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." Physical manifestations of every description were seen in abundance. Strong men fell as though pierced by a shot through the heart. Some tried to run away, and dropped to the ground in the act. Dozens fell in a single meeting, and their bodies were laid out in rows as though for burial. Upon recovering consciousness, some would leap, shout and sing, others would wail and weep bitterly, declaring themselves lost beyond redemption. The enthusiasm found a manifestation in a form akin to the dancing mania of the low countries. The "jerks" appeared, a singular nervous convulsion, affecting the whole body. It attacked alike the preacher in the pulpit and the hearer on the wooden bench, the old church member in the "amen corner" and the godless scapegrace on the outskirts of the congregation. It attacked alike a deserter from the army who sought safety in the gathering, and the officer who came to arrest him, the negro slave, and his master who was about to horsewhip him for making a disgraceful exhibition of himself. Women were seized, and in their paroxysms their hair would become loosened, and when their bodies were thrown forward and backward the long tresses would cut the air like a whip-lash; men were seized, fell on the ground and floundered like a fish out of water. To flee gave no security; men were taken while riding along on their horses. To stay afforded no guarantee of safety; some were taken in the midst of a hymn, others during a prayer. Those affected were held by two or more companions lest during the paroxysms they should injure themselves; some, who had learned by experience what was best, took a tight hold on a sapling or any other support that was convenient and held till the jerking ceased. Nor were they any the worse, but went about their business after trance and jerks as though nothing had happened. The jerks very rarely appeared after 1820, but the trances are still frequent in various parts of the south and west, and in the great revival in the Confederate army during the last two years of the war the trance phenomenon was present, though not as common among the boys in gray as it had been in the early days of Kentucky.

Isolated cases of the religious trance are numberless. The *Koran* is but a record of the visions seen or thought to be seen during the trances of *Mohammed*, who was undoubtedly a trance subject of the most pronounced type. Most great religionists have either been affected in the same or in a similar way; even hard-headed old *Martin Luther* thought he saw a vision of the devil, and so impressed was he with the reality of the appearance that he threw his inkstand at it, and the splash on the wall of the chamber in the castle of *Wartburg* remains to the present day. *Joan of Arc* was sincere in believing herself controlled by her "voices," and the testimony of hundreds of

witnesses to the purity of her life and the sincerity of her professions was so overwhelming that twenty years after her death at the stake an official investigation by the authorities of the church was held, which reversed the decision of the court that condemned her. St. Anthony was sincere in his belief that his temptations, endured during the trances to which he was subject, were real, and through the medium of real personages. The father of the monastic system, he was, in every respect, its typical representative. Worn out by fasting, watching and prayer, he fell readily into the trance state, and to him the wanderings of his fancy while in that condition were realities. The same thing is true of St. Teresa, the reformer of the order of Carmelite nuns. At the age of seven she fled from her home to seek the crown of martyrdom among the Moors, and returned to become a trance dreamer and mystic of the highest order. The "Lives of the Saints" are full of trances and visions seen while the dreamer was apparently unconscious. One saint visited heaven, another gazed into the pit of hades; one was carried away by the angelic host, another witnessed a battle of angels and demons; one brought back from the realms of light accounts of those who had gone before, to another was confided a message from a lost soul to those he had left behind. One, in a trance, preached, another prayed, another sang praises, another prophesied. Abstract the trance element from the "Lives of the Saints" and the enthusiasm is gone, the stories become painful humdrum.

Great religious movements have often had another feature—the sudden recovery of persons afflicted with real or imaginary disorders. The doctors practically agreed that the influence of the mind over the body is often sufficient to cause real or apparent recovery to health. Hope is the best medicine, and faith is sometimes almost as good as hope. The annals of all religions are filled with cases of where a strong faith has produced what seemed to be a complete restoration to health. The sick Hindoo is often healed by a plunge into the Ganges. The records of innumerable shrines in Europe attest the sudden recovery of afflicted persons who have gone thither in strong expectation of being healed. A dozen churches in Italy, in Spain, in France, in Germany, in Ireland, are festooned with crutches, canes and other artificial aids to locomotion left there by persons who came with their help and went away with the conviction that such assistance was no longer necessary. The records of Our Lady of Lourdes, of Knock, of the Holy House of Loreto, of a score of other places to which pilgrimages are made, all testify that cures are sometimes possible, though by what means they are effected is another question. The Convulsionnaires of St. Francis healed by the laying on of hands, just as do the faith healers of the present day. During the Irish revival of 1859 the lame walked, the partially blind saw, afflicted persons in many instances were, or believed themselves to be, relieved of their infirmities. The same was true of the Wesley and Whitefield revival and of the Kentucky revival of 1810. Every great religious awakening, whether of an individual or of a community, has shown some features extraordinary in themselves and not apparently explainable by natural law; the manifestations have not been peculiar to one denomination, nor can any denomination claim a monopoly of them.

WHAT DID PROTESTANTISM DO?

In a sermon delivered before his congregation on "Protestant Revolution," Rev. M. J. Savage said:

There is a story in one of the "Arabian Nights" of a man who found a bottle on the seashore that had been washed up by the waves; and, curiously opening it, out there comes, to his astonishment, a spiritual being, which they called an afreet, that had been confined there, and which expands and expands until he seems to fill the whole heaven and threaten the destruction of the man who had set him free. Protestantism loosened an afreet, a spiritual being, that it could never put back into his confinement again.

What did it do? It appealed to reason. It affirmed the right of private judgment. To be sure, all that Protestantism intended to do was to say that each individual had the right of private judgment so far as the interpretation of the Bible was concerned. It never dreamed that people would dare to go outside of the Bible. It might interpret the word of God; but the Protestant leaders never dreamed that man would dare to raise a question as to what was the word of God. And this power of reason, when once set free, travelled up and down, examined the stars, looked into the face of the heavens, dug beneath the surface of the rocks, uncovered the ruins of ancient cities, and made measurements and examinations. And, when once reason had done all this, it suddenly discovered that the word of God that it was at liberty to interpret was a good deal larger than any book. And so since that time the reason which Protestantism released has been its own mightiest enemy,—not an enemy in the sense that it is an enemy of man, but of

itself. It has done a wider, higher, deeper, grander work than Protestantism at that age would have dared to demand. And so Protestantism did the world the most magnificent service when it loosed the reason of man, when it delivered humanity from this paralysis of faith, this fear in the presence of the church and of heaven.

The next thing, what? Protestantism did the world the most magnificent service in changing its religious emphasis. The old church had said, you must believe in the church, and the greatest sin of all is to doubt, or to break away from what the church orders. Protestantism, too, said, you must believe in the creed, and the greatest sin is heresy. But Protestantism changed the emphasis, almost unconsciously, to such an extent as to create a new type of religious life. It said, you must be saved by faith; but it began to talk about personal righteousness, and it placed the individual face to face with his God. It developed the doctrine of individual salvation; and do you not see what that meant? The moment that a man is told that his reason is competent to discover truth, and that he is free to go into the very presence chamber of his God himself and settle with him alone the question as to whether his soul is saved or not,—that moment ecclesiasticism in every form is doomed. Why need a pope, why need church councils, why need a priest, why need confessional, why need the forgiveness of man, when the question can be settled only between the soul and its Father? Do you not see, then, that this one principle alone of Protestantism had within it the seeds not only of the disintegration of Rome, but of the disintegration of its own ecclesiastical power?

Third, and last, the church rendered the greatest service of all by announcing the principle, or leading to it, which was never put into terse and epigrammatic words so finely as in the phrase of the late Quaker woman, Lucretia Mott. The one great phrase which she has left as her gift to the world is enough alone to assure her immortality: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." Truth for authority, not authority for truth! It has been the scoff and scorn of Protestantism, that it has broken up into a hundred or a thousand sects. The Church of Rome to-day points with overweening pride to her own great union, and says, see how divided and scattered and frittered away Protestantism is! And this very thing which Rome jeers at and scorns in Protestantism is its crown and glory. Who cares? Suppose Protestantism is disintegrated until there are as many sects in Christendom as there are men, women, and children; do you not see to what it is leading? The moment that you take away this external band of authority that binds people together as an extraneous force, what should they do but each one go on his own way? Towards what? His way towards truth.

There is springing up in the world a new type of ethics. Professor Huxley, in a lecture which he gave in New York in September, 1876, used words like these, speaking of the men of science: We are coming to think that a belief that is not supported by any evidence is not only illogical, but immoral! Think a moment of the force of that! If those things are immoral that hurt and hinder and stand in the way of the world, that keep the world back and down in barbarism, then there has never been anything on the face of this earth so truly immoral as credulity. What has it done? It has compelled the race to waste money, time, energy, thought, enthusiasm, aspiration,—to waste these forces in following illusions, in following things that somebody just fancied to be God's truths. And the churches have stood in the way of men's finding out what the real truth might be.

And now what? Under the guidance of the spirit and the method of modern science, free and intelligent men are going to dare to say, unbelief a sin? No; credulity is a sin. Why, in heaven's name, why should I put my brain and my immortal soul in the keeping of the first man who comes along, who chooses to tell me that he has been appointed of God to be my keeper, when, for all I know, he may be the veriest charlatan under heaven? Why should any man? But that is just what the world has been doing for thousands of years. Protestantism then, in asserting this principle, has set the world free.

The church claims unanimity of belief, and it has, so far as it could, forced its adherents, by sword and fire and fagot, to accept this assumption. What are we coming to? Under the inspiration of modern science, we are coming to unification of belief in everything that can be demonstrated to be true,—but free belief, do you not see? Scientific men never think of persecuting. Why? Because they do not think it is wicked to doubt a thing that is not proved. But they come together for a free and voluntary acceptance of everything that is proved, and so they have a creed,—a creed that they know is God's word, because it is demonstrated to be a part of his eternal truth of things. And the church is coming to a creed like that. We are going by and by to have, if not thirty-nine articles, at least a reasonable number, as many as we can live out practically, a number of articles

which are demonstrated as true, therefore demonstrated to be God's word. And we are going to be perfectly free in our opinions concerning any other subject. We are going to respect each other's differences. Why should I call my friend names or put him in prison, because his opinion differs from mine, when, if he cannot prove mine wrong, I cannot prove his wrong, either? We are going to have a free and self-respecting tolerance as to those points concerning which intelligent men differ; and we are going to have a creed settled, accepted by all intelligent and competent thinkers, because it is demonstrated to be God's truth; and we will enlarge that creed just as fast and just as far as we can extend the borders of ascertained truth; and, standing on the basis of that creed, we are not going to fight each other any longer. We are going to join all together, and fight for truth and against error, and so build up the universal kingdom of truth and of love.

THE "DOUBLE."

SIR,—In answer to your correspondents, T. Hawkins Simpson and Gilbert Elliot, who ask for well-established cases of a "double" seen by persons not under mesmeric influence I beg to submit the following case.

I enclose a letter received by me at Sandown, Isle of Wight, on February 15th, 1873, which it may be interesting for you to examine at first hand. It was written to me by one of the officers of the station where I was officer in medical charge, and between whose family and mine there were close relations of friendship and sympathy.

The part of the letter which bears upon our subject is as follows:

"19—PLACE, BATH, FEBRUARY 14TH.

"MY DEAR PURDON,—My wife has just seen your brother 'Ned' standing by her (1.45 p. m.), and has asked me to write, as we are anxious to know if he is well. I knew somebody was near her, but could not see the figure.—Yours sincerely," J. N. B.

When I read the letter I remarked to my wife: "So much for fancy; it is unsatisfactory talking to people about Spiritualism, they are apt to run away with it and imagine anything," or words to that effect. My wife begged me to be silent until I heard the other side: "Yesterday Mrs. D. was going home by the two o'clock p. m. train, and she left the house at a quarter to two o'clock, giving herself her usual time to reach the station. Eddie saw her to the door and turned back into the sitting-room, where I was at the piano, on the top of which was a letter recently received from Mrs. B., in which she spoke of some curious experiences she had had in an old house. He asked permission to read the letter, which was a long one and which contained much that was of interest to him."

I at once saw that he had the best time test of the appearance of the double on record. Mr. B. fortunately gave the time by his clock, and ours being set to the railway time we may fairly claim coincidence in time between the facts of the reading of the letter at Sandown and the appearance of the reader to the writer at Bath more than 100 miles away. What conclusion can we arrive at other than that a physical circuit was completed by the mental effort of my brother in reading that letter?

Wherever there is the space factor introduced there is the motion of matter to be considered; and wherever there is the mental factor there exists the molecular motion of the organized nervous system. It is not only unthinkable, but unnecessary, to suppose that either pure thought or "a spirit" intervenes between mortals at a distance in such a case as that given above. All that psychic science, practical Spiritualism, and common-sense demand is the acknowledgment of organic connection between the living nervous system and the so-called ether of space. Mortal spirits communicate through the aid of natural or conventional signs.

To argue that extension does not exist for disembodied or free spirits and that they can act and be at any desired object by a mere effort of volition, is beside the question altogether. Whatever they do, we must complete the solution of our problem in terms of matter and motion, even if we have ultimately to absorb the latter in a more comprehensive theory of feelings, subject to definite relations of order and position. Physicists make use of certain properties of an hypothetical substance to account for the action of their forces; let Spiritualists make an equally bold and consistent use of other properties of the same substance, and we need no longer fear any breach of continuity in the solution of our problems. Let us endow it with vital properties, so that it may be regarded as an organic connection with all nature, animate as well as inanimate, and we have in it the acknowledged reservoir of the energy of the universe, the quasi-objective and extensive aspect of the spirit. This brings us wonderfully close to the dogmatic solution of Spinoza, who endowed God with the two contrasted attributes of thought and extension, also knowable to us out of an infinite number of other

tributes; but our regard is from the side of potentiality.

The absolute need of Spiritualism is a theory of inhibition which enables us to understand how it is that we are tied down to the present time and place in the ordinary moment of consciousness. The answer to that question carries with it the data for a scientific theory of Spiritualism.

I do not argue against the existence of spirits, but against the validity of accepted views of our cognition of spirits.
—John E. Purdon, M. D., in *Light*.



THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay! not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Woman's Council which was held in Washington last week brought together many of the ablest and most universally respected representatives of the various movements for the elevation of woman. Those holding positions of distinction were assembled in large numbers and naturally the gathering has commanded universal attention. The central thought of Miss Frances Willard, the president, as expressed in her address, was that women should work together on lines on which they can work in unison, in spite of their disagreements on other points. She spoke for womanhood, for childhood and the home. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, spoke for compulsory education and extension of charity. Mrs. Alice D. Fletcher, of Alabama, made a plea for the red man and Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake spoke on women as police matrons. Rev. Mila Frances Tupper, of La Porte, Ind., talked eloquently of woman's mission in the church and Mrs. Emily S. Sherwood urged the broadening of charity and church work. Mrs. Kate Tannett Woods talked on woman in the pulpit and thought the Universalists have the best representation. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster gave an impassioned address on "The Nonpartisan National Christian Temperance Union." Matilda B. Carse told the convention about the Chicago Temperance temple and Mary E. Lease of Kansas spoke with surprising force and effect of women in the Farmers' Alliance. Her eloquence is described as "cyclonic." A strong paper "The Matriarchate" by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was read by Susan B. Anthony, and Julia Ward Howe spoke of the relation of woman suffrage to other reforms. There were other addresses some of them by able and distinguished women, which space does not permit mention of here. The meeting of the Council was a great success.

The following bill, by the request of Miss Helen L. Hood made in behalf of the W. C. T. U., was presented to the Illinois Legislature a few days ago by Senator McMillan of Chicago:

An Act to entitle women to vote at any elections held for the purpose of choosing any officer under the general or special or school laws of this state.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois represented in the General Assembly: Any woman of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, belonging to either of the classes mentioned in article 7 of the Constitution of the State of Illinois, who shall have resided in this state one year, in the county ninety days, and in the election district thirty days next preceding any election held for the purpose of choosing any officer of schools under the general or special school laws of this state, shall be entitled to vote at such election in

the school district of which she shall at the time have been for thirty days a resident; provided any woman so desirous of voting at any such election shall have been registered in the same manner as is provided for the registration of male voters.

SEC. 2. Whenever the election of public school officers shall occur at the same election at which other public officers are elected, the ballot offered by any woman entitled to vote under this act, shall not contain the name of any person to be voted for at such election except such officers of public school; and such ballots shall all be deposited in a separate ballot box but canvassed with other ballots cast for school officers at such election.

Ofttimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it, writes Oliver Wendell Holmes. Her sails were unfurled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew, if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful wife, that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.

The lower branch of the Kansas Legislature found itself in such a snarl one Saturday last month that an adjournment had to be taken until Monday. Why was this? The young woman, who alone of the clerical force has had previous experience in legislative matters, had been called home to her mother, and there was no one left to keep the prairie solons in the straight but narrow path of regular parliamentary procedure.

The National Farmers' Alliance, which had present, at its recent convention in Omaha, more than a hundred delegates from eleven States, and which in Nebraska alone has 65,000 members, passed the following resolution: "We believe that women have the same rights as their husbands to hold property, and we are in sympathy with any law that will give our wives, sisters and daughters full representation at the polls."

The Marquise d'Algeri, who is becoming famous in Europe for her beauty and wit, is known to the American public as Blanche Roosevelt. Fifteen years ago she was a choir singer in Chicago. She had an opportunity to finish her musical education abroad, and while on the Continent developed an astonishing faculty for languages and literature. Her husband is the son of the Italian minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

Miss Anna Parnell, the Irish leader's sister, is almost if not quite as well posted in the politics of the most distressful country as is her distinguished brother. She is a slender and very delicate little woman, nervous, high-strung and of an apparently cold temperament. No one to look at the fragile little creature would think her capable of the continuous hard work she has performed in her brother's cause for months at a time. She dresses very quietly and is usually found buried in a pile of papers.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who is still a beautiful woman, with finely modeled features, trained voice and gracious manners, adds to her reputation as a poet and prose-writer, a philanthropist and grande dame of society, the unique honor of having been President of the Boston Woman's Club for twenty years by the unanimous choice of the members.

NEWTON'S LAST STAR EXPOSED.

When Eliza Ann Wells was being starred as a crucial test materializing medium by Henry J. Newton, a woman going by the name of Etta Roberts sometimes figured. She was one of those who assisted Wells when exposed by Mr. W. R. Tice at the

house of Mr. Newton. After the decline of Wells, through her repeated exposures and final disastrous failure in the attempt at bluffing the editor of THE JOURNAL, in which Newton was her champion, she left New York. Then it became important for Mr. Newton to have another materializing star and Etta Roberts was selected. Mr. Newton has been exploiting her for two years, as he did Mrs. Wells before her. He has talked buncumbe for the benefit of reporters of daily papers and seemingly been as devoted to his last favorite as to her predecessor. A new cabinet had been constructed and largely advertised as a fraud-proof affair and the "crucial" business was on the eve of inauguration when suddenly, and without warning Mr. Newton again found himself in a painfully ridiculous position.

On last Friday night Roberts held a séance in her apartments. It was not called a "crucial" affair, but scientist Newton was on hand, with some twenty other observers. The show began at 8:15 o'clock and Roberts masqueraded in different characters for about an hour. Then she came out as Florence, the lately deceased daughter of Mr. Newton, and after kissing and embracing him took him through the folding doors into the back room, where they remained about five minutes. Returning to the front room she was supported on his arm. While in the dark back room she had managed to get a confederate, in the person of a child, under her skirts and by coming in slowly got him into the cabinet. But in coming through the folding doors she had to squeeze past the persons at the end of the circle, and one of them discovered the addition to the procession. After this, two "spirits" would appear. Sometimes the boy confederate would come out under Roberts' dress, and while she was ostensibly pulling lace off the floor he would pop out and up. The séance dragged on for nearly three hours; plenty of "spirits," plenty of phosphorus stuff and lace. The trouble was, Roberts could not get the boy into the back room again, as the door was closely guarded by the one who had detected the introduction of the child. Finally Roberts called up a confederate from the circle—there is nearly always a confederate mixed in with the sitters in these shows. A little more light was asked for and Dr. M. L. Holbrook turned on a full blaze, then turned it down, but not so low but that sitters could distinctly see. The confederate who had been called from the circle conducted the boy confederate out of the room in full sight of all, but instead of bringing him back, left him in the other room behind the bed. It had to be done this way, for the conspirators were in a straight, and if audacity would not save an exposure, nothing could. Dr. Holbrook promptly went into the back room, the boy ran to him and was led into the séance room. As soon as in the séance room the boy rushed to Roberts—his supposed mother—who hid him behind her and sat down in the cabinet, immovable, threatening to kill any one who touched her. In the confusion the male confederate who had sat in the circle disappeared and was not identified.

"It was pitiable in the extreme," writes one who was present. "Poor Newton still insists she can give genuine manifestations and under test conditions and he will prove it, but he admitted last night it was a deception." Here is the same old trick which Wells worked on Newton and which she admitted to Mr. C. D. Lakey. Is it not about time to stop pitying Mr. Newton, at least until his sanity has been judicially passed upon and he is legally declared *non compos mentis*? If he is of sound mind then he is not entitled to pity but to the execrations of all decent people. To a rational mind it is inconceivable that New-

ton who knows Roberts well, could have been deluded into believing the creature who embraced him and led him into the dark bedroom was his darling daughter whose familiar voice was so lately stilled by death—not unless he is insane. Willful obstinacy has made men insane before now. In the interests of his family, and those of the public, is it not time Mr. Newton's mental condition were made the subject of judicial inquiry?



THE NEW PSYCHICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of February 21st appears a notice of this new Boston society, from which it appears to be organized or started mainly by clergymen of the larger faith and broader thought who begin to realize the high importance of a new study of man's inner life and infinite relations, and who especially wish to make their investigations bear upon Spiritualism—that is, on the alleged facts of spirit presence and power. Not that clergymen only are to be members, for they wisely ask the aid and membership of others, of varied opinions and occupations, and the name of a highly competent woman—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore—is on the circular asking for this new organization. They wisely wish those of varying opinions to take part whether Spiritualists or not, in their efforts to gain truth and to verify the alleged facts, or to prove them a delusion.

A word of "suggestion and criticism," which is cordially asked for. If Spiritualism is a delusion there would seem to be no trust to be placed in the well-trained and healthy senses of sight, touch, hearing, etc., or in the intuitive sense, varified by experiment and clear judgment, of a large body of competent witnesses; for scientists, statesmen, authors, reformers, professional men and kings in the world of industry, men and women of clear minds, acute discrimination, sound judgment and scholarly accomplishments are among its advocates in every civilized land. Its evidences are not all loosely arranged, but large volumes are filled with facts stated with scientific care and accuracy. From the pages of your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the past ten years, such facts can be gleaned, so given that no fair scientist could find fault with their exactness, enough to make a book of a thousand pages,—all this after sifting out whatever has been loosely stated. The great and true theory of evolution has not such a mass of proof of its truth as has spirit presence and power. To be competent investigators not only experiment but study is necessary. Let all members of this society carefully read "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" by Epes Sargent, and let all, especially the clergymen, read, in Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" his admirable address to the clergy.

While, as this society proposes, those of various views should join in investigation, it may well be borne in mind that an experienced Spiritualist is always a valuable helper. A company of sensible men investigating the origin of species, or evolution would gladly ask the help of Darwin or Wallace and appreciate the value of their suggestions, whether sharing their conclusions or not. Let it be borne in mind that in dealing with Spiritualism elements more subtle than those the chemist deals with demand conditions more delicate even than those he rigorously observes and obeys among his retorts and crucibles. In every sitting with mediums their fine fitness of the company, and the fitness and affinity of that company to each other and to the medium, are quite as indispensable to success as the right compounding of salts and gases by the chemist is to his success.

The spirit and aim of this new movement are good. It does not underrate the valuable work of the older Psychical Research Society, but aims to look more at the one matter of alleged spirit return, and to find, if it can thus be found, that proof positive of immortality which is so greatly needed to-day, and which would so strongly verify and confirm the immortal hope which survives the wreck of time.

Scientific investigators, when examining a theory not yet proven, or studying facts not yet understood, sometimes have what they call "a working hypothesis," in

When they pursue their labors, and when they happen that their researches are by the help of which they have meanwhile brought their facts in due array under the reign of law. A terse statement of Emerson, "Man is a spirit served by a bodily organization" is a good working hypothesis in this case. For want of it psychic research by inductive scientists has, so far, failed of any rich results, and only given us a rehash of what was more clearly seen and better stated by Spiritualists years ago. On the religious side, which the society now organizing wish to keep in mind, a beautiful agreement of emotion and aspiration with reason and conscience, a unity of the largest range of the intellect with the deepest intuitive demands of the soul will be realized, as the truth opens along the pathway of the spirit in which they would walk.

The white splendor of light from the Spirit-world, and its kindred "light within," is the need of this hour of dawn.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

PRESSING QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

TO THE EDITOR: Are Spiritualists really in earnest? Do Spiritualists have any real living confidence in those burning words which reach them from another world telling of "that better land" wherein justice absolute and impartial is meted out to all, not by an angry revengful God but by the self convicted sentence of an outraged soul.

So far it seems almost as though they were, as a body, neither sincere in their faith nor possessed of any real living confidence in those angel messages by which their faith professes to be guided. At least, so it appears to those who while in direct sympathy with such a glorious philosophy, yet for various reasons do not identify themselves with the spiritualistic movement.

Spiritualists, if your Spiritualism is the grand truth which you proclaim it to be, why do you not show by your actions that you have a real earnest and abiding faith in its teachings? Why do you not think more of your soul's welfare, and less of those material dollars and cents which you are ever so eager to grasp? Why do you not organize the deific forces that must surely be alive in your midst? and not only spread the tidings of great joy which you have received, to your fellow man, but show by the practical example of your daily lives that this earthly pilgrimage is in the very truth but the probationary stage to a grander sphere of life and action in the eternal realms beyond.

Have you ever reflected upon the fact that it is almost inconceivable to those who do not possess the sources of information which you claim, that you can be in daily and hourly communication with translated souls, receiving words of joy and comfort from the loving friends who have passed on before, and yet be so cold and selfish to the world at large; that in fact you can be so thoroughly unjust to the cause which you are supposed to cherish, and the progress of nature's consoling truths which you desire to proclaim? If only one small fraction of your assumed knowledge and your assumed faith be true, it ought to arouse to life a fiery zeal within you, that would soon penetrate the case-hardened shell of every sectarian soul and flash forth the glad tidings of man's deathless immortality from pole to pole.

What must we, who view your actions from without, seriously think of the wisdom and intelligence of those great and god-like souls who have passed from earth's activities, and who are now, to some extent, if your messages be true, still working for incarnated humanity's sake? Where are the results of their spiritual labors to be found? Have they who were marvels of organization while on earth organized you? It seems not, for you still appear to be rolling along without conscious effort toward improvement—tossing to and fro in mental chaos—tending to the land of nowhere. And that potential thrill of deific life which fifty years ago sounded forth the dawn of a new dispensation on earth and the proofs of a continued life beyond the grave to the darkened mind of a materialistic age is fast slipping away from your feeble grasp. It is being eaten up and utilized by various semi-progressive but also mutually conflicting schools of thought, to the eternal disgrace of that great mass of people who call themselves Spiritualists—men and women who freely state this spiritualistic belief and adherence, but who in the majority of cases give the lie to their professions by the conduct of their daily lives, the material selfishness of their actions, and the coldness with which they treat every attempt at spiritual or-

ganization, true mental progress and social reform.

Would to God that you Spiritualists would prove your faith, not by words and mere sentiments but by your deeds and actions. Would to God that you could demonstrate your unselfishness by a prompt and complete organization for progressive work, upon some simple, humanitarian basis. You would not remain long alone; thousands of the liberal minded who are in strong sympathy with your broad fundamental principles would respond to the call of humanity, and ere this the last decade of the nineteenth century was closed "the Church of the Spirit" would be an accomplished fact. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, no longer an ideal sentiment to talk about but a grand, living reality, supported by concentrated organic power and demonstrated by the pure lives and noble souls of its myriad devotees.

Would to God that some great soul would arise and attune your hearts and minds to the pressing needs of the hour: cause your miserable personalities to be forgotten, and thus enable spiritualistic truth if it have any, to rise upon the mental horizon of the race and prepare the suffering and sorrow-laden here for a brighter life beyond.

ALAN DEAN.

SPIRITUAL TESTS.

TO THE EDITOR: After all, the facts about the existence of the spiritual world and the immortality of the human soul depend upon evidence. What are some of the evidences that are resorted to by those who profess to believe in immortality. The Christian world quotes the Bible as proof. The Mohammedan refers to the Koran. The Hindu points to the Vedas. The Swedenborgians to the writings of Swedenborg, and the Mormons to the Book of Mormon.

Philosophers quote the sayings and writings of wise men and found their faith on these as well as on the laws of nature. The American Indian who builds his faith on the rocks, rivers, woods, earth, sun, moon and stars, believes that the Great Spirit who created all these made for him hunting grounds where he can chase game and rivers where he can catch fish.

The modern Spiritualist's faith is based upon evidences of the appearance of spirits after death, for he has seen and conversed with them, upon inspiration or the workings of disembodied spirits within the human mind, for he has felt and tested the influence; upon physical demonstrations that no one can explain except upon the basis that these phenomena are caused by disembodied spirits; upon arguments derived from the works of nature, the books of the Bible and the acknowledged belief of millions who have inhabited this planet. I am satisfied that much of the evidence that has been produced before Spiritualists and others in modern times is fraudulent and unworthy of belief, that much is based upon representations of the very credulous who are too apt to ascribe the foolish workings of professed mediums to spiritual sources. All this the seeker after spiritual truth has to meet before he can find the facts that are solid and worthy of belief.

With these views in my mind and having had much experience relating to spiritual manifestations, I determined to investigate the evidences as to the truths of Spiritualism, myself alone, and without the aid of any other person and to note down from day to day my observations before I came to any conclusion upon the subject. I trust I am an honest investigator and with an intention to admit the truth and discuss errors, I place my plan a little before me and await results. There are times in which I can make no observations, owing as I believe to certain unfavorable conditions, for spirits as well as others must depend upon favorable ones for success. I have in former communications stated that I proceed slowly and deliberately, step by step and make observations; some are erroneous and others show facts that are formed on conclusive evidence. First the rappings come upon my table and show that they are produced by or proceed from intelligence outside myself. Secondly, I state another phase that has among numerous others cropped out in my investigations. My dwelling house is located about one fourth of a mile from the post office in the village where I get my mail. Some days I receive no letter, other days I receive one or more. I have no knowledge of my own when a letter will come for me. I commenced several months ago in asking the aid of a spirit to give me information about my letters and tell me whether there were any in the office for me or not. My observations were made nearly every day at about noon and

soon after the opening of the mail, when I receive my letters. I find on looking over my manuscript that on an average of fifteen times out of twenty the information was correct. In August nineteen observations were made; fifteen correct and four incorrect. In September twenty-two observations were made; fifteen correct, five not and two doubtful.

The manner of my obtaining the facts is as follows: I inquire of the spirits through the agency of planchette. "Is there a letter in the post office for me to-day?" It answers in a short time "yes" or "no." In many cases I have received an additional test of three raps for "yes" and one rap for "no." When the raps come I am certain about the answer and rely upon it. I treat the spirit as an intelligent and trustworthy being out of his clay tenement and that is all. My inquiries are made with honest intentions as a seeker after truth. I do not know where this phase of spiritual manifestation will end, but I believe the day is coming when the immortal spirit will at my request go to a far distant locality, make observations about lessons and things and return and give to me reliable information. I am now engaged in trying this test and trust I shall in due time succeed. I expect failures, I do not discard the entire theory of Spiritualism because errors appear; they crop out in all investigations, earthly or spiritual.

W. C. H.

Sodus, N. Y.

SLATE WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: The following notes on a recent sitting with an Indianapolis "slate-writing" medium are written not with the thought that they contain anything new to investigators of this phenomenon, but merely to add the testimony of one more witness that the phenomenon of "slate writing" is substantially true as affirmed.

The medium I visited, to whom I was an entire stranger, I found to be a modest young lady, of perhaps twenty years. The room in which the sitting was held was well lighted by a double window. The apparatus used consisted of a plain oval table about two and a half by three feet, and a small double slate with a bit of pencil. Each of these I carefully examined and while the medium was out of the room marked the slate to assure myself that it was not exchanged for another. At the table the medium sat facing me with her left hand on the table and the right holding the slate underneath. The table was within three or four feet of the window and as no cloth was used on it every thing was as open as possible to observation.

In response to the mental request for the name of my grandfather came a name very indistinctly written. This name was repeated two or three times instead of the name wanted. I then, at the suggestion of the medium, wrote the name wanted on a slip of paper, being careful that she should not see it and placed it within the slates. This was answered by the communication, and signed by the name on the paper. Most of the communications were of course of a private nature, and could serve as evidence of identity only to myself. The writing of the name by which he had called me when a little boy, and the names of different members of the family, and at my request the name of the relative with whom I was stopping, assured me that the communications were not in any way the result of the physical or mental action of the medium; since I was a stranger and my name unknown to her. To further assure myself that the pencil was not manipulated by the medium, I frequently placed my hand on the slate in contact with hers; this usually interfered with the writing, but two or three times I could hear the writing continue with my hand on the slate. The hand writing I found by comparison with old letters resembled closely that of the person from whom it purported to come.

During the sitting I noticed the table move repeatedly toward the medium two or three inches at a time when not in contact with her body. This was perhaps due to the electrical attraction which existed between the medium and the table when the latter had become magnetized. That she possesses an unusual amount of animal electricity, she showed me by magnetizing a half sheet of a newspaper and placing against the wall where it stuck as if glued some fifteen minutes.

It seems to me that it would facilitate a more complete explanation than we now possess of the phenomenon of "slate writing" if investigators would report whether or not the power of generating animal electricity is abnormally developed in mediums

of this class. If this force should be found to be a universal accompaniment of this phase of mediumship, it would indicate that the laws governing it are to be sought in those of animal electricity.

E. M. KINDLE.

AN OBNOXIOUS SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITOR: About five months ago, I with a few friends formed a circle for the investigation of Spiritualism. The first two months we got along nicely and received several good tests and messages from our spirit friends.

About the end of this time a spirit calling himself Clark came and tipped the table and made himself obnoxious to us all, by using bad language and interfering with other spirits who wished to communicate with us. We have tried all sorts of means to get rid of him, but so far without avail. This spirit calling himself Clark has a mean, brutal and cowardly disposition and says it is his intention to break up the circle—while he is there it seems that the good spirits are unable to communicate with us and it is now nearly three months since we have obtained anything satisfactory at our sittings. In one respect we are not sorry that he came, for he has done much to convince us that we on this earth can communicate with our friends on the other side, but we are anxious to progress and until we can get rid of him all communication with our friends is suspended.

I have a book of instructions regarding the formation of circles and therein it says we should treat this kind of spirits the same as we would our friends and latterly we have been doing so, but it seems to have no effect. One of the members of our circle passed over about three weeks ago, and since he has told us to have no communication with Clark whatever; he having suggested this to us before he passed over. The character of this spirit is so utterly depraved that we are convinced he is not attracted to any one of us, but is simply there to make mischief, and if yourself or any of the readers of THE JOURNAL can help us by suggesting some means whereby we can rid ourselves of the obnoxious and tantalizing spirit we shall be truly grateful.

A. J. CHAPMAN.

Without knowing much more of the case and the personnel of the circle it would be hazardous to offer advice to be taken as authoritative. It is not an uncommon case. Possibly the spirit friends are themselves too ignorant of the resources of the spirit spheres to employ the agencies necessary to either reform or repress this seemingly incorrigible nuisance. It might be well for Mr. Chapman to request the spirit friends to invoke the assistance of higher and more powerful spirits to discipline Clark. Then, too, it would do no harm to change the personnel of the circle somewhat, either by additions or omission of one or more now in attendance, or by both methods. If after exhausting all methods the pestiferous fellow is neither reformed nor removed, then it were better to discontinue the circle and after a while form another under different conditions.

It is within the experience of investigators that the cause of these eccentric unpleasant manifestations is to be found this side of the Spirit-world and in quarters least suspected, even by the person whose presence seems to inspire them.

The five story and basement building, number 189 East Huron street, Chicago, was opened May, 1890, as The Working Woman's Home. Its aim is to furnish a home to respectable girls needing assistance no matter what the circumstances, nationality or religion, assisting those who are trying to help themselves; and making it possible for girls earning low wages to live comfortably and respectably. The Home is one of the youngest of Chicago's institutions; but that it has filled a place much needed is shown by the fact that from the opening day the managers have had to do their utmost to accommodate the applicants. Many tired, discouraged and penniless girls have found a welcome here; many of them total strangers in a large city. During the past six months 327 girls have received the benefits of the Home. The food

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that he continued his work in February, in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and New York. He would respond to calls to speak at anniversary meetings and for Sunday lectures, near his home for the spring months. Address him, 812, S. Washington ave., Scranton, Pa.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by Jno. C. Bundy,
Chicago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Future of Science. By Ernest Renan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1891. pp. 491. Price, \$2.50.

Much of this work was written several years ago, soon after Renan had left the Catholic church, but he says that with some disappointments "progress has traveled on the lines laid down in my imagination." He thinks, however, that like Hegel he made the mistake of being too confident in attributing to mankind a central part in the universe. The history of religion, he holds, has been cleared up in its most important branches. It is certain that there has been no supernatural revelation and no miraculous occurrence. The onward course of civilization has been made manifest in its general laws. With regard to political and social sciences progress during the last forty years has been slow. Representative government is established nearly everywhere, but signs of the fatigue caused by national burdens are looming up on the horizon. Science will always remain the gratification of the noblest cravings of our nature and will always supply man with the sole means of improving his condition. Although human reason has been engaged consecutively on worldly problems only about a hundred years, wonderful discoveries have increased man's power a thousand fold. Science should have the patronage of the state.

Orthodox people, Renan thinks, have generally very little scientific honesty. They want to prove *a priori* theories rather than investigate to get at the truth whether it makes for or against their views. The study for truth alone requires a mind that is without religious or other prejudices. Renan indicates some of the future triumphs of science, but he sees the danger of the transition period, when the old stimulus is removed and the moral forces of the new order are yet unadjusted to the social requirements. The style of the book is the perfection of art, so simple and clear that the author's thoughts absorb the entire attention, and the language in which they are presented is scarcely thought of except when sentences are read for their literary and artistic quality alone.

The Light of the World; or The Great Consummation. By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891. pp. 286. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

This poem was published simultaneously in America and England on February 16th. There has been in different portions of the poem collaboration between Mr. Arnold and an American poet, the results being incorporated in both the English and American editions. The American edition contains also an Introductory by Richard Henry Stoddard, besides a reproduction of the celebrated paintings on the life of Christ, by the German artist Hoffman. The central theme of "The Light of the World" is of course Jesus Christ. Mr. Arnold's treatment of the subject is marked by deep reverence and he manifests the purpose of showing that Jesus broadened and ennobled the religion, not only of the Jews, but of all previous religious teachers, Buddha included. The poem consists of six books, as follows: Book I., Mary Magdalene; Book II., The Magus; Book III., The Alabaster Box; Book IV. (in two parts) The Parables; At Tyre; Book V., The Love of God and Man; Book VI., The Great Consummation. Preceding the poem, which is written in blank verse, is a sort of introductory book entitled, "At Bethlehem," which is written in rhymed verse (which is not, by the way, the verse in which Mr. Arnold does his best work). The poem in the main is a dialogue between Mary Magdalene and a venerable Buddhist who came from India to learn the results of the angelic promise at Bethlehem, of which the "Three Kings of Orient" had carried the news to their own land. The Indian questions Mary closely, though reverently and sympathetically during six days, compares the teachings of Jesus and Buddha, recognizes the imitations of the latter and concludes that Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

The diction of the poem is exceedingly pure and noble and in entire harmony with the subject and the characters.

- *The Sixth Sense or Electricity*; a story for the masses. By Mary E. Buell. Boston: Colby & Rich. 1891. pp. 521.

A well written and interesting story in which are woven facts and experiences in mediumship, in explanation of which the "sixth sense or electricity" is invoked.

MARCH MAGAZINES RECEIVED. □

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) One of the great questions of the day is treated in an article on Supposed Tendencies on Socialism, by Prof. W. Graham, of Belfast. An account of Iron-Working with Machine Tools is given in the series on American Industries. Hypocrisy as a Social Elevator; Cultivation of Sisal in the Bahamas, and the Tyranny of the State are interesting articles. The Relative value of Cement, and Non-conductors of Heat furnish valuable scientific facts.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) The Intellectual Development of the English People; England after the Norman Conquest, and English Towns are some of the required reading for March. A variety of subjects are handled in the different departments, including the Woman's Council Table.

The Lyceum Banner. (Liverpool, England.) Leaders and Members of Children's Progressive Lyceums will find suggestions and hints with much good reading in this issue.

The Westminster Review. (New York.) The February number of this popular monthly was received late; but the strength and variety of the articles compensate the reader for all delay. Child Marriage in India; The Ethics of Copyright; The Labor Battle in Australia, and Lord Houghton are among the subjects treated.

The Theosophist. (Adyar, India.) A double number for January appears with articles upon the subject of Oriental philosophy, and Occultism.

The Arena. (Boston.) Prof. J. R. Buchanan contributes an article entitled Nationalization of the Land as first presented. Immigration, by Rabbi S. Schindler; What is Immoral in Literature, and Drunkenness a Crime show the variety this month.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The stories and poems for March are as entertaining and amusing as usual. The first installment of My Autograph-Book shows many valuable signatures that most boys and girls would be proud to own.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Richard Grant White is the subject of a paper by Francis P. Church. The Capture of Louisburg by the New England Militia, by Francis Parkman will be read with much pleasure by many. James Freeman Clarke gives some passages from an Autobiographic fragment. The State University in America, and the Present Problem of Heredity are strong articles. The serials are continued with unabated activity.

The March *Century* will contain the first paper in an illustrated series on Great Indian Fighters, to be contributed by officers who fought with them. The first article, "General Crook in the Indian Country," is written by Captain John G. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry. An article on General Miles, by Major George W. Baird, formerly of his staff, will follow.

Two new leaflets of The Philanthropist Series have just been published No. 24, "An Appeal to Young Women," by A Friend a most timely, effective message of appeal and of warning to young girls; and No. 25, the "White Cross in Education," by Frances E. Willard, an exceptionally valuable help to teachers, parents, and the young in the promotion of purity. Price by mail, No. 24, four pages, 10 cents a dozen, 50 cents a hundred; No. 25, eight pages, 20 cents a dozen, \$1.00 a hundred. Address The Philanthropist, P. O. 2554, New York.

An unusual interest at the present time attaches itself to some unpublished letters from the late General Sherman, which appear in the March number of the *North American Review*. One written to General Garfield in August, 1870, as to the loyalty of General Thomas, and another letter describing the meeting of Grant and Sherman with President Lincoln at City Point near the end of the war, will doubtless attract a large number of readers.

... Mr. Herbert Spencer will publish in March an entirely new edition, in three volumes, of his "Essays, Political, Scientific, and Speculative." It will include a number of new essays not included in the previous editions, and will be uniform in size with his other works.

That veteran journalist Franc B. Wilkie has another book in press. This time it is "Personal Reminiscences of Journalism for twenty five years," Schulte, publisher, Chicago.



The picture of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, playing upon his magic pipe, while the entranced rats of the town leave their holes and flock after him into the sea, reminds one of the speed with which the diseases and impurities of the blood leave the system when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is taken.

It removes all humors, poisons, or taints, from the system, whether manifested in the common pimple, or eruption, or in boils, carbuncles, eczema, salt-rheum, fever-sores, white swellings, hip-joint disease, and kindred affections—in fact anything and everything resulting from impure blood.

For scrofula of the lung tissues (consumption) it has no equal, and often cures cases which physicians have given up. It is a *guaranteed* liver, blood and lung remedy, and the *only one sold*. Your money returned if the medicine fails to accomplish what its manufacturers claim, when taken in time and given a fair trial.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and invigorate the system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar, because you only pay for the good you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles at \$1.00; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

Hotel Wanted.

We have at Sunset, Texas, on the line of the Gulf branch of the Union Pacific railroad, half way between New Orleans and Denver, and only sixty miles northwest from Fort Worth, one of the prettiest, most romantic, and healthful places in the United States for a winter resort for Northern people, and on account of altitude and latitude, in the edge of the Texas Panhandle country, a place for the summer resort of the South.

We have the great Texas Wells, water which has no superior in the world, and but one that we know of stronger in its medical ingredients, calcium chloride.

We are arranging for an invalid hotel to accommodate forty people, but we need a Grand Hotel, costing not less than seventy thousand dollars when completed and furnished.

To good parties who will erect such a hotel we will give the site, worth \$10,000, and \$25,000 worth of property at schedule prices.

As we have in our immediate neighborhood a fine sandstone quarry, we will make further considerations if the building is made of stone. Address

J. F. LONG, Secretary, Sunset, Texas, or

GEN. H. A. CAMERON, Fort Worth, Texas.

SAVED BY PRESENTIMENTS.

"I want to tell you a story," said Dr. Moliere, a well-known physician, to a reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle. "I'm not a superstitious man, nor do I believe in dreams, but for the third or fourth time in my life I was saved by a premonition. I got aboard car No. 81 on the Sutter street line at the ferry yesterday, to ride up to my office. As usual, I walked to the forward end of the car, took a seat in the corner with my back to the driver, and, pulling a paper from my pocket, was soon deeply engrossed in the news. Suddenly something said to me, 'go to the other end of the car.' Acting on impulse, I changed my seat, and so rapid were my movements that the other passengers in the car noticed them. Remember I was sitting in the first place with my back to the driver. I was paying no attention to anything but my newspaper, and the premonition, if I may so call it, could not have come from any outside influence, such as seeing approaching danger, but, sir, I had not been in my new seat more than five seconds when the tongue of a heavily-loaded wagon crushed through the side of the car just where I had been first seated, and had I not changed my seat my back would have been broken by the wagon tongue."

"As I said," continued the doctor, "I am not superstitious, but the incident I have just related, taken in connection with other incidents of a similar nature occurring in my life, make me believe in spite of myself that there is a 'divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.'"

In answer to a question as to what similar warning or premonition of danger he had ever received, Dr. Moliere said: "Well, one time I was riding on the Michigan Central Railroad. It was a bitter cold night, and when I entered the car my feet seemed frozen. I walked forward and took a seat next to the stove in the forward part of the car, putting my feet on the fender, in a short time a gentleman changed his seat and came and sat beside me. The train was running at a high rate of speed, and the draught soon made the heater in the car red hot. Suddenly there came to me a premonition of danger, and, turning to my companion, I said: 'If we should meet with an accident, a collision, for instance, you and I would be in a bad place. We would certainly be hurled on a red hot stove.' At the same instant, and before my seat mate could reply, the impulse to grasp the end of the seat came upon me so strong I could not resist it and hardly had my fingers closed upon the rail of the seat when there came a crash and the car we were in was thrown violently from the track. I clung to the seat, and my companion, when thrown forward, narrowly missed the stove. My position in the seat was such that had I been pitched headlong as he was I could not have missed the heater. A broken rail caused the accident, but what caused me to grasp the seat as I did I would like to know."

Speaking of Dr. Moliere's story to a sporting man, the latter said: "Well, I've had the same sort of experience once or twice in my life. I'm superstitious. I admit it. Of course fellows laugh at me, but for all that I believe I've got some sort of a guardian angel that whispers to me when I'm in danger. Maybe it's one of the wrong sort, for they do say the devil takes care of his own; but wrong or right as to kind, I know one thing certain, that my life has been saved more than once. One time I was at a race course and was up in the grand stand. I was broke and wanted to keep away from the boys. There were not many people on the stand; it wasn't half filled, but suddenly I felt an impulse which fairly drove me out of the place. I had not got clear down the stairs when the whole stand went down with a crash, and the fellow who was sitting right next to me was crushed out of all semblance to humanity by a great big beam that smashed the whole row of seats we were in. That is not the only time that I have been warned, and if the what-is-it would only whisper to me when I go to put my money on the wrong horse I'd be a millionaire in a month."

Tommy (after watching the bride and groom come down the aisle)—I'm never going to get married.

Mother—Why not, dear?

Tommy—Just look at those two. She's crying, and he looks sorry already.

A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing a number of boys with their pants rolled up wading about in the cold water with their bare legs, said: "Come out of that water, boys, or you will get a fearful cough."

Little Tommy—I guess not; we don't cough with our legs, do we?

"It Sets People Talking"

WHO ARE OUR CONTRIBUTORS? *Literateurs, Capitalists, Cowboys, Scouts, Miners, Indians; in other words, people who are familiar whereof they write, and tell their stories in their own quaint way. You cannot afford to miss this.*

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An original prize story of Western life by "Fitz-Mac," handsomely illustrated, entitled, "Dead Man's Canyon;" sketches of Ranch Life, Minerals, Gems, how Gold and Silver are mined, and general descriptive articles on the Great West. Illustrated and printed on fine paper in most elegant manner. Sample copy only 10 cts. Send ONE DOLLAR to-day for a year's subscription and the 20 gemstones, securely packed, will be sent, postpaid, same day your order is received.

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DANVILLE SANATORIUM,
Being the Life-giving principle of WHEAT
Easily digested; readily assimilated
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Pamphlet (free).

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give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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The Louisville and Nashville railroad, which runs through the most attractive and picturesque portion of the south, has inaugurated a through sleeping-car line from Cincinnati via Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery, Bainbridge, Thomasville, Jacksonville, Baldwin, Ocala, Leesburg to Tampa, Fla. This train with through Tampa sleeper, leaves Cincinnati at 11 a. m., Louisville at 2:45 p. m., and Nashville at 8:45 p. m., arriving at Thomasville next day at 2:49 p. m., Jacksonville at 9 p. m., and Tampa at 7 a. m. For further information write George L. Cross, N. W. Passenger Agent, 232 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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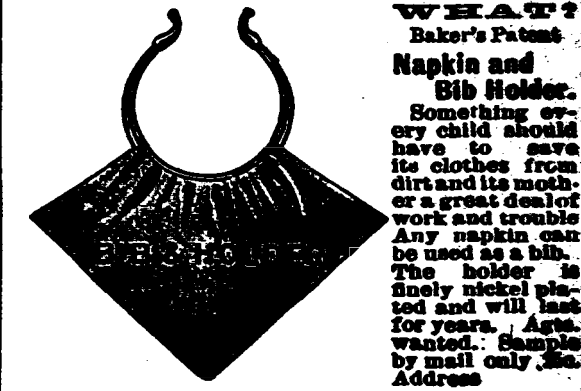
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MARCH 7, 1891.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

JUST THE AVERAGE BOSTON GIRL.

Oh, I know a maiden fair
Who inflates the winter air
With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen times
a day.
She can whistle, she can sing,
She can play on everything;
On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this
maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar,
Till its notes are heard afar,
She can plunk the giddy banjo till it's tired in the
face;
She can raise a mighty din
On the merry mandolin.
She can pick the lightsome zither with precision
and with grace.

The piano she can thump
Till it makes the neighbors jump,
While the jewsharp and harmonica, they simply
make her smile.
When she tucks the violin
Up beneath her dimpled chin,
All the blackest kind of music she can polish off
in style.

She can play the twangish harp,
Knows each little flat and sharp;
She can play the great church organ so it sets your
brain awhirl;
And this maiden, who is she?
Why, that's plain enough to see,
She is nothing more than simply just the average
Boston girl.
—BOSTON COURIER.

"I can't find where that plumber did any thing
to this heater." "Neither could I. I told the
man, but he said we'd certainly find it in the bill."

Facts for the people.—Salvation Oil kills all pain
and costs but 25 cents a bottle.

If you want to rest well at night, ease your cough
by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"March April May."

The appearance of this familiar headline immedi-
ately suggests to everybody the use of that popular
medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla, with which it is in-
separably connected by many years of use in adver-
tising.

There is no question but that at this season nearly
everybody needs to take a reliable blood purifier to
cleanse the system of impurities which have accumu-
lated during the winter, and the popularity which
Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a

SPRING MEDICINE

is simply wonderful. Druggists say the sale of this
remedy is larger than that of any other in their
stores, and in many cases exceeds the sale of all other
sarsaparillas and blood purifiers combined.

It is pertinent to inquire the reason for this great
business which has grown up so rapidly as to cause
amazement throughout the retail and wholesale
drug trade. Followed down to rock bottom, the fact
seems to be that the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla
rests upon the basis of

ABSOLUTE MERIT.

The medicine has proven so generally successful for
those complaints and diseases for which it is adver-
tised, that it has won its way to the front among
medicines. Of course liberal advertising has helped
greatly, but many people have learned to their sor-
row that the most lavish expenditure in advertising
avails nothing if not backed up by merit in the
goods.

Thousands of our readers will take Hood's Sarsa-
parilla this season; and to those who have never
tried it, we say take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a "spring
medicine."

COMPLETED TO DEADWOOD.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chi-
cago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and
daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln,
Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to New-
castle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Two Papers a Week for a Dollar a Year.
The "Twice-a-Week" Edition of THE ST. LOUIS
REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest news
journal in the world. It is a big seven-column paper,
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external objects, by George Combe. More than three
hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man
have been sold and the demand is still increasing.
It has been translated into many languages, and ex-
tensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist
said of this work: The importance and magnitude
of the principles herein contained are beyond those
to be found in any other work. For sale at this office,
price, \$1.50.

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If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the
means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self
addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you
FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original receipt for preparing the best and surest remedy ever
discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful,
disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use
of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils
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THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP
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THE MARK

Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF
COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

WE WANT A NAME FOR THIS NEW TOMATO

UNTIL a suitable name is suggested
we shall call this To-
mato No. 400.
Read terms of
competition be-
low.

AND WILL PAY

\$250.00

FOR IT

The
out
shows
fruit one
third natural size.

WE WILL PAY \$250.00 IN CASH

For the best name suggested for this New Tomato.
Purchasers are entitled to send in a name for each and every packet they buy. The
names can be sent in any time before October 1st, 1891, and will be considered by a
disinterested committee of three, who shall award the prize. Full directions for
entering the names for competition given on every packet of seed.

Price of New Tomato No. "400," 25 cts. per packet, free by mail.
With every order for a packet or more, we will also send free our magnificent New Cata-
logue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891, (the value alone
of which is 25 cts.), on condition that you will state where you saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37
CORTLANDT ST.
NEW YORK.

Again we say

Don't Neglect the occasional
symptom of

A small dose of STERLING DIGESTER
now and then
will make eating one of the most enjoyable things
in life.

If you ever have the "occasional symptom" you are not
safe without a bottle in your pocket.

A Bad Case of Dyspepsia needs constant treatment, that is to say,
three times daily for several weeks. You will feel better after the first dose.

STERLING DIGESTER is sold upon its own merits, and the use of
six bottles guaranteed to cure any case.

You say: "A remedy that will sell upon its own merits is a good
one."

WE SAY: "A remedy sold upon its merits is better."

1 MONTH'S TREATMENT
COSTS \$1.00
30c. A DAY
1c. A MEAL
AT DRUG STORES
OR BY MAIL

IT IS TO YOU
WORTH ITS WEIGHT
IN GOLD.

Prettily printed primer, "How
do you feel after you Eat?"
mailed free.

MADE ONLY BY
THE STERLING
REMEDY CO.
78 AUDITORIUM BLDG.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Just published 25 Articles on Prac-
tical Poultry Raising, by FANNY
FIELD, the greatest of all American
writers on Poultry for Market and
POULTRY for PROFIT.
Tells how she cleared \$400 on 30
Light Brahmas in one year; about a
mechanic's wife who cleared \$200 an-
nually on a village farm; refers to her
60 acre poultry farm on which she
CLEARS \$1500 ANNUALLY.
Tells about incubators, brood-
ing chickens, capons, and how
to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts. Sent on re-
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Tulare County. How an investment of 300 per acre
in three annual installments, spent in the cultivation
of the Raisin, Peach, Fig, Apricot, may be made
to pay \$100 or more per acre per annum. No more
money required. Price of land taken from crops.
Water for irrigation free. Statements guaranteed.
Highest references. Send stamp for prospectus to
TURNBULL COLONY, 505 Bialto Bldg. Chicago, or
222 1/2 Montgomery-st. S. F.

RAISINS

Now read what ex-Mayor E. B. POND, of San Fran-
cisco, writes to Hon. A. J. Moulder, about the Turn-
bull Colony.
In reply to your letter of inquiry, I would say that
I am familiar with the land embraced in the Turn-
bull Colony, in Tulare County. I have personally
tested it, and can say that the soil is of extraordi-
nary fertility, that the tract is within one of the best
Artesian Belts in the State.
Very truly yours,
E. B. POND

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

Mr. J. W. HALL, Superintendent of Barton's Vine-
yard Co., Fresno, who was in company with Mayor
POND when he visited the tract, says:
I cannot but add that in thinking over the various
circumstances of my visit to your land in company
with Mayor E. B. POND, that you have one of the
best schemes now laying out of doors. In my opi-
nion there is no land around Fresno that can compare
with it for the raising of grapes and fruit of all kinds,
and that a vineyard and orchard there would be lower
costed and more profitable than are ours here. (Fresno).
J. W. HALL, Fresno.

RESULT: Superintendent of Public In-
struction of California, then addressed the follow-
ing letter to the teachers of the San Francisco School
Department.

Having full confidence in his (General Turnbull)
good faith and ability to make the "Colony" a suc-
cess, I have become interested to the extent of sub-
scribing for 50 acres, to be planted in raisin grapes.
To persons of moderate means, and especially to
those employed on a salary, something more than
their absolute needs, this Colony offers the advan-
tages of a Savings Bank. It may compel some econ-
omy until the \$50 per acre is paid, but it promises over
100 per cent. per annum on that investment, when the
land is paid for, and a property in fee worth \$500 per
acre, or \$10,000 for a 20 acre tract.
A. J. MOULDER,
812 Bush Street, San Francisco.

TURNBULL COLONY

Col. JOHN P. IRISH, Editor of the Daily Alta, of
San Francisco, and formerly a prominent citizen and
journalist of Iowa, writes to a fellow townsman:
I know General TURNBULL, the promoter of this
colony to be a man of position, ability, means and
the successful organizer of a number of colonies in
Tulare Co., very well. His tract is one of the richest
in the state, with abundance of water on the land,
and his present scheme is certainly a splendid op-
portunity for the person of moderate means. You
may safely recommend it to all our friends who de-
sire to come to California.
JOHN P. IRISH.

Last summer I visited California, and several suc-
cessful colonies, and am satisfied that the statement
contained in the Turnbull Colony pamphlet as to
productions of grain and fruit are absolutely correct,
and believe the colony will faithfully carry out their
contracts. A purchaser by this scheme knows
exactly when he will get his land.
A. J. THOMAS,
of Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

Refer with pleasure to the following gentlemen
throughout California, as to our financial standing
and ability to faithfully carry out the contract to
cultivate these lands as set forth:
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A. N. Towne, Genl. Mgr. Southern Pacific R. R.,
W. A. Bissell, Genl. Mgr. Atchafson & Santa Fe R.R.,
John Swett, Superintendent of Schools,
Geo. H. Davidson, Cashier Nevada Bank,
Lovell White, Cashier S. F. Savings Union,
Max Popper, Pres. Mercantile Bank
Col. Jno. P. Irish, Editor S. F. Daily Alta,
Sam. Miller, Agt. Yosemite Stage Co.,
E. P. Peckham, ex-Pres. S. F. Stock Exchange,

LOS ANGELES: ex-Gov. Stoneman

TULARE: J. Goldman, Pres. Tulare Co. Bank,
C. G. Lamberson, Dist. Attorney, Visalia,
J. A. Lytle, Supt. Paige & Morton's Vineyard,

FRESNO: J. W. Hall, Supt. Barton Vineyard,

BENKLEY: Rev. Giles A. Easton, Ep'l Clergyman

Prof. Frank Soule, University of California.

OAKLAND: Eli Denison, State Senator,

SANTA CRUZ: J. A. Waldron, Editor Sentinel,

CHICAGO: L. Thomas of Lord & Thomas.

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are sleeping.

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land is now being prepared for planting.

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and Publisher, with an Appendix on the
of Children, by Dr. C. S. Loxier, late Dean of th
York Medical College, for Women, &c.

The difficulty has been not to find what to say
to decide what to omit. It is believed that a he
ful regimen has been described; a constructive
paratory and preventive training, rather t
course of remedies, medications and drugs.

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"WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?"

It is within the knowledge of THE JOURNAL's continuous readers that the paper has the hearty approval of the best minds in and out of the ranks of the Spiritualist movement. While THE JOURNAL is not an "organ," but an independent paper in which no movement or party can check the master's whip, yet it is the only paper in America which gives any dignity standing to the claims of Spiritualism and the opinion of non-Spiritualists and the both secular and religious. This is a long statement, but it can be verified by any person competent and anxious to do so. If Spiritualism is what we as Spiritualists believe it to be, worthy of universal acceptance, then is it our duty to bring it before all the world. To do this, its and philosophy must be presented, and in a spirit of intellectual and honesty; and the highest standards must be uncompromisingly urged. This THE JOURNAL has aimed to do. Its attitude is what has given THE JOURNAL prestige and influence with the public

at large and made it a powerful advocate with the refined and cultivated classes and an educator of the great newspapers of the country; gradually creating a strong sympathy and respect for the claims of Spiritualism among those capable of bringing to it accessories essential to the domination of any school of thought. If any one wishes to corroborate these statements and to learn the opinions of representative people in literature, science, the pulpit, the press, and the great reforms as to THE JOURNAL and its incomparable superiority over all its contemporaries let them enquire of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Prof. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education; Dr. Wm. James, professor of psychology at Harvard, E. P. Powell, author, lecturer and journalist; Dr. George H. Hepworth of the New York Herald; Col. John Cockrell of the New York World; The San Francisco Chronicle; Boston Globe; Boston Herald; Springfield Republican; The Christian Register; Unity; The Unitarian; The Nation; The Forum, etc.; Dr. R. Heber Newton; Dr. H. W. Thomas; Prof. David Swing, and a large number of the best known preachers; Frances E. Willard; Susan B. Anthony etc. etc.

From a single mail of last week the following expressions are selected:

Rev. T. W. Woodrow, minister of the Universalist church at Marshalltown, Iowa, under date of February 21, writes:.... "You are publishing a magnificent paper."

Mr. W. although filling a Universalist pulpit is a believer in spirit communion; and, unlike some of his colleagues, has the courage of his convictions in this matter. Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard of the Astor Library sends a letter received by him with this endorsement, "I think that you ought to quote the above. Your paper is certainly the ideal paper. The other two are nowhere. I heartily endorse my unknown friend's opinion." Here is what the unknown friend writes him:

PRESTON, OHIO, (Shakers' box) Feb. 21 '91. *Cher Monsieur:* Dr. Wolfe of Cincinnati lately sent us a batch of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS. In one of them I gladly read a contribution from you on the "Spiritual World, its existence and nature." Our people here are all Spiritualists and I shall try to get our elder to subscribe for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for it is incomparably superior, it seems to me, to the *Banner of Light* and *The Better Way* which are taken in the community. I never could read them, but THE JOURNAL strikes me as the ideal paper. AUGUSTINE DE ANGELIS.

Here is a word from Mr. W. S. Clark, an old subscriber who writes from Santa Fé Springs, Cal., remitting his subscription and saying much that I should like to publish but do not deem it best to do so.

I like THE JOURNAL in its new dress. Less of doubtful physical phenomena, less test hunting, less of materialization; but more of philosophy, more of psychical research, more of sociologic matters. W. Whitworth's articles are brief and right to the point; he is unique, graphic, practical and one of the best of your correspondents. I like the clear cut radicalism of W. E. Coleman, J. G. Jackson and the lamented Prof. Denton; and at the same time I like the spiritualizing adoration of an over-ruling Power as embodied in "Devotional Spiritualism" by Epes Sargent. Any inconsistency in all this? I think not.

It may be well to repeat some of the appreciative words uttered within a year or so by pivotal people.

R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.: Every one must hope that Spiritualism may be able to verify its superlatively important claims. I represent hosts of men who must be deeply concerned to see THE JOURNAL prosecute its fearless work, and sift out the true from the false, so that outsiders may be able to judge intelligently. If Spiritualists really believe what they profess, they ought to back you up vigorously in the work you are doing. Nothing but such work will enable the general public to believe....

MINOT J. SAVAGE: You have so identified yourself with sense and honesty that your victory will be their victory. I can

not help believing that, more and more, all clear-visioned and honest men will be with you....

FRANCES E. WILLARD: No honest student of the unknown, which constitutes the larger part of this universe, can fail to be thankful that you have lived and worked.

PROF. WM. JAMES: You have fought a good fight all these years. I wish you God speed, and many years of future activity on the lines which you have so well laid down.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D.: You have had a most difficult task; for he who attempts to criticize and purify the teachings and practices of a sect of which he is one, and a leader, must expect to be misunderstood and abused, and if it were possible, cast out as an enemy of the cause he is trying to serve. But in your noble work of exposing the false and standing for the true, you have had the sympathy not alone of the Spiritualists who could appreciate your motives and sacrifices, but of the great unprejudiced public; and THE JOURNAL has won the high distinction and praise of standing fearlessly for the truth and the right.

I might fill the whole sixteen pages with similar expressions including those of prominent Spiritualists.

Now I am not spreading this evidence before you to gratify my conceit; nor because of my love of approbation; I call your attention to it and ask you what does it signify? What does it all mean? You can comprehend it as well as I if you but give it thought. I ask not only my friends, but my opponents—at least those of them

who claim to think and to desire to be fair—if these convictions on the part of some of America's foremost leaders do not clearly show that THE JOURNAL's attitude and methods are in the best interests of psychical science and the higher Spiritualism? There are great impersonal interests involved in the question; the honor and effectiveness of Spiritualism, and the progress of the race in all that makes for happiness.

Those who agree with THE JOURNAL in a large way, I ask to give me their constant and zealous support in maintaining the high standard of the paper and in extending its influence and circulation. I need not point out the ways; you know them now. THE JOURNAL is not a mere commercial venture; far from it. It is an educational activity, and as such ought never to be expected to resort to methods which are questionable even in the business world and wholly inconsistent with spiritual ethics.

Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld will commence an advanced class in Christian science, Tuesday, March 3rd, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Gestefeld is one of the most logical thinkers in this system of healing. For terms, etc., apply to her at room 2, Central Music Hall.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson requests THE JOURNAL to state that she has changed her residence to 1351 Michigan boulevard.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

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It Cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

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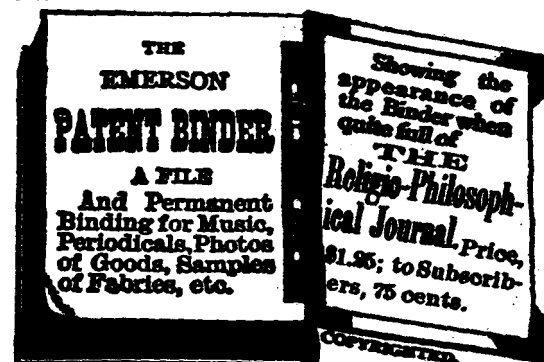
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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MARCH 14, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 42.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Among the Indians of the Cherokee strip, a new prophet has appeared who announces that the trials and tribulations of the local Indians will be settled within five years, as the whites will leave the strip by that time. This is a safe prediction if the history of Oklahoma is to be repeated.

The Irish and Welch coal miners of Pennsylvania have been driven out of employment by labor imported from Europe by coal barons, and says a New York paper, "The coal mines are not the only places in which the scum of south-eastern Europe displaces the sturdy immigrant from the north and west of that continent. The septic influence of certain immigration is felt in New York as well as Pennsylvania."

H. L. Knight, of San Francisco, who lately passed to the higher life, was a devout believer in God, but he had no respect for the superstitions of Romanism. On his dying, a Catholic asked him if a priest might be summoned. The old man replied: "You may bring a priest, a bishop, an archbishop, the college of cardinals, and the pope himself. I never closed my door against any man on account of his religion. But, I should tell them all, singly and severally, that my chief regret in dying is that I can no longer use tongue or pen to expose them as either dupes or impostors."

Prof. Felix Adler in a recent lecture on "The Badge of Human Servitude" said: The first thing for a man to do is to become the owner of his own soul. There are men who in the presence of others are always under restraint without many times realizing it. The best teacher is not he who pins the thought of the pupil, but he who causes him to think for himself and puts him in the way of being master of himself. The very opposite is the effect of the undue influence. It makes you smaller. When you find yourself in such company get away from it, for it is an unhealthy malign influence.

A special dispatch from Hamilton Ill. gives an account of the spirit of a young woman, Miss. Sadie Carr, who had owing to disappointment in love thrown herself from a bridge and was drowned. Two strangers recently attended a seance in Keokuk and what purported to be the spirit of Miss Carr appeared to them, reciting the girl's wrongs. It then said that she, before making the fatal plunge, had secreted a silver dollar in a decayed piece of timber on the bridge. The next day the two men went to the spot indicated and found a silver dollar having a date previous to Miss Carr's suicide. People claim to have seen the dead girl's spirit walking on the bridge at night.

P. T. Barnum is old and sick in his Bridgeport, Conn., home, but a sketch of him printed in the *Christian Leader* represents him to be cheerful as ever. He receives many religious tracts and is often asked by Christian friends to engage in prayer. To these applications he invariably replies, "What for? Shall

we come like a set of poor, miserable mendicants, begging God to do what we want whether He wants it or not? For my part, I believe in a God who is my infinitely loving father, and I cannot, I dare not ask Him to do my will, save as it corresponds with His. All I can pray, all I dare pray, be it the last hour of the day or of my life, is thy will be done." But the venerable showman is not so sick that he cannot plan for the next season of "the greatest show on earth." He promises a big surprise for the public when his plans are revealed. A tract by Mr. Barnum, entitled "Why am I a Universalist," is having an immense circulation. The Universalist publishing house at Boston has distributed over 40,000 copies; it has been translated into several European languages, and now an edition of 5,000 in Japanese has been struck off.

An instance of the law's delay and baffled justice is afforded by the following case: The candidates for the office of treasurer of Adams County, Illinois, in 1886 were Bechensmeyer, Republican, and Kreitz, Democrat. The certificate of election was given to the latter, but the former claimed that he was elected and began a contest in the Circuit Court, where the decision was against him. From there he took an appeal to the Supreme Court, which four years and some months after the election has reversed the lower court and declared Bechensmeyer entitled to the office. But the term for which he was elected has expired and the man who was not elected has pocketed all the emoluments of the office. And as he was killed in a railroad accident a few weeks ago he cannot well be made to give them up.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is credited with saying: "We run up the Puritan flag, and emblazon on it the motto of a modern and modified Puritanism! A state Christian but not ecclesiastical; with faith but no creed; reverence but no ritual; a recognized religion but no established church." A writer in the *Advent Review and Herald* says of this: "The less such flags run up the better. For the state to be Christian, or profess to be, to have faith, reverence, and a recognized religion, is nothing short of its being ecclesiastical, having a creed, a ritual, and an established church; for ecclesiastical means simply, 'pertaining to the church;' the definition of the faith is the creed; the manner in which reverence is to be manifested is the ritual; and the religion recognized by the state is the established church."

The "regular profession," in illustrating the progress that has taken place in the science of medicine, acknowledge their abandonment of methods and remedies that they used a few years ago, but the fact that a few years ago they held up to public scorn all who ventured to differ with them as to the merits of diagnoses and doses then esteemed the perfection of scientific attainment, they are accustomed to overlook. It was to lose cast with men of the old school to stand by the bed of sickness in companionship with one who denied the efficacy of calomel in huge doses, just as it had been ostracism to deny the benefit of blood-letting when the patient burned with fever or shivered with chills. Seeking to guard the public against quacks, the law has provided means for the establish-

ment of schools of medicine, from whose portals are annual exits of physicians armed with a paper warrant to cure and a steel knife that oftener kills. These institutions crowd each other in large cities, but their adherents fight only with each other when not attacked by believers in newer dogmas than those held as orthodox for the present decade, only to be discarded in the next. When the medical profession shall have made as rapid advances in ethics as it claims in applied science, it will be safer for the public to look to it for direction in matters which must till then be left solely to individual judgment.

Professor Max Müller in the course of a Gifford lecture said: "I have known theologians occupying now the highest position in the church, who frankly admitted among their own intimate friends that physical miracles were for all impossible. But they did not consider it right to say so from the pulpit, though to many of their hearers such a profession would probably have been far more helpful than many an apologetic sermon." It is in a large degree the same with the clergy to-day as with the priests of old—they have esoteric and exoteric doctrines. How much or how little they believe in regard to "physical miracles" cannot be inferred with any certainty from their preaching, and can be learned, if at all, only from private conversations with them.

Those horrible disasters in Pennsylvania mines have become appalling to people not within the immediate circle of suffering, by reason of their startling frequency. They fairly surpass the modern railroad accidents in the refinement of torture, while in loss of human life they are quite unequalled this side of actual war. The lives thus sacrificed may be those of ignorant, low-born creatures, but they are certainly too precious to be immolated on the altar of capitalistic greed such as characterizes the corporations that own and control Pennsylvania's mines. The miners of that region are among the worst paid workmen on earth; to subject them also to the greatest of dangers on a few cents a day is indeed cruel. Pennsylvania has a responsibility that cannot be evaded. The state should surround them and their families with all possible safeguards.

Mr. Henry Slade gave a public exhibition of his mediumship at a Spiritualist meeting, in Adelphi Hall, New York, on Sunday last. Dr. B. F. Crane and J. M. Donnelly were selected from the audience as a committee. They satisfied themselves there was no concealed mechanism in the table. According to the press dispatch, they then seated themselves, Dr. Crane on one side, Dr. Slade on the other and Mr. Donnelly between them, and holding a hand of each. Two common slates were produced and a bit of pencil placed between them. The slates had been previously examined and washed by Mr. Donnelly. Then the slates were held faces together, edgewise on the table by Dr. Slade and Dr. Crane. After a few minutes there were raps, increasing steadily in frequency and loudness in different parts of the room. Presently a scratching was heard on the slates. It was exhibited and found to be covered with writing in three distinct hands and three languages.

WOULD-BE LEADERS.

It is when a theory or reform is passing through its period of execration that it is most in need of influential support, the support of those whose position in life invests with importance whatever they say or do. But it is during this period that an unpopular idea or movement has the least of such support. Then it is, that from persons of position it usually encounters the strongest opposition. At length when it has gained adherents, disarmed ridicule, commanded respectful treatment, and when its triumph is seen to be certain in the near future, exponents of public opinion show a friendliness to the once despised reform, and as it grows in popular favor, a desire is evinced to be considered favorable to it. Further, when the interest deepens and widens there are not wanting individuals who are ready to take charge of the reform, and bring to it such support as they can give in return for acceptance of their leadership. It is not uncommon for them to imagine that their own personal influence is greater than it really is, and to ignore the services of those to whose unselfish, unremitting and unrewarded labors the movement owes its growth and strength. They go so far, not unfrequently, as to claim the main credit of having originated whatever is of most value in the reform, or to have introduced the methods by which only the accomplishment of the object in view is possible.

The anti-slavery movement in this country was at first opposed generally by the churches, while they claimed to represent the highest moral sentiment of the land. Moses Stuart, of Andover, defended slavery and Alexander Campbell was a slaveholder. In some cases the minister's salary was paid from the labor of slaves, owned by the churches. Yet it is common now for the orthodox clergy to represent that it was the influence of the churches that made the American people understand and that prepared them for the removal of the great curse. They would, were it possible, utterly ignore the work of Garrison, Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright and men of that class. The woman's movement is now largely controlled by those who see in it, as they think, a product of church influences, yet nearly all the churches were solid against it when the pioneers, Frances Wright and Ernestine L. Rose, fifty years ago, were defending it against the arguments of St. Paul, as they were everywhere used by the clergy. To-day the Unitarian pulpit and papers represent rational liberal thought which was presented fifty years ago or more by men whom the Unitarianism of that day denounced as infidels, and men whom the Unitarianism of to-day completely ignores, while it bestows praise upon its representatives of that day who opposed what the so-called infidels advocated and what Unitarians now accept.

It is not improbable that Spiritualism will be, in its essential characteristics, accepted by the religious organizations, and that they will claim it as a legitimate part of their teachings. Then the hostility which it has encountered from the pulpit and religious press will be conveniently ignored, while in the writings and utterances of representatives of the churches will be found abundant evidence that the clergy were the truest exponents and advocates of the great spiritualistic movement of the present century! Meanwhile truth advances and it is really a matter of small importance who receives or is denied credit for the work he does, so that the work is done and done well. The true reformer does not need the ambrosia of praise to sustain him, for he knows how unsubstantial and ephemeral that is. Yet in the long run all will doubtless, although in ways least suspected, reap the fruit of the seed they sow, for "Ever the truth comes uppermost and ever is justice done."

Personal ambitions and selfish interests are sure to exhibit themselves more or less prominently in connection with every great reform. They often unwillingly advance the cause which they would subordinate to unworthy schemes or individual ends. But more often, perhaps, they cause alienations, follies, reactions and delays, which defer the realization of the primary purpose of the movement. It is important, therefore, that earnest workers in every movement be on their guard against the pretensions and

ulterior designs of would-be leaders, or men who are more intent upon attracting attention to themselves than they are upon advancing the cause of truth and promoting the well-being of their fellow men.

JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A more charming work has not appeared for a long time than the volume in which Joseph Jefferson, the actor, has recorded the events and experiences of his life. The narrative appeared originally in the Century magazine, in a series of articles. The author had a large fund of material to draw from, and his selections are as judicious as the manner in which they are woven into a connected narrative is skillful or as the way the experiences are related is interesting. The work is attractive both for what it says and for the manner in which it is said. It introduces the reader to a large number of characters, including many of distinction—the Booths, Forrest, the Wallacks, William Warren, Owens, Burton, Edwin Adams, Laura Keane, John Brougham, George D. Prentice, Charlotte Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, McCullough, John T. Raymond, E. A. Southern, Artemus Ward and many others whose names are familiar to the public. The numerous illustrations consisting of admirable likenesses of leading actors and representations of Jefferson and others in different characters, add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume. The book abounds in incident and anecdote, now humorous, now pathetic, in felicitous descriptions of places, scenes and persons, and in pictures of life in a variety of aspects and under widely contrasted conditions and circumstances. The genial and generous nature of the author is revealed on every page. The wit and bonhomie shown in the recital of personal reminiscences are very fascinating, and those who have shed tears over the sorrows of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle or have laughed over his Bob Acres will feel deeper regard for the impersonator of these characters after reading this book. Jefferson's style is easy, natural and often picturesque and even dramatic. It is rare that one reads the autobiography of a man whose life has been so happy and to whom life has presented so little of the dark side, so little of the dreadful in experience.

Mr. Jefferson tells, among his experiences in Australia, the story of a night spent out on the plains with a shepherd, who was a graduate of Eton and had once been a successful lawyer. After the death of his wife and child, he had become dispondent and taken to drink. As a last refuge from temptation he had adopted a lonely desert life where his sheep and a remarkably intelligent collie dog named 'Jack' were for most of the year his sole companions. As the two men sat smoking together outside the hut in the bright moonlight, the latter suddenly turned to Jefferson with the question, "Are you superstitious?" "Well, I think I am a little," he replied. "Most people are if they would own it." "I didn't use to be," the shepherd said with a sigh, "but since I've lived here I seem to have become so, and it's all Jack's fault. The dog not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently as if to say, 'yes, blame it all on me: it's all my fault.' 'I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we're alone, and God knows that's often enough, he'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low strange kind of moan, and putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare as if he said, 'Don't you see it too?' " The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail as if endorsing every word his master said: "After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was only six months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly, and turn its head around as if it were following something—just as that dog does. What is your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we

loved in life can return and stand beside us?" "I told him, writes Jefferson, that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet. "Well," said he, if they can come, I know who it is that the dog sees when we're alone." The shepherd insisted upon Jefferson's occupying his cot while he stretched himself out on the dry grass outside where the actor had him in full view in the bright moonlight, while he lay apparently asleep in the shadows of that unlighted hut. But the scene so worked upon him that he could not sleep, and about midnight he saw the shepherd pacing restlessly outside—then presently saw him crawl stealthily to where was hanging Jefferson's coat in the pocket of which was a flask of liquor from which, previous to his telling his story, he had been invited to drink, but had declined. As he drew forth the flask "he seemed bewildered," says Jefferson "as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon the grass as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and instead of drinking the liquor, placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat, then stretching himself on the floor with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction, went off to sleep." On the following morning he seemed refreshed "and had lost the nervous wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. 'I thought perhaps it might be so,' said he. 'The old craving came upon me again, so strong too, but if I ever prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and as God is my judge I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. Its all over now, thank heaven and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world a with safety.'" Jefferson started to ride for the tion; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of his horse, and at last they shook hands and parted. "I looked back after a time" says the actor "and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat to me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face, and wagging that expressive tail."

The volume relates other incidents which indicate that the author is not indifferent to those influences that come into earthly life some times from a supra-mundane source.

CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES.

It is twenty-two years since Gladstone put through the bill disestablishing the English church in Ireland. Last May he voted for a motion which was defeated to disendow the church of Scotland—Presbyterian—and a few days ago he made a strong speech in favor of disestablishing the Anglican church in Wales. Postmaster General Raikes, in replying to Gladstone, said that the question of the church in Wales was the question of the church in England and that the attack would not be limited to the Welch outworks, but would soon be extended to the citadel. Most significant is the fact that the motion was rejected by only thirty-two majority. The day is not far off when the whole church establishment of England will be abolished. The sooner the church is entirely separated from the state the better it will be for the English people who now support state fed clerical paupers. The existence of a privileged faith leads to a sharp distinction between the adherents of that faith and those who are known as non-conformists. It tends to alienate the latter from the state which discriminates against them on account of conscientious belief, and it divides the people into two camps, animated by an antagonism that only religious prejudice can excite. The church of England itself will be benefitted by disestablishment. In the early part of the present century the separation of church and state was a burning question in several New England states. Connecticut held out the longest against the voluntary system of support.

* The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. The Century Co. New York pp. 501. Price, \$4.

ing religion. Dr. Lyman Beecher hurled the incisive shafts of his wit and eloquence against the proposition. But Dr. Beecher lived to say in after years that the Congregational churches had been benefitted instead of injured by being deprived of support from the rates. The voluntary system needs no championship. It dignifies the pastorate by separating it from the degrading influences of patronage, and enlists the interests of the people, who feel that they are a part of the church they help to support.

ENRICHED BY A DREAM.

The papers publish a detailed statement of a case in which a widow received from the spirit of her departed husband information concerning an estate of which she is likely to become the owner. The lady is Mrs. Grace Bushnell of Greenbush, N. Y. Her late husband John Francis Bushnell entered the army as a private, retired with the rank of major, married the present Mrs. Bushnell, his second wife in 1867 and died without issue in 1889. On January 4th, Mrs. Bushnell visited a lawyer, Benjamin Patterson, and said that she had a vague sort of idea that a large estate at Port Richmond, legally belonged to her. "New-Year's eve," she exclaimed, "I fell asleep while looking into the fire. I dreamed that my husband appeared at my side. He said: 'Gracie, you are poor and you ought to be rich. There is a big estate at Port Richmond which belongs to you. It belonged to me while I lived, but I never told you about it.'" Finally Lawyer Patterson impressed by the annoying persistency of the woman, caused an investigation to be made and was astonished to discover two remarkable facts. In the first place he found that there was such an estate as the one described, and second, that Mrs. Bushnell had a claim for dower in it. The records of habeas corpus proceedings in the county disclosed the fact that the child, a girl who was supposed to be the heir to the property, was not the daughter of Maj. Bushnell's brother, who was legally entitled to it. The papers in the case show that the child was the daughter of a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone west. Action will now be brought by Lawyer Patterson to establish Mrs. Grace Bushnell's right to the estate in Port Richmond. The case involves a strange story of romance and mystery.

THE STATE REFORMATORY AT ELMIRA.

The state reformatory at Elmira, like most of the public establishments of New York, is much crowded, having 1130 convicts, for whom there are as yet but 760 cells. Mr. Brockway is building 450 more cells so that he will have place for 1200 in single rooms, beyond which number he hopes never to go. He long ago urged the building of another reformatory for minor offenses. His present institution is the best equipped with trade schools, apparatus for physical training, and the means of general education of any prison in the country; yet its annual cost for an average of 1050 or 1100 inmates is only about \$150,000. The earnings from labor are now not very large, Mr. Brockway's effort being to train young men in trades so as to fit them better for honest lives after they go out. There are twenty-five trade schools in the establishment, and nearly 1100 persons are taught in them each year. Those defectives who are under physical training number eighty-nine at present and their baths, massage, gymnastics, etc., have proved of great use in stimulating mental and moral activity as well as in imparting physical vigor. This is the newest feature of this wonderful prison university, and its success should make it a part of every institution for the feeble minded, whether prisoners or not. At present Elmira is almost unique in this physical training which is carried out by military drill, and to a certain extent by the variety of movement which the different trade schools require. Other reformatories are beginning to imitate this, as they have imitated the other features of the Elmira discipline. This town is now better known by its model prison than any other; even as the home of Gov. Hill and Senator Fassett, it has less significance than as the site of Elmira reformatory, since 1876, when Mr. Brockway went

there from Detroit to take charge of it, and complete its buildings, which will be finished according to the new extension this spring when they will be as extensive as any prison university ought to be. The effect of enlarging has been to lengthen the average time that the convicts remain; for it now requires more months to fit them for their conditional discharge than it did before the trade-schools were in operation. Yet more convicts go out each year on parole, and no more relapse than formerly.

A CATHOLIC CATECHISM.

The National Association of the Loyal Women of American Liberty has issued, from its headquarters, Boston, a circular on "What the Parochial School Text Books Teach the future American Voter," which reads as follows: Cardinal Antonelli, giving his opinion on the Public School question said, he "thought it better that the Catholic children in this country should grow up in ignorance than be educated in such a system of schools as the State of Massachusetts supports; that the essential part of education was the catechism; and while arithmetic and geography and other similar studies might be useful, they were not essential." Int. Rev., Vol. 8, p. 293. Now read the following extracts from the catechism that alone is the essential part of education: 1st. In the Catechism of Perseverance, a standard text book published with the full approbation of the archbishop of Baltimore, and recommended by the bishops of Louisville, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston, we are confronted on page 229 with the following remarkable questions: Question. Why are we obliged to respect priests? Answer. We are obliged to respect priests, 1st because their dignity surpasses that of angels and men. Question. Why do we owe gratitude to priests? Answer. We owe gratitude to priests because they are the benefactors of men. They pray for us, they sanctify us; they have drawn the world out of barbarism and they prevent it from relapsing into the same condition; they solace us in all our misfortunes." Again, in the same catechism on page 411: Question. "What religion is it that alone has rendered men better and alone has civilized them?" Answer. "The only religion that has rendered men better and civilized them, is the Catholic religion to the exclusion of Arians, Mahometans, Protestants and Philosophers; the Catholic religion therefore alone is good, alone divine." American citizens! Shall we remain still and allow such instruction to be given to the future voters of our country? Let us once and for all settle the question by an overwhelming vote, and send a message to the ecclesiastical despot. No union of church and state! No papal rule in America! No dictation of politics from the vatican! American Catholics as well as Protestants will stand by the state in preference to the despotic commands of the church.

It is the special evil of intolerance, says Lecky, that it entwines itself around the holiest parts of our nature, and becomes at last so blended with the sense of duty that, as has been finely said, "Conscience, which restrains every other vice, becomes the prompter here." Two or three times in the history of mankind its destruction has involved a complete dissolution of the moral principle by which society coheres, and the cradle of religious liberty has been rocked by the worst passions of humanity.

Many nursery rhymes have a very curious history if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature; Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Rimbault gives the following particulars to some well-known favorites:—"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed

antiquity, "Girls and Boys come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles the II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

I hear that it is expected at Berlin and at Vienna that the furious persecutions which are now disgracing the government of Russia will assuredly lead to some frightful catastrophe before many months have passed, says Henry Labouchere in London *Truth*. It is not only the Jews who are being ruthlessly persecuted, but the Protestants and Roman Catholics also. The czar is now positively execrated by the Finns, who were formerly his most loyal subjects, in consequence of the insane attempts to complete the Russification of Finland. Russia has gone back forty years in a few months. Persons of rank, of the liberal professions, and of both sexes, are being ferociously flogged all over the country. At Warsaw the other day a Catholic priest of exemplary character received sixty strokes with a birch-rod because he had endeavored to hold a service in open air after his church had been closed by the police. The emperor has abolished all the privileges of the provincial councils, trial by jury is suspended for an indefinite period, and the schools and universities are ruled as if they were barracks or prisons. The political reaction which has gone on since the emperor fell into the hands of his present advisers, who are as reckless as they are stupid and brutal, can only end either in a revolution or in a military or palace coup d'etat. Alexander is either a maniac, like most of his family, or else he is so saturated with apprehension for his own personal safety or with religious fanaticism that he is practically insane."

The proportion of children in the parochial schools in Massachusetts is gaining much faster than the proportion in the public schools. The Roman Catholics are determined to carry forward their plans for building up parochial schools, but in certain places there is decided opposition to this course on the part of the laity. Influential men are strongly opposed to the movement, and plans for erecting parochial school buildings have been laid aside in some places because the priests cannot carry their people with them. These opponents of parochial schools believe that the public schools are good enough, and do not seem to appreciate the argument of the priests, that the religious instruction which is given in the parochial schools is essential to the salvation of the souls of the children. The parochial schools can never receive any support from the state treasury without changing the state constitution. They can never hope to compete with the public schools as long as they must be supported by those who must pay their portion toward the public schools and then must bear the entire cost of the parochial schools. It is not believed that there is any possibility of a constitutional amendment which will permit a division of the public school money between the different religious sects.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is thus reported by F. L. Austin in the *New Review*: "Don't ask me how I am," said Dr. Holmes a year or two ago. "It is a dangerous thing to show a sympathetic interest in my health as if you thought I must die because I am old." "Heaven forbid," said I. "Well, young people make that mistake sometimes, to their cost," he proceeded, with a wonderful twinkle in his eye. "They write to me like this: 'Dear Dr. Holmes, as in the ordinary course of nature you cannot live much longer, please send me your autograph by return post.'" "Why, they die before the year," I said. "I see a young man approaching plainly in his mind I say, 'Not a word to my young friend: it is a bad omen.' He laughed with the glee of five."

THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT.

BY CLERGYMAN ORTHODOX.

"The full-form manifestation of a human figure with appropriate clothing, all improvised apparently out of nothingness (is) the crowning phenomenon of Spiritualism."—*Epes Sargent*.

The seers of Spiritualism, if human testimony is at all to be credited, avow the appearance to mortal eyes, of spirits clothed upon with material bodies. Excepting the simulated simulacra at the hands of impostors, there remain the assertions of eye-witnesses, valid before any court in other matters, to the effect that they have seen, heard and felt by actual contact spirit-forms so cognized by the process known as materialization. A believer in the historic accounts of the New Testament and accrediting any one of its writers, say Peter, with the quality of unimpeachable integrity, I am bound to believe his account—am so constituted, cannot help it—of the transfiguration scene, so much the more because of incidental reference, and the materialization of Moses and Elias, of which he declares he was an "eye-witness."

Now, upon the hypothesis that such men as Prof. Crookes, Sargent, Edmonds, Crowell, and others too numerous for mention, have been eye-witnesses of the phenomenon, materialization, under circumstances precluding imposture, and that they are competent to testify, and so accepted in open court, concerning any fact or thing attested as truth by the use of their senses, I am compelled by the law of faith or confidence in the common veracity of my fellow men, and to which I am rigidly held, to be at least modest in any effort at gainsaying their assertions. And further; upon such supposition, apart from any doctrinal phases, it may be averred with boldness, that Tyndall's laboratory and its proudest experiments are as nothing compared with such phenomenon. When under appropriate tests and favoring conditions spirits walk into our rooms clothed as mortals, making themselves perfectly at home, playing violins and pianos, drinking ice-water, and going through all the delicate and delightful address of a woman to her toilet before her mirror, and by gaslight, well may telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electric light and the wonders of the spectroscopic reverently betake themselves to the lower seats at such marriage hall where materialization sits governor of the feast. It is the wedding of matter to spirit.

It is the fashion just now with the more advanced Spiritualists to disparage the phenomena at the basis of their system. This perhaps from reaction against that class of persons who, like the Jews of old, seek a sign as the ultimate of confirmation or proof to conviction that the dead do return. The constitutional miracle hunter of Christ's day is duplicated by the gaping skeptic of the marvelous in this nineteenth century. But the sign has its place in spirit phenomena as well as in the lecture room of the chemist. Proofs of the laws of matter, and the play of forces by which planets revolve and light moves through space, are legitimately signed when by such signification the observer is convinced of the reality of matter and the existence of a ruler governing it. There can be no objection to the frequently repeated illustrations of fundamental facts. Demonstration of primary truths should ever carry an interest to the demonstrator. Said a professor of chemistry to his class: "I am lighting now for the one-thousandth time the philosopher's candle (a jet of hydrogen) and yet the experiment fills me with wonder; why should hydrogen burn? in fact, why should anything burn?"

Relevant to press the question to such as have witnessed the master work—building: Why materialization at the more with the recurrence of

medium and circle, honestly at work

as the chemist in his laboratory for purposes of investigation rather than the gratification of sight-seeing for nearer approach to an understanding of the control of material forces by decarnated intelligences, waving all doctrinal suggestions and keeping to the limitations of law, what does materialization imply?

1. Creation, in an accommodated sense, not something from nothing, an impossible feat to Omnipotence itself, but the producing visually of an organization involving symmetrical proportions and manifest designs, with the purposes of identity palpable to the touch, as seen by the eye, a living, moving organism and reassumption of a material body through which spirit exercises the functions of seeing, hearing, tasting, in fine, of every sense known to the embodied. How near akin are matter and spirit! and how intimate their fellowship! The awful chasm between soul and earth closes up. Let the materialist stand aloof or he may get squeezed till the crack of doom!

2. The subordination of matter to the control of spirit. The body is woven by the soul; so taught Socrates. The bioplasts are the weavers of nerve, bone and muscle, behind whose cunning is a living intelligence superintending the processes of building and directing to final completion. We name the product babe! The materializing spirit, for aught we know, weaves the body direct without the media of bioplasts. The product is the babe or man as the weaver may elect from the loom, ephemeral to be sure, but sufficient for disclosing identity and for the time answering the purposes for which the processes were instituted.

To conclude: if such materialization obtains, if such control of matter is possible to the decarnated, let it be lifted from the dunghill of curiosity! The sewers and barnyards are poor places for the display of spirit-weaver. To be plain, let such phenomena be put to the school of science and mercenary charlatans and purposeless experimenters be crowded to the wall. High spiritual culture and lofty ideals for the perfect spiritual man belong to another curriculum. The etherealization of matter is one thing and the exaltation of spirit another, and he may be reckoned wise who is so fortunate as to graduate from the two schools. Thus will the spirit-potter rule the pliant clay; the end is materialization, the crowning achievement of spirit manifestation. So thought Epes Sargent; so thinks the writer, an out-and-out orthodox clergyman.

SPIRITUAL TESTS.

BY J. T. DODGE.

Although the attitude of THE JOURNAL in relation to matters of evidence is well known and its voice often heard in behalf of careful investigation and correct reasoning, it seems to me there is constant need of recurring to the principles of common sense. The kind of evidence which is offered to the Spiritualist public and is probably accepted to a very considerable degree, has been brought to my attention by what are called tests at public lectures and elsewhere.

A medium at a public circle, or in a public audience, with more or less distinctness, holds out the idea that he or she is in open communion with the world of spirits, and can not only see and hear disembodied spirits, but can give such descriptions of them and such communications from them as shall constitute tests of the reality and truthfulness of their claims. It is scarcely necessary to say that these pretensions are transcendent in their nature and importance and ought to be supported by evidence that would not only be worthy of attention in the ordinary affairs of life, but of so conclusive a character that only one conclusion could be drawn from it. Let us look a little at the usual character of such tests. I say usual character because I do not wish to deny that in some cases mediums have given descriptions, full names, correct relationships and communications which were worthy of attention and might, if sufficiently multiplied, go far towards giving credibility to such pretensions, but the usual proceeding is more like this: the medium says to some one in the circle

or audience, "I see many spirits about you." No one assumes to deny it. To an elderly person, "You have a father in spirit-life, a father and mother." No denial. "A brother." Yes. "I see a little child, a little girl? a boy and a girl?" "Yes, we lost a little girl, but no boy." "No boy? A grandson then?" "Yes." "Your family consists of five?" "No, only three." "Yes, three children and the parents, that makes five." "No, only three, including parents." "But you have two in spirit-life." "Five is right." "You have lost a sister, or a wife?" "No, my brother lost his wife." "Ah, a sister-in-law, that is right." And so it goes on. No statement can be made which, by some ingenious twist, cannot be made to do duty as a test. Thus: "I hear the name Sarah?" The one addressed makes no reply. "Perhaps it is for some one else." It would be strange if in a company of five, not to say fifty, there was not some one who had lost a friend by the name of Sarah. A person near by says she had such a friend or relative, which gives the seer a chance to say there are so many spirits about that she could not distinguish to what friend each belongs.

It is not an exaggeration to say that I have sat for a whole hour on more than one occasion, listening to just such oracles. It is not necessary to say that the medium or psychic is not genuine, that she did not see or hear what she claimed. No one can say what her subjective impressions were. We can not say she did not state any truth because she did not state the whole truth. What we can say, however very emphatically is that no unmistakable description of any person was given, no complete name or other means of identification. Nothing was done which might not be successfully duplicated by the medium in her normal state, or by any other intelligent person who was willing to place himself in a similar position. The evidence offered would not avail in a justice court to collect a debt of five cents. It has not, on the face of it, even the presumption of genuineness, because we have no right to assume abnormal means of explanation when normal means are sufficient. It reminds one of the spectre evidence which was accepted by the court in the trial of the cases of the Salem witchcraft. The word of one of those ignorant and, perhaps obsessed girls, that she could see the spectre of one of the accused, although that one was miles away, and in jail, was held, by those superstitious and infatuated judges, sufficient to condemn to the gallows one of the most irreproachable mothers in that colony. Such evidence had nothing to corroborate it. In these tests before described there is nothing of an objective nature to support the testimony. An appeal is made to the imagination for corroboration. If one can conjure up an image to correspond with the description, it satisfies some minds and they accept the tests.

To some Spiritualists it may seem ungracious that one of their number should object to the sufficiency of the evidence which is so consoling to them. The objection lies not so much to their making use in private of such means as they can for their own edification, but when such phenomena are offered to the public and dignified by the name of tests, the public not only has a right, but is in duty bound to judge of the genuineness and sufficiency of such evidence, and if insufficient, to reject and discountenance it. The degree of countenance which such so-called tests have heretofore received, has been a standing disgrace to the cause of Spiritualism, has brought discredit upon honest mediumship and has prevented many believers from avowing their real convictions. It has placed Spiritualists on a level with fortune-tellers, gypsies and believers in magic, and yet some do not comprehend the justice of public opinion. The public cannot pay much respect to those who forego the use of their own senses and intellect at the suggestion or dictation of another, who see in the clouds a ship or a whale at the pleasure of their hypnotizer. Credulity begets fraud and imposition and many mediums have been demoralized who might with other surroundings, have served a worthy and useful purpose.

Experience has well established the fact that all large or incongruous assemblies are very unfavor-

to genuine spiritual manifestations and render anything deserving the title of a test, impossible. It has also been found that good and reliable subjects for thought-transference in private, were rendered incapable of it by some obstacle existing in larger companies. On strictly scientific grounds then, Spiritualists can and ought to discountenance all the pretended tests which have been above referred to. The few grains of spiritual wheat if there are any, are so very few in the vast mass of mundane chaff that we are no more justified in searching for them than we would be in searching for the material for our bread in a last years straw-stack.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By JOSEPH SINGER.

The recent formation of the Psychical Investigation Society gives food for reflection to those willing to pay heed to the signs of the times as they appear. Alas! they are a dead letter to the average Spiritualist. Entrenched behind his "I know," he is most supercilious or wholly indifferent to the purposes of the psychical researcher; and for shame be it said the latter mainly on account of his wilful ignorance of this important subject. I do not wish to inveigle the editor of THE JOURNAL into an admission of this statement, if my word is at all doubted. Let what is said on this head by Mr. Edward Maitland, in *Light*, be read, that I may not be accused of misrepresentation:

Your esteemed correspondent, C. C. M., refers in his recent letter on "Pre-existence" to his translation of Carl du Prel's admirable work, the "Philosophy of Mysticism," with evident surprise and regret at the failure of Spiritualists to study the books which are from time to time written and published at vast labor and cost for their instruction on their special subjects. The feeling is one which constantly recurs to me when reading in your columns the crude and hasty suggestions, surmises and even positive statements, made by correspondents about subjects already exhaustively treated in words accessible to them, without first taking the trouble to inform themselves thereon.".....

EDWARD MAITLAND.

[One may read a book without agreeing with its contents, it is fair to say. But most Spiritualists do not read.—*Stanton-Moses, Editor, Light.*]

Our good spiritualistic friends while upholding freedom of thought and speech with the tongue, deny it so often in action, that it forcibly reminds one of Milton's saying that "presbyter is but priest writ large." They have doffed the confining cloak of priestly infallibility and have simply exchanged it for that of individual popery. Do I wrong them? Let the peculiar stream of opposition to THE JOURNAL answer. In his new year's remarks to his readers Mr. Stanton-Moses stated as among the most valuable of his fruitful labors, that he has made fraudulent mediumship—mainly the unrestrained diabolisms of the dark circle—a practical impossibility in England. An inestimable service to our cause surely. And yet instead of rallying around THE JOURNAL and staunchly upholding it in the immensely greater task of cleansing and keeping pure our own Augean stables, it is often most heartily condemned for injuring the cause in our midst. This is sufficiently indicative of the need of new life blood in the cause. We seek in vain within our ranks for the right answer to the despairing cry of the world. The movement is apparently stagnant—in my opinion healthfully so—but nevertheless helpless to meet the wants of the deeply thoughtful who need proof according to their nature.

Friends, what you are unable to do, especially in face of your promises that all who seek may find, the world is about doing in its own way. It is searching. The selfish and thoughtless may laugh and say "Oh we know all that. What you now so laboriously seek we have long ago found." Is this the manly attitude toward those who want to know—not perhaps in a way in which you, think you know. An historical epoch often shows a reversal of things. We are unquestionably on the eve of such an epoch. But, after the backwoodsman comes the skilled laborer. All honor to the first (dare I say who he represents?) but his crudeness stands in the way of finer work. The

skilled artisan is now appearing. Who is he? Wait yet a while! It may be that he and the psychic researcher are one. He has already destroyed many small gods which have been unduly worshipped—so many of the "tests," of the phenomena-mad hunters—but the great verity will stand untouched.

The spiritualistic denunciation of psychical research indicates a great weakness. While resting so securely in his house of "facts," why should the Spiritualist fear any onslaught on it? While the animus of some members of societies for psychical research is undeniably of an unwholesome skepticism, the advice of every true believer should be "Gentlemen, laugh and scoff if you wish, and deny to your heart's content, but pray continue your researches. Try hard to demolish our theories; but do not cease until you have done so or know that it cannot be done. In such an event is there any doubt in the mind of an intelligent Spiritualist as to the outcome? The following is evidently the key note of the situation: The most bigoted researcher as well as the firmest believer admits the verity of the mooted psychic facts, the former does at least admit many of them. In the explanation of these facts comes the rub. But is it not evident to every thinking man that where several theories are reasonably possible there is legitimate cause for their existence. The Spiritualist should not take refuge in the statement—almost wholly true—that the skeptic has not got hold of all the facts, and until he has he should be debarred from theorizing at all. If this charge or warning is so valid, as against the researcher, why is it that among thoughtful Spiritualists a large body of what were once considered tests are now relegated to purely mundane causes. There is an immense meaning in this. In another way Spiritualists have themselves entered upon the fruitful path of psychical research. Can they then blame the outside world for beginning its labors on the ground which offers a firm footing to start from? It may seem almost child's play to the veteran believer, to make so much fuss over the fact that one mind can influence another by hitherto unrecognized means. He forgets that people saw apples fall long before Newton. So also did the forked lightning rend the sky long before Franklin questioned the import of the phenomenon. The lightning yet continues to play in the heavens, and the tree yet sheds its fruit; but a new civilization was built on the explanation of these apparently trivial facts. And we likewise need but to follow intelligently the labors of the Society for Psychical Research to get some intimation of the great role that telepathy is yet to play in the development of a new psychic science, as also of Spiritualism. Its negative force has already been most amply felt in the latter movement, and very healthfully too.

In brief: The average Spiritualist once in possession of his one or several convincing facts, sees nothing but spirit intervention in every unusual spiritual experience. He has his theory and makes it explanatory of every fact. The psychical researcher tries to find some law or laws underlying the wonderful psychic phenomena, experienced, observed or recorded. He brings to the task trained habits of observation and a mind imbued with the conception of law. He works upwards from the earth plane into supernal regions. And even if he cannot always recognize the glorious tones from those realms he still does mankind a great service by extending the action of purely mundane causes upward as far his logic will extend. If he fishes with a net with such coarse meshes that many a lovely thing escapes, he is remembered that the Spiritualist with his fine sieve entraps all sorts of rubbish along with the desirable catch.

Finally, who but they of such very small faith fear the result of the most microscopic scrutiny. Does the glorious truth of immortality rest on such a weak basis that all must be warned off from investigating its claims, except its sworn defenders. Every Spiritualist should hail with joy all the systematic efforts made to thoroughly understand his beautiful belief, if even made with the ignoble purpose of simply destroying it. Who has attacked the problem of Spirit-

ualism long enough, to whom did not come the solution justifying the great truth. And now when men of every shade of belief and high intellectual standing have organized with the avowed desire of exploring the mysteries of Spiritualism as such, what must be the inevitable result? Ask of all the great lights of the world who came to curse but remained to bless.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XIV.

EXPERIMENTS AS TO IDENTITY.

Hearing that a medium from a distant place was to give some sances in New York, I telegraphed to a relative to obtain an interview with her. He did so the same evening under an assumed name, and the medium gave him the same correct description of a form that had previously been given to me, which he perfectly recognized, and a voice spoke its own name, as well as his, with the relationship to him and myself. It often occurs in a circle that some intelligence assuming to be that of a dead friend, asserts it can accompany you home, and take cognizance of your thoughts and acts. If experiments are tried in this direction and always end in failure, our confidence in the veracity or capacity of the intelligence will not be strengthened. If on the contrary we succeed, a most interesting and important view presents itself of the nature and reliability of these forces.

A medical friend attended a séance with a medium, whom he then saw for the first time. A child apparently addressed him as Doctor (his name and profession were entirely unknown) stating that it knew me, giving its name as Snow-drop, and sending its love to me. Two years previously an intelligence with diminutive hands and arms and a child's demeanor, seemed to take a fancy to me, said it visited me and sportively answered to the name of Snow-drop. I had never mentioned the incident, and indeed had forgotten it, as one of those trivial things which so frequently occur, until I referred to my notes. As I had previously wished that some intelligence would speak of me when my friend attended a séance this occurrence bore the quasi character of a message. Following this lead up, I begged a friend residing in a distant place to attend a séance. At the time of writing to him I formed the wish that a certain intelligence, which had professed its ability to do so, should make some demonstration of its presence, at any meeting my correspondent might attend. My friend accordingly went to a séance, and although a stranger to all, my messenger, so to speak, called him by name, gave its own, and added that I had written to him on the subject. There was no other apparent reason except my wish that this intelligence should present itself.

Seldom in the history of human controversies have opinions based exclusively upon visible, audible and tangible facts continued to remain so long and so pertinaciously disputed, in matters of such easy and frequent experiment. When through the examination of objective phenomena, the methodical study of somnambulism began to lay the foundations of a less conjectural system of psychology, religion and materialism took up arms and in an odd fellowship forthwith combined to disparage and deny those facts that had any value as evidence of man's spiritual nature. Yet strange and inconsistent as it seems to be, these old "impieties and impossibilities" once so despised, are to-day, under new names, eagerly seized upon to confute the later and more imminent heresy, legitimate heir to a century of psychological inquiry. It was not that the evidence was rare or uncertain; on the contrary it was proclaimed from house-tops all over the world, and was the universal result of experiment by men of clear and exact minds. But the old conservatism foresaw such strange modifications of belief, and such unaccustomed paths of thought, that it blindly sacrificed whatever there was of truth to the traditional nescience of the past. It seemed to disturb the tranquil apathy of the world to offer evidence of mind independent of matter and men sought to evade the unwelcome possibility by treating the facts which enforced it as the delusions of idiots.

Fortunately, however, disingenuous modes of thought refute themselves at sight, and arguments so irrelevant touch in no manner the reasonableness of a belief we may entertain founded upon observation.

We are told to associate the highest ability and most practiced habits of inquiry in all the other pursuits of knowledge, with the lowest degree of imbecility and ignorance in this. The subject is strange and the surprises we meet with in the treatment of it are as marvelous as the matter itself. Not only is all the evidence of other men ignored, but every opportunity to master the facts is neglected. The stolidity which benumbs all interest and effort to know if these mighty things are true, and blockades every channel by which proof can reach the brain, is perhaps the greatest wonder of all. It is inconceivable that any thinking being should feel no concern in such extraordinary facts, so overwhelmingly attested, even if a life-time of daily opportunity and illustration has brought no evidence to his unused senses. We are called upon to reconcile an absolute certainty on the one side, the unfailing result of experiment, with apparently an equally positive certainty on the other, derived, it is more courteous than true to assume, from the same careful study of the whole subject. The dead lock seems hopeless, for it is as difficult to accept so strange an affirmative, as it is a negative, which includes the most palpable absurdity. The difficulty is to be overcome only by our own observation. Either the phenomena are real, or those who believe them to be so, from multiplied observation have fallen into the last stage of mental decrepitude. We must abandon all reliance on human testimony, or trace the rejection of these facts to a cerebral disease of prejudice and incredulity. The idea underlying all these objections, that the correctness of a conclusion is in inverse proportion to the number and soundness of the experiments on which it is founded, does not seem to be a rule of rational procedure. Yet singularly enough the notion is compatible with great intelligence and profound thought, and is acted on by men of distinguished reputations whose lives have been spent in severe study of every other matter they assume to teach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HON. WARREN CHASE—A FUNERAL ADDRESS.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

[The funeral of Hon. Warren Chase took place at Cobden, Ill., Friday, February 27th, on which occasion Mr. B. F. Underwood, in accordance with an arrangement that Mr. Chase while in health had made with him, delivered an address, a full report of which taken for THE JOURNAL and revised by Mr. Underwood, is given below.—ED. JOURNAL.]

We are assembled, friends, to pay the last tribute of respect to a brother to whom has come that final earthly event which sooner or later must come to us all. We are here to manifest our appreciation of a life that was devoted to the cause of human progress, and to honor a man who was a courageous demolisher of venerated falsehoods, an earnest teacher of unwelcome truths, an unflinching advocate of unpopular reforms. The military chieftain is enthusiastically applauded by the people for his achievements, often recorded in blood, but

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war,"

and the patient, unappreciated, misrepresented and unrewarded work of a reformer, such as our friend Chase was for half a century, demands courage of a far higher and finer quality than is required on the Waterloo and the Antietam battle fields of the world's drama. It is therefore with melancholy pleasure that I stand here to-day, by the side of this lifeless body, to speak of the worth, of the achievements, of the convictions and aspirations of the brave soul that animated this form, that looked out with affection and benevolence through these eyes now closed, spoke with earnestness and power through the tongue that is now silent, and wrote words of wisdom and courage with the hand now forever still in death. There are others who could speak more worthily on this sad occasion—sad for friends who mourn the loss to them of a beloved presence and a precious companionship, joyous rather from the point of view from which our

friend contemplated death; but enjoying a friendship with Mr. Chase through many years—nearly a third of a century—I promised him some months ago, in reply to a letter which I will read to you, that in case I should survive him on this bank and shoal of time, I would, if possible, be present at his funeral, and before his body was committed to the earth, would make some remarks touching his character, his work and his views. He knew that I was not in accord with him in all his theories and teachings; yet he gave no directions, no suggestions as to what the utterances should be, except in designating two pieces of poetry that he would like to have read. It was his intention to prepare a brief sketch of his life and abstract of his thought, to be used on this occasion, but his final illness came unexpectedly, when he was looking forward to several years of earthly life; and then the hand was too feeble to write and the voice too weak to express what he had intended to say. I little thought when I received the last letter from him a few weeks ago that before the winter was gone I should receive the telegram which came to me from his son-in-law, Dr. Whepley, last Wednesday, saying: "Warren Chase is dead. Come." I will now read the letter which our brother wrote early last autumn:

CORDEN, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 28TH, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND UNDERWOOD: A somewhat peculiar letter this is for a person in good health. I notice every week the sudden decease of some persons, often those I know, who were near my own age, and of course I expect my turn will come before long. I have everything in a business line arranged for it and want you to attend and address the people at my funeral, if you are then living in Chicago and can come. I have written out all the directions and all my folks are in accord with me in sentiment. No black, no Bible reading, no priest. As I have had none of these in life I cannot consent to be made to appear a hypocrite at death, by calling them in. I never was a Christian. My folks will all join and see that all is carried out as arranged by me. No hymns, but if there is any singing our spiritual songs. I have selected two poems to be read one, John Boyle O'Reilly's poem on the death of Wendell Phillips, the other on black at funerals.

You can come so as to take but one day and two nights if you cannot spare more time, and my folks will telegraph to you. It may not occur for years but I want to be ready and have all arrangements made in time. I shall write out a brief sketch of my life to be read, as I want all carried out consistently with my life and work here. Of course I am a Spiritualist, but to the churches and Christianity no less an infidel than I was before I knew of continued consciousness after death. Everything will be arranged here in order. I am as well now as I have been for years, but 78 years will soon mark my age. My old friend Dr. Brown of Milwaukee, who always had good health has gone suddenly and several others of late who were near my age; and I am on the look out.

Truly your friend,

WARREN CHASE.

Under date of October 5, 1890. Mr. Chase wrote me:

"I do not see or feel any symptoms of a change very soon, and perhaps it will not come for several years, but the sudden demise of persons of my age prompts me to be ready.... If you come down this road let me know, if you can, on what train you will be, so that some of us can meet you at the station and bring you up about a mile to my house."

His letters to me show that while he was ready for death and was not to be surprised whenever it should come, he yet thought that it would not occur probably for some years.

It is a satisfaction to the friends of the departed that after nearly half a century of itinerant and poorly paid work, and when he could no longer travel and lecture, he was able to pass the few remaining years of his earthly life in his home, in this picturesque locality, where the mingled beauty of wood and plain, of hillside and valley and flowing stream, of changing skies, of sunrise and sunset, gratified his strong love of nature, and where, amid the quiet of the place, his contemplative mind pondered undisturbed the deep problems of being and destiny. And it is a consolation to know that in his last illness he was surrounded by wife and children and grandchildren, from whom he received every loving attention his needs required or heart could wish, and that he passed away es-

teemed by all his neighbors and honored by thousands and hundreds of thousands in this and other lands. No other citizen of Cobden was so widely known. He lived to a good old age, having passed the scriptural three score years and ten, and lacked only two years of being an octogenarian; yet his mental powers were preserved unimpaired to the last, and his old age was one of serenity, cheerful resignation and confident expectation of continued consciousness after life's fitful fever here on earth should be over. When the vital fires burned low and the twilight closed round him there was no despondency, no gloom; he looked onward to the stars rising upon a fairer shore, and caught glimpses, as he believed, of "the light that never was on sea or land." Mr. Chase had lived to see great reforms accomplished—slavery, which he had opposed when the pulpit was silent and the press dumb, abolished; freedom of speech and of writing generally secured; a strong temperance sentiment prevalent; the legal status of woman improved; general decay of belief in the old creeds; widespread interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism and in psychical science, the careful study of which is now being pursued by men of reputation, men who are popular, including college professors and clergymen; the recognition by scientific men of a class of facts the reality of which Mr. Chase had been, until the last few years of his life, accustomed to hear denied and denounced as fraud or illusion; and the growing conviction among the mass of people that, as he had so long taught, all phenomena, spiritual and religious as well as physical, are natural, that law and causation are everywhere and that miracle, special providence and supernatural interposition are nowhere; that

That very law that moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

It is not my intention to go into the details of Mr. Chase's public career, for a correct narrative of which I have not the materials arranged, even if there were on this occasion, time to use them. But some of the facts of his life, as a radical thinker and worker in political and religious spheres of activity, it is important to mention in order to indicate the scope and value of his labors. In the first place, consider his political work. In the first constitutional convention of Wisconsin, held in 1846, he opposed capital punishment and opposed making either color or sex a qualification to vote. He also advocated the right of married women to hold and to control real estate, and a clause granting this was, through his influence, incorporated into the constitution; but the reform was in advance of public sentiment and was one of the causes that led to the rejection of the constitution when it was submitted to the people for ratification. However, the agitation had a good educative influence for the right was soon afterwards recognized and secured in a permanent statute of the state. These are but a few of the radical reform measures which he introduced and urged in that convention, nearly half a century ago. Mr. Chase was returned to the second constitutional convention of the state, of which he was one of the most active and influential members. He knew now, by the result of the election which had defeated the first constitution, about how far the people would go in accepting radical measures, and he was more cautious in urging reforms for which the great majority of voters were not ripe. Among those which he carried through was a provision securing the civil rights of jurors and witnesses, regardless of their religious views, and another, which has been disregarded, designed to prevent the employment of chaplains by the legislature. The document prepared by the second convention was accepted by the people. Mr. Chase's able and timely speeches and contributions to the press had made him well known, and he was regarded as a strong man, a champion of equal rights and a friend of the people. The district comprising Fond du Lac and Winnebago counties nominated him for the state senate, to which he was elected by a large majority. He took his place in the senate among the law-makers of the new state. "During all this time I had," he says, "steadily refused to be sworn into office, or as a witness or juror, in which capacity I had served, but affirmed, as the Society of Friends do, believing the oath a farce—which opinion I still hold—and of no value, except for the penalty of telling an untruth, and utterly worthless in qualifying an officer. Later in life, though considering it a useless farce, I accepted it and qualified with the others." Through his influence, largely, honest

exemption without pecuniary limitation was secured. Some of the measures urged by him, such as the removal of the death penalty, for instance, although not adopted while he was in the senate, were afterwards carried, the first impulse having been given by him. As a member of the judiciary committee, he exerted great and far-reaching influence in the legislation of the state, which has been remarkable for its advanced and liberal character. Mr. Chase's political record in the State of Wisconsin is alike creditable to his head and heart. "The work I did, the measures I advocated and the correspondence I kept during the two sessions," he wrote late in life, "are now nearly forgotten, but at the time made me popular with the people and unpopular with political rascals and time-servers, as well as with monopolists." In 1849, as candidate of the Free Soil party, Mr. Chase received 3,761 votes for Governor of Wisconsin. In 1852, he was on the electoral ticket for Hale and Julian, and was one of the vice-presidents of the national convention, which nominated them, at Pittsburgh. In that convention were four set speeches, and one of them was by Warren Chase, the three others having been delivered by Joshua R. Giddings, Gerritt Smith and Frederick Douglass.

When Gen. Grant was nominated the second time, Mr. Chase, who then lived in St. Louis, where he kept a book store, and from which he went out on short lecturing trips, took part in what he called the "Republican rebellion." He was put on the electoral ticket and he canvassed with Carl Schurz, and helped to carry Missouri for Horace Greeley. Mr. Chase was elected one of the presidential electors. As the white-coated philosopher died before the meeting of the electors, Mr. Chase, with six others, voted for Governor B. Gratz Brown. After that he called himself a Greenbacker, not working in either of the old parties.

Later Mr. Chase went to California to live, and in 1877, when he was at Santa Barbara, Cal., lecturing on Spiritualism and editing a Greenback paper, he was elected to a constitutional convention in that state, which had been ordered, and in which he made such a good record that he was subsequently elected to the state senate, in which he served during three sessions—1880-1-2. His first contest in that body was to prevent the election of a chaplain, and with the aid of Catholic and liberal votes, he succeeded in what he undertook; but monopoly controlled the legislature and but few of the best reform measures which Mr. Chase presented could be carried through. In a volume, published in 1880, entitled "Pen Pictures of Representative Men of California," this is said: "There are few men who have ever sat in the legislative halls of California who can look back with more pride to a larger, more honored or more useful career than can Senator Chase. Looking down the long vista of sixty-seven years, when his infant eyes opened for the first time upon this world, in Pittsfield, N. H., and following up his infant footsteps until the down on his cheek heralded his approaching manhood, with all its bright hopes and high ambitions, until the present era, now that the snows of many winters and warm summers of a well-spent and active life have silvered his hair—he can assuredly find nothing to regret in the least except that it is passed; while he has ample cause for congratulation that the sun of the present shines upon a character untarnished by the storms which he has battled so long and so well, and that his future opens before him full of the ripened glory of a life of usefulness and honor. . . . He is a hard-working and useful member of the committees on city, county and municipal governments, enrollments, public morals and labor and capital."

Mr. Chase believed in the social and political equality of the sexes, in marriage as a civil contract legalized by a magistrate and dissoluble, when separation is mutually desired, under general laws, and when one party desires it and the other refuses, to be subject to the courts as now, in the protection of offspring by legal restrictions and public records, in the prohibition by law of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors and of the importation and production of tobacco, the use of which he believed a prolific cause of demoralization and debasement. He was in favor of making all land titles depend upon occupancy and permitting no speculations in lands which should be used only for homes and production, the result to be reached gradually by laws that should deprive no person of acquired rights. Institutions for the reform of criminals should take the place of our penitentiaries, the forced collection of debts should be abolished, and the ability to obtain credit should depend wholly upon personal honor and punctuality in meeting obligations. Public education should be compulsory. The currency should be national and none should be allowed to circulate unless stamped by the government as a legal tender. The supply should be sufficient "to reduce interest to a rate below the actual increase of production in capital, exclusive of the rise of property," with government depositories for surplus money in savings with government responsibility, instead of deposit banks with constant liability of failure. He

wanted corporations rigidly controlled, all watered stock confiscated, and no issue of stock allowed except for actual payments at the time of issue, and no interest allowed on mortgages when there is no product for property mortgaged. He advocated taxation of all church property, exclusion of theological teaching from the public schools, discontinuance of the services of chaplains in Congress and the state legislatures, the substitution for judicial oath of affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury, the abolition of puritanical laws in regard to Sunday—but its protection as a day of rest and recreation—and the removal of every vestige of the old union between church and state which was once universal, total, and complete throughout Christendom, making the state entirely secular and leaving all religious denominations equally with non-religious organizations to the voluntary support of those who believe in them.

It is as a Spiritualist that Mr. Chase is most widely known and as a student and teacher of Spiritualism his work and his views claim our attention. In his belief in Spiritualism he was in the company of Judge Edmonds, Prof. Robert Hare, Prof. Mapes and Robert Dale Owen, of Dr. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Crookes, Prof. De Morgan and many others eminent for their ability and whose acceptance of Spiritualism was through personal investigation; not to speak here of the undistinguished multitude to whom it is virtually a religion. Mr. Chase in 1843 with some others, began making experiments in mesmerism and in them found ere long what he regarded as shadowy glimpses of a world of intelligence beyond the ordinary perceptions of sense. He says in one of his works, "With myself and the few engaged with me there was no religious element in our investigations; they were purely scientific and metaphysical. Especially was this so with myself, who had been from childhood called an infidel, and long a reader of the Boston Investigator, it being the first paper I ever subscribed for, and to which I had been an occasional contributor." The celebrated work "Nature's Divine Revelations" seems to have made a marked impression upon Mr. Chase who referring to the publication of the book in 1847, remarks: "I have never doubted from that day to this the spiritual origin of the intelligence received through persons mesmerized by mortals or by spirits when the intelligence does not come from the mind of the medium." His first speech in defence of Spiritualism was in a discussion with an orthodox minister in 1847 on the origin and merits of the book, and from that time he was an avowed advocate of the "Harmonical Philosophy." In the *Universalist* of March 20, 1848 is an article over the name of Warren Chase which refers to "the new philosophy that shadows forth a brighter day, indicating our connection in this physical sphere with a succeeding spirit life." During the second session of his term in the Wisconsin state senate he kept "Nature's Divine Revelations" on his desk. From this time on he advocated the spiritual philosophy as long as he lived—from the platform while he was able to travel, and with his pen as long as he could write the words that symbolized his thought. Through sunshine and storm, through summers' heat and winters' cold, through evil and through good report he went up and down the land combating creeds and dogmas which he regarded as perversions and distortions of truth, and proclaiming the gospel of Spiritualism unmixed with the fallacies of theology and the cramping formalities of ecclesiasticism.

He claimed to have reasons, based upon his years of personal investigations, for predicating several things of spirit life, and among them the following: that at death the physical body is changed for a body composed of different material in which the mind resides and acts largely as it did in the tabernacle of flesh; that for awhile the spirit remains in the locality to which or near persons to whom it was attached; that religious beliefs are not at once changed by transition to spirit life, but that Buddhists, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, etc., continue such after death until a change is effected by mental growth; that cranks and hobbyriders may remain attached to their favorite theories, however absurd, for a season after death; that the teaching of the sects about a personal god and devil, and a local heaven and hell are without foundation in fact; that the body does not have to be fed in spirit life, but the craving of the mind continues. "Hence that mental craving for stimulants and tobacco is felt there, and brings many spirits into close relations with the conditions on earth where these craving were once supplied, and the sufferings of such as are subject to these cravings are as intense as in this life when not supplied." Persons who starve to death for a while suffer the gnawings of hunger. By a natural law of evolution human beings are gradually raised to higher conditions, to a superior life. No phase or form of life is a fixture. Other transitions corresponding with that called death or perhaps with that called birth, which brings us into this worldly life, will be a part of the future evolutionary order. He was inclined strongly to the pre-existence doctrine of the ancient philosophers. "I am not able," he wrote, last November, in a letter

printed in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL "to see how the fact of a new birth into an life is any more evidence that it is an 'eternal' than the birth into this is; to me it seems as essen that a pre-existence to this must be a part of eternal life as the one that succeeds this short ear stage of being. To me life seems to be an impona- able, invisible element, never increased or diminished and from an eternal source or overflowing fountain entering into all forms of organic existence, but not creating them, as it is plainly proved that even protoplasm may rest inert and as dead matter until something starts it into organic life, and it is the essential material in starting all organic forms. When an organization ceases to perform its normal and natural functions, or is what we call dead, life does not leave it but stands ready to enter into new forms as they are made up from the changing matter of the decaying force." The location of the Spirit-world to which we pass at death is, he held, over and corresponds with the mundane sphere, and is involved with the motions of the earth, reminding one of Longfellow's lines:

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear.
The Spirit-world around this world of sense,
Floats like an atmosphere.

He maintained that what the inhabitants of that world learn about this is mostly taken from those in the earthly body with whom they come in contact, that through a spiritual control the mind in its material body often performs remarkable feats, sometimes in dreams, sometimes in a clairvoyant state, sometimes in a somnambulant condition. Mr. Chase claimed to have learned that in spirit life the thoughts are depicted on the countenance and that deception there is impossible; that it is useless to ask spirits about business affairs since they can only give opinions unreliable like our own and which may be of small value; that from some cause he could not understand, anxiety has a tendency to make messages unreliable; that the best come unexpected and unsolicited. A popular idea among Spiritualists, that a spirit freed from the body can at once see or find any spirit that has preceded it to that life, Mr. Chase pronounced without foundation, as he did the idea that a spirit, as soon as liberated from the body, can see into our conditions and surroundings. Idiots and infants attain by growth to intellectual strength and maturity. Inhabitants of the Spirit-world keep very nearly in the line of *progress* edge and progress here. There are schools *there* as here, and also societies, groups, games and sports. Indeed this life and the life beyond are very similar, except that this is both mental and physical, while that is mental only—which implies a greater difference I think than our friend Chase suspected. Most persons have relatives or personal friends in the Spirit-world somewhat *en rapport* with them, and such are guardian spirits. Death will be a great disappointment to many persons, "especially to those who here put their faith and trust in Christ, and those who have lived sensual lives here and have relied on Christ to cleanse them from all sin." The conjugal affinities in the hereafter are of so exalted a character that mere sensualism cannot understand them. There is much that is still obscure between the relations of the other world and this, which, however, will be better understood as the years roll on. Such in part and briefly are the views which our lamented brother entertained in regard to spirit life, concerning the reality of which he had no doubt whatever. He did not make men's agreement with him a basis for estimating their worth or work. The results of all human effort, he believed, reaches into the Spirit-world, and that many of the most useful laborers are those like the late Charles Bradlaugh, whose efforts for human amelioration are made without regard to or belief in a *post mortem* state of consciousness. He expected to work in the future not less than he had worked here. His old friend and co-worker, Henry C. Wright, once said: "When I die, as you call it, I shall begin to live. I am not going to some place so far away that I can never get back, and I don't expect to sing psalms and shout hallelujah forever. I don't believe God is selfish enough, or fond enough of flattery, to want me or anybody to spend an eternity in that way. I love to work here, and grow in wisdom and love, and I want a chance to work and grow over there." These words well expressed Mr. Chase's feelings and convictions, which are also further expressed by the poet, Gerald Massey, in these lines:

The dim world of the dead is all alive;
All busy as the bees in summer hive;
More living than of old; a life so deep,
To you its swifter motion looks like sleep.
Whether in bliss they breathe, in bale they burn,
His own eternal living each must earn.
We suck no honeycomb in drowsy peace,
Because ennobling natural cares all cease;
We live no life, as many dream, caressed
By some vast lazy sea of endless rest—
For there, as here, unbusy is unblest.

It is no part of my duty on this occasion to exp.

of disapproval of any of these views, my being only to state them faithfully. Chase believed in religion, but he held that religion does not consist in ceremonies or in glorifying rather "in honestly and faithfully doing our duty to ourselves and our fellow creatures, both to humans and animals; and I consider it a sin," he said "to abuse a horse or other domestic animal which we have brought under our jurisdiction, or to do an injustice to man or beast, a sin that no Christ nor ancient sin of sacrifices can atone for or forgive." His religion was very much like that of Thomas Paine whom he greatly admired and often praised, viz., "I quote from memory—'doing justly, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow beings happy.'" Mr. Chase believed in a Universal Divine Power but he rejected the dogma of a colossal personality such as the popular creeds inculcate. He was not a classical scholar, but he saw that the ideal faculty in us is the deific principle. The Greek word for an exalted or ecstatic state of mind is *enthousiasmos*, which means god-in-us. A personal god is an ideal or idealized man, our subjectivity as the German Fierbach says, projected into objectivity, man contemplated as a being outside of himself, made in his own image and likeness. A personal god seemed, to use an expression of Emerson, like a "theologic cramp" to our friend who contemplated the Divine Spirit as the universal source of all activity, the power that moves a feather and guides the stars in their courses, that

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided and operates unspent."

Creation with our friend meant not the production of something from nothing; but formation, evolution, progression. He believed not in miracles, but in the universal reign of law, in accordance with which life appeared, and is developed and differentiated, and transitions from this to higher states of beings take place. He believed in the rise, not in the fall, in the ascent, not in the descent of man. For salvation he looked not to Christ as a saviour, but to the inventions of science, to education, temperance, spiritual enlightenment, and human coöperation in overcoming evil and advancing the well being of man. In theological salvation he had no belief. Prayer to him was the "soul's sincere desire" and all petitions to change the natural course of events by supernatural intervention, seemed to him extremely foolish. He regarded performance of the duties of life, cultivation of the mind and heart, and working for the improvement of our fellow beings the only sensible preparation for the future. The only rational worship with him was in helping the needy, opposing error and injustice, and trying to make the world better. He looked forward to the time when churches would be temples of learning, of science, of rational philosophy, and the clergy would be teachers of useful knowledge. The Bible he looked upon as a natural outgrowth of the human mind—a mixture of truth and error, of fact and fable, of history and tradition, of reason and superstition, of prayers for blessings, and imprecations upon hostile nations, of proverbs and parables, of wise and evil teachings, of good and bad examples—the whole to be read like any other collection of writings and to be judged by the usual canons of historical criticism. His methods of dealing with the Bible and with theological subjects were those of Voltaire and Paine, rather than those of the later scientific criticism which arose after his death of thought were fixed. But it should be said that as he compared the manifestations of modern Spiritualism with those recorded in the Bible, that book came to have for him a larger place in the expression and record of philosophical and spiritual thought than it had in his earlier life.

Our brother always had the courage of his convictions, and what he believed he said. He desired the favorable opinion of his fellow men, but he could not sacrifice principle for praise. He must have his own self-respect. He understood the difference between *character*, which as Emerson says, "gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs"; and *reputation*, in referring to the loss of which one of Shakespeare's characters exclaims, "I have lost my eputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." Our brother was earnest in combating error, but there was no bitterness towards those whose views he assailed. There was, I believe, no malice in his heart. He was full of sympathy and a benevolent desire to help all victims of error and wrong. He was an honest thinker and allowed his reasonings to their legitimate conclusions whether the conclusions accorded with his views or not. He perceived relations quickly and had a few facts could ingeniously argue from their indications in a philosophical manner. He had in but meagre opportunities for education, but he was a great reader and was well informed on many subjects. He was ready with tongue and pen, and pressed himself with strength and clearness. He was a good deal of sentiment in his heart,

which often found expression in verses selected from a great number of poets. He was devoted to his family, and proud of his children and grandchildren, to whom in his letters to me he often referred. If

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
then indeed was our brother's life full and rich. Every good life, in its dynamical aspects—as it is projected out upon the field of activity—or as it helps men think and live aright, is incorporated with humanity at large, and all the good thoughts and noble deeds of Warren Chase form a part of the inheritance of all the coming generations of men, contributing to their development. And as Edwin Arnold asks, "Why in truth should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing and emancipating them?" In the belief of continued and progressive life Warren Chase lived and passed from earth; and in that conviction his relatives and friends find consolation now when this lifeless form is about to be consigned to mother earth "to mix forever with the elements."

MR. UNDERWOOD'S REMARKS AT THE GRAVE.

In conformity to the custom of the country, of many countries, the body of our brother is now consigned to the grave prepared for it. Though insensate, it is yet an object of tender care, of respect and affection, because of the personality that is associated in our minds with it, because of the life, the intelligence, the character of which this body was the material, sensible expression, and with which it was so closely and continuously identified that it is difficult to dissociate them in thought. Our brother knew that his body would decay and its elements enter other combinations. His belief in the future life was connected with no expectation of a physical resurrection. His real self, his personality, all in him that now makes the form in this caset dear to his relatives and friends, would, he believed, continue apart from the body and under better conditions than those of earth. In this conviction he lived and passed away. In this conviction those who mourn the loss of his presence and companionship commit this body to the earth. In behalf of the relatives of the departed brother, I thank you all for your presence and for your kind assistance on this occasion.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

By J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

In the case of a man endowed with great intellectual power, virtue and courage, let his birth be ever so mean, the world will see him, cast up the sum of his merits, and some time put him in his just place. The man of mind has often been superior to the prestige of old habits and institutions. Venerable institutions of religion have in the course of ages often yielded to the reformer. Kings have often submitted to the suggestions of poverty, and some few men have, from the lowest stations of life, risen to the highest and most honorable dignities. Mental power, in the long run, will assert its true kingship. Charles Bradlaugh was born in the humblest walks of life, but his mind had extraordinary capacity, which raised him to the position of one of the most remarkable figures of his time. He died in the midst of the fulfillment of his ambition, cut off in the vigor of his powers, before his best work was done.

Charles Bradlaugh was born in London, in 1833. He early showed a strong love of learning. He entered the British army, and served a short time in Ireland, but did not like it. Politics was his chief study. He left the army, having purchased his discharge, and returned to London, and began his career as a radical agitator. He called around him a remarkable set of young men, amongst whom was John Watts, who died young, after showing rare intellectual promise. Bradlaugh was an orator, firm, fiery and incisive. He adopted the pseudonym of "Iconoclast," an image breaker. His organ was the *National Reformer*. In its pages appeared his best and most forcible thought. I made the acquaintance of Bradlaugh in 1858, about the time of his great Socratic debate with the redoubtable champion of Christianity, Rev. Brewin Grant. Bradlaugh was a gentleman in debate, as fair an opponent as a man ever met. He read with great care, and quoted correctly from others. In no instance did he ever seek to obtain an advantage over another by unfair means. No man living in this age could handle the English language with greater effect, or rouse a multitude of men to greater enthusiasm. Of all the speakers I have heard, John Bright alone surpassed him in nervous dignity of style. Bradlaugh was a greater debater than Gladstone, and far surpassed "the grand old man" in reach and vehemence of declamation. He prepared his matter with almost infinite care. When he spoke he was the master of his subject. Ideas rolled into order like a disciplined battalion of infantry; he carried his points with a rush of brilliant

arguments that called forth applause from his most relentless antagonists.

Bradlaugh was a philosophical atheist, and perhaps no man in England understood the abstruse doctrines of Spinoza so well, not even excepting James Martineau. In political philosophy he leaned to the thought of John Stuart Mill, and gave a cordial support to the Gladstonian policy, but he went further than Gladstone; he advocated the abolition of the monarchy, and the abolition of the House of Lords. His attacks upon the principle of hereditary pensions were fierce and persistent. The House of Commons opened its doors to him after a terrible struggle, which is still fresh in the public mind. His speech at the bar of the House is a masterpiece of judicial statement and oratory, and will be read by coming generations when the names of the vulgar Tories who opposed him are forgotten. Bradlaugh, in personal appearance, was tall, with square shoulders, a bold forehead and a wide, heavy mouth. When opening his address, he spoke slow and almost as low as a whisper—after the manner of the orators of the reign of George III.—then, as he warmed to his theme, his voice became loud and full, and, at the climax of his argument, his feelings glowed and his words came quick and loud, like the roaring of a mighty flood. In his early years he had felt the sufferings of the poor. He knew the woes of a London working man. He was the valiant exponent of the rights of labor—but social chimeras, and such foolish nostrums as Bellamy proposes to rectify social injustice with, provoked his fervent antagonism. In his young days, Cobdett was the political hero of the working people of England, Thomas Cooper, the eloquent author of the "Purgatory of Suicides," and Henry Vincent were the ardent lights of Socialism. Bradlaugh saw in the school of Atheism that truth which would set man free from the trammels and usurpation of a church which forged political chains to make the slavery of the people more complete.

Bradlaugh was a great lover of liberty, free thought and free speech. Tyranny cannot long survive where men have the rights involved in reason. Freedom of speech sometimes makes things as if bedlam had been let loose, and chaos had triumphed, but it is out of these wild deliriums that order and liberty grow. Endless clatter of ignorant tongues, and demagogic whirlwinds of eloquence, gaping maelstroms of enraged popular passion often mark the process by which great ideas and reforms fight their way to the front. It is to the good health of the community in the long run that all fools should have their say, though mightily provoking and patience rending the ordeal. The fittest thought at last becomes the dominant one, and shallow brains are shelved. There is nothing like debate for uprooting old prejudices and widening the understanding. Liberty is narrowing the fields of faith; controversy is killing traditional beliefs not sustained by reason. Christianity has been changing its elements since the beginning of the Protestant reformation, and there are no signs that we have come to a stop. In a hundred years, human belief will be inestimably different from what it is to-day.

In early life Bradlaugh came to the decided conviction that Christianity was a relic of ancient sun worship. For him to have a conviction of a truth was enough to declare it. The throne of England started in his mind great ideas of possible democratic liberty. His conservative instincts in youth were extremely weak. If his reason erred, it was in the fact that reason under all circumstances and individual conditions was practical. In his mind, error had no rights, superstition no claims on veneration, and tyranny no justification. His intense love of justice made him a reformer, and his constant poverty kept before his eyes the melancholy struggles of the poor. From these compounds we get some of the strong lights in his character. The aristocracy of England he saw drained the resources of labor. The luxury of wealth was possessed by the few, which gave them advantages in the race of mental culture and fashion over the laboring poor. He was the born enemy of the first and the natural orator of the second. As a grown man and scholar, he had rare judgment. He was an assiduous reader, with a retentive memory, and had a habit and love of strict verbal definition, but his inferences were sometimes clouded by the vigor and intensity of his feelings. No man knew better than he the real sphere of imagination. He cut it out of the realm of speculation, and where his senses stopped, there began the line of the unknowable. He was over vigilant to have a thought behind the word he used, and was rigid in his demand to have the terms of a proposition correctly defined. This trait was one of the many virtues of his style, which the theosophists and the school of Emerson may study with advantage.

Bradlaugh was a man of noble devotion and virtue. He was a splendid husband and father. He loved the sweets of domestic joy more than fame or applause. He said plainly what he thought, and thought what he said. He was destitute of the fear of man, and aspired to win the laudable judgment of mankind. He

was a man of strong courage. The church was his foe in politics. He was the theological foe of the priest. His doctrines led him into conflicts with the law courts, but he proved victorious.

It is to be lamented that he did not grasp the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and accept the hypothesis of Spiritualism. Such a man would have been a power with the cause. His mind often went to the subject of soul. His debate with Rev. Thomas Lawson, on the question, "Has Man a Soul?" shows some of his best logical work. He defined mind to be the "totality of individual organic activity." This world has lost a good man. He will have nothing to fear. An honest, conscientious man, a servant of human progress, will be an acceptable man in all worlds.



LOVE.

Unless you can think when the song is done,
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when unpraised by his
breath;
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through beholding and unbehaving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

There are many husbands who are not illiberally disposed in their treatment of their wives, but who nevertheless by compelling their wives to ask them for money every time they need to make a purchase however small the sum required, show lack of tact and impose upon their partners a disagreeable and often painful task. On this subject the *Pittsburg Bulletin* says:

In an Eastern city, a few days ago, a woman who had lived with her husband in apparent content for a score of years disappeared. She left a letter containing a reason for this course. It contains something more—a little text for a sermon that many husbands may well heed. This woman of forty, voluntarily left a comfortable home and secured a place as housekeeper at fourteen dollars a month, because she wanted money that could be hers without asking for it, and without being expected to render an account of its spending. In justice to that woman's husband it should be recorded that when he read that letter he was not only grieved beyond measure, but "amazed" beyond expression. He declared that he had provided liberally for all her wants, even to the matter of a horse and carriage for her own use. In this unpleasant episode is found an extreme case it is true. But it is also the outgrowth of a condition of affairs that begins at the altar, when the man solemnly declares that with all his worldly goods he endows the trusting woman at his side. In perversion of this sentence is found the root of a great evil, the foundation of a structure whose architect and builder is unhappiness. When the average husband has paid his wife's bills, cheerfully it may be, when he has surrounded her with luxuries as well as comforts, and has gone so far as to anticipate her wishes, he feels that he has done "whole duty." He hasn't. He has not "wed" her with a penny. The right

kind of a wife, the woman of both spirit and refinement, will find that asking for what she should have without asking is the most repugnant task of her life. She may have a score of pressing little needs that only cash can obtain and that the most tactful and affectionate husband does not dream of, and yet she will not ask for a cent wherewith to obtain these coveted things. As a daughter in her father's home she could and would not ask for money; as a wife she will not do so either. To spare her this galling ferment of her wishes should be the duty as well as the pleasure of every man who possesses a wife, as well as of every man who is the father of daughters dependent upon him. And yet it is safe to say, not one man in a hundred whose life is blessed with these possessions, does his duty in this respect. As a consequence, there hovers one undisputed, growing cloud over many hearthstones, a cloud that the husband alone can dissipate.

No matter about the size of the sum set apart for the wife's unquestioned use. That is not the vital matter. Let it be a regular, stated sum, regarding whose giving there shall be no need of asking, and as to whose spending there shall never be a question from the husband. No man possessed of a particle of spirit will ask for what are his rightful dues if he can help it. Yet many men, good husbands and fathers, and liberal providers, too, impose this most disagreeable task upon the women they love best. Such a state of affairs brought about a recent instance, which may be here referred to. A wife of fifteen years was questioned by an intimate friend regarding the former's seemingly perpetual devotion to embroidery. The wife, in a burst of confidence, surprised her friend by a confession. It was that she had found in embroidery a relief from the necessity of asking her husband for money. She said: "He houses me, feeds me, dresses me in comfort, but he starves my independence by never permitting me a dollar for unexplained expenditure. After a most unhappy period of waiting until he should realize my wishes I discovered my aptitude in embroidery. I sell what I make, and if I could not thus gain independence I believe I should really despise my husband, good as he is in all other respects." Here then are two little texts. The sermons therein may be read between the lines, and will find application to many husbands and fathers who deem the women they love and support wholly enviable.

Lilian Whiting, of Boston, writes to the *Inter Ocean*: "The Chicago small boy is not to be outdone, even by that transcendent being, the Cambridge boy. We were greatly amused—a little group of us—the other day by the retort of the six-year-old Chicago boy, the son of Mrs. S. Mason Marean, who has just removed from Chicago to Cambridge, the home of her early girlhood. The little lad was playing with a son of Professor Wright, about his own age, when the latter exclaimed, with all the triumph of Harvard wisdom in his tones: 'I know what I am.' 'Well, what are you?' replied the heir apparent of the Marean household. 'I am a human being; that's what I am,' oracularly announced the Professor's son. 'Well, I know what I am, too,' returned the ex-Chicago boy in a manner that proclaimed his heirship of all the ages. 'I'm a sucker!' A Concord boy of six would have gone a step beyond Cambridge and proclaimed that he was a conscious entity. The juvenile Cambridge mind is content with being a human being. Each reflects the peculiar atmosphere of the place. But the Illinois boy was acknowledged to have had the best of it. Mrs. Marean, who was a Miss Endicott, of Cambridge, is a great acquisition to social life in Boston and her native town. It was my happy fortune to meet her at a lunch given by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, and we immediately fell into eulogies of Chicago—its marvelous enterprise, its luxurious beauty and manifold fascinations, and I confided to her that the only check in my supreme admiration for Boston is in its being quite too far from Chicago. This objection may be overcome when we have the electric railroad through and can make the journey in three or four hours." Mrs. Marean is well known in Chicago, being a member of the Women's Club and having been active in several good movements in this city and a number of our readers will remember her bright little boy.

Mrs. Kate Stuff died at Greencastle, Pa., lately in her ninety-eighth year. The despatches announcing her death state that at the time of her death and up to within a few days before that event she had not

drank nor tasted water since she was a little girl. Aunt Katie insisted that "water was not healthy," and drank tea and coffee only. She left eighteen children and many grand-children and great-grand-children and two great-great-grand-children to mourn her departure.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil millionaire, is one of the most modest and unpretentious of women. She is her own housekeeper, and she keeps a set of books in which she accounts for every cent spent on the household.



MRS. LEAH UNDERHILL.

The following is an extract from a letter in regard to Mrs. Leah Underhill.

Aside from her mediumship, she was large-natured in intellect and spirit, generous in her impulses, and earnest to help the right things.

The good offices of friendship and neighborhood were ever in her thought, and she did not lose sight of the small while comprehending the great. "Aside from her mediumship"—but it is as impossible to separate these departments, these faculties of the mind, as to separate man and nature, religion and science, God and the spiritual nature in man. Once, in walking slowly on the streets in this city, conversing with a bright and well-equipped friend, I said, "It seems to me that mediumship is nearly allied to genius." She answered, "I believe it is genius." So in any spontaneous, great-natured, helpful man or woman, I think we shall find the active spiritual faculty, and the poetic or ideal temperaments.

We do not enjoy the society of these precious friends enough while they are with us here, because there is always so much to do to keep the body housed and provided; and this is saying, or contemplating that a time will come when the spirit can get on without all this provision, and this striving, and friends can have time for a true interchange where there is strong attraction. We are busy as was "Martha," but it cannot be avoided. The bodily organizations of some around us would suffer did we try to throw off our cares. So should we, for our labors are a necessary employment and discipline—but in the future life we trust that finer elements with their accordant methods will afford us opportunity for converse, while the activities of a larger field will still employ our higher and ever unfolding powers.

C. F. S.

THE NEW SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: At a meeting of the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists held in Knickerbocker Hall, No. 44 W. Fourteenth street, this city, on Sunday, March 1st, the following constitution was adopted and officers elected.

We the undersigned associating ourselves together under the name of the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists, hereby make known to other searchers for, and lovers of divine truth, the object we seek to attain, the rules by which we purpose to be governed, and our simple, creedless religion. Believing in the existence of a Supreme and Eternal Good, we conceive of no religion that lives apart from high aspirations and good deeds. We believe in continuity of existence after the death of the body, and that there is and always has been communication between the two worlds. We believe that proof thereof can be obtained by all honest and persistent researchers therefor. We believe that the phenomena and revelations of Spiritualism constitute the only demonstration as yet practically made to man of an individual existence after this earthly life, and by thus uniting we desire to promote the inculcation of the truth. To encourage all that tends to pure and honest living, and to band ourselves together as learners in an ethical class in the great school of life. To effect the above objects we will have the following officers, viz.: president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and an advisory committee of five, one of whom shall be the acting pastor, the whole number consisting of nine persons to be elected annually and to be called the advisory board. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all public and private meetings and to perform such other duties as rightly belong to the office. It shall be

the duty of the vice-president to preside in the absence of the president. In the absence of both president and vice-president, any member of the advisory committee may be chosen to act. It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep careful record of all meetings of the society, attend to advertising, printing, special notices, etc., performing any other duties that rightly belong to the office. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive and keep all funds of the society, to account for and pay out the same in such manner as the board may direct, making a monthly statement to the board of the financial condition of the society, and producing books, papers, vouchers, etc., at any time when he or she shall be required by the board to do so. All the above officers shall act in good faith to the best of their ability for the welfare of the society. The advisory board shall have custody of all property of the society, and the right to buy and sell the same for the benefit thereof. They shall also have power to appoint special committees from their own number or from the list of members as occasion may require. Regulars meeting of the board shall be held once a month, excepting during vacation. Finally, this society shall exact no test of faith or doctrine, but will admit to its membership only those persons whose general character may not be disapproved of by the advisory committee.

President, Dr. Samuel Silsbee; vice-president, Mrs. Farnsworth; secretary, Miss M. H. Quinn; treasurer, Miss B. V. Cushman; advisory committee, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, Neil Burgess, F. W. Keith, F. J. Phillips and E. T. Crossette.

NEW YORK.

C. T. E.

MR. COLEMAN ON VARIOUS TOPICSS.

TO THE EDITOR: I hope that the excellent work of our good brother, Giles B. Stebbins, aptly called "Upward Steps of Seventy Years," may meet with a circulation and perusal commensurate with its merits. For these many years has Mr. Stebbins "fought the good fight." He has stood valiantly for a succession of unpopular reforms—for anti-slavery, women's rights, free-thought, Spiritualism, labor reforms, peace, temperance, etc. With a voice has he ever been to the front, pleading for the rights of humanity; and in an interesting manner has he narrated, in his recently published volume the more prominent incidents connected with his life-work. Albeit, and to my regret, our modest brother has kept his own personality too much in the background in his book; he tells us more of his co-workers in truth's field than he does of himself. Would that he had been moved to tell more of what he himself has done during these seventy years. I can conscientiously commend this work to all; it is inspiring, elevating, helpful.

In an article on Jacob Boehme, by M. C. Church, in *THE JOURNAL* of February 21st, it is remarked that Dr. Franz Hartmann has shown, in his recent work on Boehme, that about all of value that has come through Madame Blavatsky, Sinnett, Olcott, etc., is to be found in Jacob Boehme. In this connection I would state that before the publication of Hartmann's book, I had made a minute, analytical comparison of the similarities and dissimilarities between the writings of the theosophists and those of Jacob Boehme. It is true that there are a number of points of contact between the two, but in many respects the two systems of thought are radically distinct. All of Boehme's writings have a strong, positive, orthodox Christian and Biblical basis, while the theosophical lucubrations are as strongly and positively anti-Christian. Much of Jacob Boehme's thought was derived by him from the Kabbala and Paracelsus, and much of Blavatsky and theosophy is a rehash of the Kabbala and Paracelsus. Moreover, Paracelsus was much indebted to the Kabbala for his peculiar theories. All three, then, Paracelsus, Boehme and Blavatsky, have given the world diluted Kabbalism, warmed over and garnished, so to speak, according to the peculiar ideas of each of the three.

While it is true that some of the similarities of doctrine in Boehme and modern theosophy may be due to the two having derived them from a common source, yet there are other points of contact between Boehme and Blavatsky peculiar to themselves. In such cases it is probable that the latter writer has appropriated her theories direct from Boehme. Much care should be exercised in reading the works of Dr. F. Hartmann. He cannot be relied upon as a safe guide. He is inexact and loose in statement, and not over scrupulous

in what he says to gain or make a point. Although still nominally a theosophist, his later writings are calculated, and no doubt intended to injure the theosophy of Mme. Blavatsky. In an indirect manner he saps the foundations of the madame's teachings. His presentations of Boehme's writings, in connection with those of theosophists, should accordingly be taken *cum grano salis*. He has an axe to grind in the matter. The work of Dr. H. L. Martensen, called "Jacob Boehme: His Life and Teachings," is a much better book than Dr. Hartmann's. It gives an admirable and sympathetic analysis of the whole doctrine of Boehme, with numerous quotations from his writings.

I have read with pleasure the *coup de grace* given in a recent JOURNAL in re the A. B. Richmond-Bangs affair. It seems to me that after such a straightforward statement of facts, supported by conclusive documentary evidence, no doubt can exist in the mind of any unprejudiced person, as to the true inwardness of this matter. In this, as in so many previous instances, including the case of the notorious Mrs. Wells, the justice of the action of THE JOURNAL is plainly evident. That Mrs. Wells was a fraud, and that the phenomena championed by Mr. Richmond were fraudulent, is beyond reasonable doubt. What a pity it is that Mr. Richmond did not act the noble, manly part, like Robert Dale Owen in the Holmes-Katie King matter, and frankly confess that he had been imposed upon. It is no disgrace to be deceived by cunning impostors; many others, the peers of Mr. Richmond in intellect and moral worth, have been similarly imposed upon, while in case of Mr. R. D. Owen there is no comparison in these respects between him and the latter-day champion of convicted cheats like the Bangs sisters. The most discreditable part of this matter is the malignant abuse that has been showered upon the editor of THE JOURNAL for his honorable course in publishing the truth just as it was. It is to be regretted that Mr. Richmond should have brought this upon himself, but he has only himself to blame. To endeavor as he has done to injure THE JOURNAL and its editor, because they stood for truth and honesty as against fraud and falsehood, is on a par with the many previous attempts of like character made by exposed tricksters, their "pals" and dupes. It is unnecessary to particularize the heinousness of all such endeavors to ruin the character and business of an honest worker for truth and righteousness in order that rogues and swindlers may thrive and fatten on the public. To say that everything of this character is worthy only of being loathed and despised by every true man and woman is to express the truth but feebly.

W. E. COLEMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SOMETHING WRONG IN OUR BEST SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR: Every few days, under glaring head-lines in the daily press, is given startling information that society of some town is "all torn up" by a scandal in the highest circles, followed by detailed accounts of some man disrupting his home relations or those of his best friend, by the perpetration of the very blackest order of rascality; that a lady of unblemished reputation is in the case, in connection with a maddened husband running about with a brace of revolvers in his hands and murder in his heart, thirsting for blood; and it is frequently said that all the parties concerned are "prominent citizens of the utmost respectability." Or, the scandal may be in regard to a banker, or government official, who has skipped away to Canada in company with large amounts of stolen funds. The thieving is perhaps incidentally mentioned as a "shortage in the gentleman's accounts or the missing thief's accounts are said to have been found 'crooked.'" Strange to say, almost invariably these scamps are "prominent citizens" who "moved in the very best society!" Still worse; in many cases wherein the offense is of the gravest character, the perpetrator is not only a prominent member of high-toned society, but a leading member of some church or superintendent of a Sunday school! Yet more remarkable; whenever an account is given of some reverend gentleman achieving disreputable notoriety in connection with female members of his flock, the members usually belong to "the highest circles," and the church is one of the most fashionable.

Assuredly there ought to be a let up in this press sensationalism, or by-and-by, when meeting a leading member of the best society, especially if the member of a

church and director of a Sabbath school, one will be constrained to the harrowing thought: "I wonder, now, if some day you will be sliding off with a married lady against whom not a breath of scandal has been breathed, leaving wife and children behind penniless, while the lady has also left a family to mourn her loss!" Or, meeting another pillar of the highest circle, there may spring up the painful query: "Bless me, are you laying your ropes to get away with the funds of people who repose in strongest faith on your unimpeachable integrity?"

Please, sensational press reporters, draw this kind of damning implication a little mild. Don't make out that all the big thieves and double-dyed villains are "prominent citizens," particularly when some exceptionally prominent banker has run off with a hat full of depositors' money do not for pity's sake, extenuate in a sickening way, that it is a "good man gone wrong!" You never heard of a small thief being a good man gone wrong. He is plain thief every time. The truth is, good men do not go wrong after that pattern. You will find in all cases where a trusted agent has carried off large sums of other people's money that he has been laying his plans for it by sneaking rascality long pursued and well rooted in. It is simply the case of a thief found out.

W. WHITWORTH.

WHO ARE THE SPIRITS IN PRISON?

TO THE EDITOR: I have a statement to make and a question to ask of some of your many readers.

Ten years ago the 13th day of August as I lay in bed trying to go to sleep I saw this line of writing apparently in the air in front of my bed: "Who are the spirits in prison?" I thought sure enough that is a question that I had never heard answered satisfactorily to any one. While thinking it over I saw the form of a female who had large black eyes, and long black hair; one side was large and bloated while the other side was a mere skeleton. She was truly a singular looking piece. While trying to make out the meaning of it all these words came as the first, "Such is the effect of ten and coffee upon different organizations." Then I thought if that be a fact I will never be the means of my spirit being imprisoned in such a prison house as that if I can help it. I have never tasted either since, and have had better health from that time. Now I ask the question "Who are the spirits in prison?" In reading Peter chapter iii, 19th and 20th verses, we find that Christ went and preached unto the spirits in prison. Christ had been put to death yet quickened by the spirit.

Now what condition was he in and where was the spirits. I asked these questions of a Methodist minister. He thought that it was the spirits of those drowned in the flood as we read in verse 20th of the same chapter, while verse 21st speaks of the flood as a figurative condition. I asked the same question of an old fashioned Scotch Presbyterian and he said that he could not tell what it meant, but that same verse came near breaking up their church in Scotland. Afterward I asked a Moravian minister who said that after death there was a place for all before the judgment, whence some were sent to heaven and others to hell. There Christ came and preached to those spirits. Yet I fail to get a satisfactory answer. Why do ministers not like to talk about those three verses? I think it is because they nearly destroy the foundation of their doctrine.

Mrs. E. D. H. ARNDT.

LAKE MILLS, WIS.

MATERIALIZATION AND SPIRITUALIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR: In answer to Dr. Dewey's letter on Materialization and Spiritualization, I would ask is there not room for both? Does one necessarily conflict with the other? Rather does not the interior soul process of communication where sighs and sounds, and words are reflected into the consciousness, have its external correspondence in an objective manifestation of spiritual beings and their power upon the physical world? Is not the chasm that hitherto has existed between the two worlds and which only occasionally has been crossed by the leaders and seers of the race, to be bridged in both planes of life, the internal, and more spiritual, the external and physical? It is almost unnecessary to ask the question, for the two worlds are being related by an organic process of growth that is making them essentially one. It is true that the Spiritualism of humanity and the opening of the

interior faculties, whereby the relation between the visible and invisible is subjectively established, is the supreme state toward which all our efforts should be directed. To this involves the purification, redemption, and final emancipation of the sea from all forms of bondage and suffering; but this restoration of the soul to its original likeness in God is accompanied by another and in a different degree equally important process namely an organic growth in the two worlds which as it proceeds tends their complete union.

Materialization is not confined to professional mediums, and their cabinets. This when genuine is simply an illustration of a greater and a universal law. The expression of spirit in terms of matter, the tendency of spirit to clothe itself in material forms. The universe is but the materialized expression of the thoughts of God and this law is now manifesting itself in new and unlooked for modes of action.

Innumerable testimonies go to prove that the spiritual world is gathering force daily and from this world with which it is in such close relations that it is really its store house of energy, and that materialization the utilization by intelligent beings of refined material elements, is an outcome of this growing convergence, and interblending of forces.

Phenomenal Spiritualism is only indirectly related to moral laws, the interior spiritual life, which unites man consciously to God, and the world of spiritual beings is only possible through the subordination of the lower animal nature, to the higher and divine nature, and conformity to laws, that disclose themselves as humanity enters upon the upward path of a higher spiritual life.

IMOGENE C. FALES.

WHAT CAUSED THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.

TO THE EDITOR: Professor William Meyer, the well-known German astronomer and now president of the Urania at Berlin, a society for the spread of astronomical knowledge, offers the most common, sense theory extant, for the geological periods. We all know the cycle of day and night, with the greatest heat at noon, the cycle of the year with its greatest heat at summer. Our solar system, however turns around a central sun, and we have therefore another cycle, with its different periods of a great summer, fall, winter and spring. We are now, as Prof. Meyer states, in the commencement of spring of the great sun year. The activity in every human department, the retraction of the ice farther north, etc., seem to confirm Meyer's theory and it is probably the most sensible ever offered.

KARL CROLLY.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

TRUE RELIGION IS TO WORK FOR HUMANITY.

TO THE EDITOR: We have need to seriously question whether it is necessary to retire from the activities of life and the world, that humanity may be benefited.

A work devoted to the education of the Indian and Negro races is surely broad and great. Grace Howard, in her efforts to accomplish this work for the Indian, is a true type of womanhood, replete with the vitalizing energy which must thrill and awaken into life the undeveloped germs of manhood and womanhood, and utilize the resources of Nature's kingdom for man. We need the cheering voice, the tender expression of sympathy, the encouraging word, the friendly clasp of the hand which conveys in its silent pressure the assurance of interest; and with it all, a hand at the helm which will guide with a discrimination and judgment founded on daily experiences.

The old precept, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself," should be hung on our walls where we can see it every day. Can we not serve humanity best by constantly mingling with its sorrow, its poverty, its strife, its error, and personally comforting with tender words, with timely gifts, with words of peace, with words of truth born of reason and justice? The hand which holds the wealth to be utilized for the benefit of humanity should be the hand to distribute it, hardly trusting it to the indifferent and often treacherous stewardship of others.

Let us give our lives to the world, and not die to it. The creed which would shut us from the activities of life is surely a narrow creed. The principle which can not or does not discriminate between the useful and charitable purposes of life and the false claims of society, is deplorably weak. The angels of love and mercy shrink from the black veil which would

enshroud and cover from the world the face into which we would look so gratefully. The true religion is to work for humanity in its midst, with the sunshine over all.

EMMA MINER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Emma Miner of Clinton, Mass. spoke for the First Spiritualist Society of Haverhill, Mass. Sunday February 22d. before large audiences.

The trend of the afternoon lecture was for a broader and higher plain of investigation of the spiritual phenomena, to the end that we may arrive at conclusive facts separating as far as possible the false from the true in all its departments. Mrs. Miner made special reference to the new movement on the part of the minister and free thinker in their manifest desire to investigate for themselves, in which cause she bade them God speed, believing that such investigation would be for lasting good to all concerned.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

DELPHOS KANSAS.

Dr. James DeBuchanan writes from Topeka, Kansas that he has been lecturing successfully the last five weeks for the First Spiritual Society at Delphos and adds:

Delphos is situated near the center of the Solomon valley on the river of that name. This valley is noted as one of the most fertile places in Kansas. The rich, level and apparently inexhaustible soil is fitted for either farming or fruit culture and, as a farming locality, cannot be surpassed in or out of the state.

The town itself is largely settled with liberals who, if not an actual majority, hold a very large balance of power. Better still, they are not extremists but conservative Spiritualists of the best character and holding prominent positions of trust. The Society is well organized, incorporated by the state and holds several thousand dollars worth of property in the place. We hope in the fall to build a hall on our town lot although we have the use of the Universalist church half of the time now. The town has a graded school in six departments, which ranks among the best in the state. There are also a Methodist, Presbyterian, a Christian and Catholic church.

Good town or farming property can be bought at a reasonable figure. The population is about 800 in the town. A more desirable place for a liberal family to locate would be hard to find. The society also owns a ten acre grove where an annual camp is held in August. Any one desiring information as to property and location can address Millard Blanchard Delphos Kan. Ottawa County box 26. So much for Delphos.

Personally I never spent five week more pleasantly than I have among the Spiritualists in that place. I am now stopping a few week in Topeka where the Spiritualists are several thousand strong, but they lack what we lack as a body, organization. When shall we have a national convention to perfect a national organization? The time is ripe for such a move and we shall never be able to assume the aggressive or cope successfully with the great church organization until we are organized. We are especially weak in having no regular department for work among the young. How many Spiritualists send their children to orthodox Sunday schools to imbibe orthodox poison which will influence them all their after lives, simply because we, with rare exceptions have no organized Sunday schools. Consequently, in the next generation, we must go over the same grounds again—eliminating nearly teachings to make room for our philosophy. Now we have no authoritative power to vouch for our speakers and mediums and so fraud and charlatans are nearly as common as honest, true speakers and teachers. We have no authoritative statement or belief and our enemies charge us with heresies we never dreamed of accepting. Time will not permit to mention half we lose for lack of organization. How long, O! how long shall we be without discipline or order—the derision of the organized theology that oppose us? Speaking for St. Louis and Kansas Spiritualists I can say, they are eager for such a move. How is it with other places. Our state Society in Kansas last year chose a delegate to attend such a convention when called. Who will take the initiative in the work?

Dr. Phelon's course of monthly lectures on "Spiritual Chemistry," commenced on Wednesday evening, March 4th. They will continue every Monday and Wed

day evening until the 23rd inst. They commence promptly at 8 o'clock and last one hour, giving ample time to go and return from the doctor's parlors at 203 S. Halsted st., room 1. These lectures are highly commended by all who have listened to them. They contain many statements that are original and sometimes a little startling. But all who believe in the existence of the unseen, can accept their premises.

Dr. William Martin, of Atchison, Kan., passed to spirit life February 18th, at the age of 66. Forty years ago he investigated Spiritualism, and from that time had been a firm believer in its philosophy. The past winter he read and talked much of spirit return. Services conducted by a Spiritualist were desired at his funeral, but not being practicable the burial service was that of the Farmers' Alliance, of which organization he was a member. Dr. Martin was a man of many excellent qualities, and in his removal Atchison has lost a worthy citizen.

J. N. Gilbranson, Anacortes, Wash., writes: While visiting Spokane, Washington last December I called at a house occupied by a very pious family by the name of S., and in spite of their prejudice against Spiritualism a dining room table seven feet long rushed from one room to another. The table was raised on two legs while Mr. S. and I sat on it—a combined weight of 375 pounds.

THE JOURNAL is glad to chronicle the fact that a number of intelligent investigators have lately reported excellent and most convincing experiences with Mrs. Katherine Blade, of Thirty-fifth street, medium for independent slate writing.

Peter Henderson & Co., New York have issued their manual for 1891. It is most attractive in style and contains everything that could be wanted for the garden, with all the latest varieties of plants, shrubs and vegetables. Price, 25 cents.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is located at number 233 S. Paulina street, for the months of March and April, only, and proposes to hold séances on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

The "Theosophist" for February has been received and contains a variety of reading matter. Price, 50 cents a number. For sale at this office.

"Man Whence and Whither," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. A work intended for busy people who have but little time to read and no taste for metaphysics. The author believes that he has something to say for the public good outside of the church, and therefore chooses to write independently. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of New York City, under date of February 23d, writes: ".... The last JOURNAL was exceedingly good; indeed, every number is. You appeal to a higher class than any other paper."

The gifted, inspirational speaker, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, is filling an engagement this month at Meadville, Pa.

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FLESH ON MY BONES
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IS DARWIN RIGHT?

—OR—
The Origin of Man.

BY WILLIAM DENTON,
Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," Etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.

—BY—
MARY BOOLE.
Part of the object of this work is to call attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching. Price, \$1.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Society for Psychical Research. American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$5.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.
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From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

—BY—
PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,
Member of the National Academy of Sciences; of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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—BY—
GILES B. STEBBINS,

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A treatise for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence.

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An exchange in reviewing this work truly says: "This is a narrative of personal experiences after death, of a spirit that returns and gives it graphically, through the medium. It is just the thing for a neophyte to read, who desires to know something of the beyond, being one of the most common sense productions we have seen in Spiritual literature for many a day."

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With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Log of the Maryland; or Adventures at Sea. By Douglas Frazer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 386. Price, \$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash ave., Chicago.

The ocean has its pleasures as well as its perils, and there is always a fascination in recitals of events that occur at sea. Mr. Frazer, who is known as author of "Perseverance Island; or the Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century," and "Practical Boat Sailing," in this his latest work, presents some of the most striking events on a voyage which was full of adventure, and, although it came near ending in disaster, was marked by many pleasing incidents. On page 116, the author says that there may be a very few large monsters of some particular species of sharks that, under the provocation of hunger, will attack a man. "But," he adds, "most of the yarns about sharks are all bosh, and a man might just as well expect to be hit by lightning in the middle of a field on a sun-shiny day, as to be tackled by one of them. And I am so firmly fixed in my belief that there are no dangerous sharks at sea, that I would like to have a chance to tackle one in the water, as the Kanackers, or Sandwich Islanders, are said to do, and kill them easily every time by diving under them, and ripping up their belly with a sharp knife." He relates how, from the deck of the Maryland, he jumped upon a shark's back. "As for the shark, we never saw him again, and if his insides felt half as badly as my bruised toes, he could not be expected to be in his usual state of health for some time." Still, going into the water where there are sharks, to see how they will act, is not likely to be the rage for some time. Mr. Frazer is a good story-teller.

The Picturesque Geographical Readers. By Charles F. King. Second Book. This Continent of Ours. Supplementary and Regular Reading in the Lower Classes in Grammar Schools, Public Libraries and the Home. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 309. Price, 83 cents. (A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash ave., Chicago.)

The author of this series is the master of Dearborn Grammar School, Boston, and author of "Methods and Aids in Geography." The object of the "Picturesque Readers" is not merely to amuse, but to instruct pupils, and they are to be used with, and not in place of, the regular geography or atlas, as a means of imparting information in a manner to engage the attention and fix facts in the mind. The ample use of illustrations, made from photographs, photographic slides, French and English designs, or by the best American artists, the narrative style, the language well adapted to the comprehension of children, and the combination of the useful and interesting, are among points of merit which commend these books alike to teachers and learners.

In Latinum (Pensa in Latinum Sermonem Vortenda) for Academies and High Schools. By J. D. S. Riggs Ph. D. Principal of Granville Academy, Ohio. "Pars Prima." Based upon "Cæsar's de Bello Gallico Commentarii." L IV Chicago: "Albert and Scott," 1890. pp. 124.

Dr. Riggs believes the best way to study Latin composition is in connection with the authors read, and he aims in this work to make the student more familiar with Latin constructions and with the works in Latin which he has read. The exercises are based upon the first four books of Cæsar. In each Pensum the student is referred to a few grammatical principles taken from those found in the text which is used as the basis of the "Pensum." It is believed in this way the student may become master of the ordinary rules of syntax and of constructions and idioms. It is the author's intention to issue a second part on the general plan of this work, but based upon some of the Orations of Cicero. Dr. Riggs method is that of common sense and must commend itself as it becomes known to teachers of Latin.

A Gift of Tongues. German. By Effie Emeline Young. Avery & Co., Orange N. J. Price, \$1.

This "gift" comprises 175 cards and a vocabulary of nearly 1,000 words, in all their different forms, with instructions in a card game by which the German language can be learned easily and in a manner especially interesting to the young. The difficulties met by students of language, of pronunciation, gender and inflection, are

in the case of all words treated, brought to the eye every time the word itself is presented, an exercise that is impossible in a treatise on language in book form. On the cards are remarks and examples indicating the differences between English and German. The cards may be used simply as a game by children who have never heard of nouns, verbs, numbers, cases, etc., and thus the rudiments of grammar may be learned in a way that combines amusement and instruction. But the method may be of value to older people, and of interest to all students of language.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The North American Review. (New York.) Lecky, the Irish historian, contributes to this monthly, for March, an article, entitled, "Why Home Rule is Undesirable." Dr. Wm. Hammond shows the extent to which self-control is possible in curing insanity. Hon. E. O. Leach, Director of the Mint, presents a mass of facts and figures against the free coinage of silver. The recollections of Gettysburg are continued. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood does not agree with Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, as to the reason why girls do not marry, and her reply appears this month.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) The third installment of the Talleyrand Memoirs deals with Napoleon Bonaparte, Josephine, and the Emperor Alexander. The Frémont exploration is taken up in the California series, and Prof. Royce, of Harvard, contributes some new documents. There is an historical and illustrated article on the New York Century Club. Gen. Crook, in the Indian Country, derives a special interest in the late Indian trouble.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The installment of Froebel's System is devoted to survey of gifts and occupations.

Romance. (New York.) Quite an array of short stories, from popular authors, fill the March issue.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) And old-fashioned witch story, from the Danish, is full of the elements of beauty as well as cruelty. The Adventures of Fido, is an amusing dog story, and is followed by much that is instructive and amusing.

The Forum. (New York.) The Nicaragua Canal, by Senator John Sherman, will attract many readers. Silver as a Circulating Medium; Railways Under Government Control, and The Ring and the Trust are strong articles. Bishop Cox asks the pertinent question, Do We Hate England? In Formative Influences, Martha J. Lamb, the historian, gives a sketch of her girlhood, showing some of the influence that formed her literary career.

Current Literature. (New York.) The usual amount of fresh records and reviews with pen pictures, sketches, and brief comments fill the pages of this monthly for March.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The article on Finland is an interesting study of a people little known. Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes an appreciative estimate of Dr. Koch's cure. Some recently discovered papers of Thomas de Quincy are published, and Count Tolstoi writes of The Ethics of Wine-drinking and Tobacco-smoking.

The battle between Prof. Huxley and the defenders of theology is still going on. *The Popular Science Monthly* for April will have an essay by the Duke of Argyll, entitled Professor Huxley on the War-path, in which the professor is charged with treating theological questions inconsistently with his treatment of scientific subjects.

"The Open Door" is the latest product from the fertile brain of Dr. J. H. Dewey. Its luminous and helpful interpretations of the life and message of the Christ opens a new and deeper insight into the sublime realities of Spiritual being. Price 30 cents, for sale at this office.

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The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay:
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

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Between here and Brazil,
If he'd provide the steamers
To bring up her trousseau.
At which the gallant groom grew pale—
Few ships had he to show.

But in his sad predicament
He thought him of a friend.
To smooth the course of true love
Whom he might southward send;
The name of this ambassador
To journey to Brazil
And build up a new line of ships
Is simply Shipping Bill.

This bill will put upon the seas
Twixt here and neighbors south
New lines of steamers that will bring
Food to the poor man's mouth.
Work for the idle, help for those
Who are not like the clam—
And fair Miss Reciprocity
A bride for Uncle Sam!

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Dottie, aged 5—Oh, I'm thinkin' of somethin'
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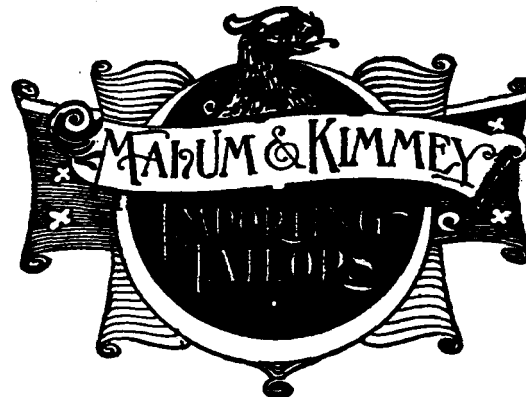
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Within the vestibule of thy life-temple grand,
Appreciative souls expectant waiting stand;
Each countenance intense relaxes to a smile,
At sound of footsteps light in an adjacent aisle,
Then comes the quick command, in accents clear
and strong,
That flings the portal wide unto the eager throng.
Ah! what splendors meet the gaze, by no careless
artist planned,
Reaching out on every side as if spread with magic
hand;
And noticing the pictures traced by aspirations
rare,
One almost seems to listen to thy heart's deep,
voiceless prayer:
And heark'ning to the echoes all along the distant
aisle,
Thy soul's grand music greeting the enraptured
ear the while,
O what wondrous workmanship! this thy master
mind hath wrought,
Each niche doth hold an image carved from gems
of noble thought,
While thro' the frieze-coed arches, dimly seen thro'
heights sublime,
Are rays of golden glory flowing in from love
divine.

Dark to earth's careless herd those windows of thy
soul,
Their blinded eyes see not the closely written
scroll
Of thy life's deep, rich tale, with here a line of fire,
And there a line of gold, then where thine heart's
sweet lyre
Hath reached a purer note, 'tis told in lines so white
None but an angel's eye can scan the pages
bright.
And so the earthly vision can but dimly see the
page
Whereon is traced in beauty lines that honor
even this age.
Not all the brightest glory, handed down thro'
ages grand,
In deeds of ancient story from the mystic eastern
land,
Can fill the heart with rapture like this story here
of thine,
Which thrills the soul like music from some far
elysian clime;
And thro' each pictured image of the beautiful and
fair,
We trace each day's grand anthem, or thy life-long
earnest prayer;
And we know a hand divine, bathed in light from
realms above,
Hath set thy soul's rich music to the harp the
angel's love.

Yabsley—Very cute little dodge of that druggist,
selling me a porous plaster with the privilege of
returning it if it did me no good. It has done no
good.

Wickwire—Well, why don't you return it?
Yabsley—I can't.

Wickwire—I tell you, Yabby, my boy, there is
nothing like a baby to brighten up a man's home.
Yabsley—I have noticed that the gas seems to be
at full height in your house at almost any hour of
the night.

Last year:
Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red.
Her breath—you could smell it afar,
She had ringing and dizziness oft in her head,
And the cause of it all was catarrh.

This year:
Her breath is as sweet as the new meadow hay.
Her eyes are as bright as a star,
And the cause of the change, she is ready to say.
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.
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ing thickened, accompanied by intense itch-
ing. Frequently, boils would break out on
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the
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And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark
Drags slowly and heavily on.

The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odor dim and sweet,
And soon in the silent harbor of peace
Long-parted friends I shall greet.

The voyage is well-nigh over,
Though at times a capful of wind
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails,
And furrow a wake behind.

But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come
With my sails all furled, and my anchors dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

—EXCHANGE.

THE MERRY BACILLI.

A merry little bacillus, she frolicked in the sun.
She said, "I am so useless! There's nothing I
have done.

I wish I could do something for others ere I die,
There are lots of folks unselfish: then why not I?"

This merry little bacillus decided for to die—
To give her life for science, and not to reason
why.

So in a vat of glycerine she plunged—this merry
nymph,
And in the twinkling of an eye was changed to
healing lymph.

This merry little bacillus was the leader of the
band
Who're dying now for science in the happy Father-
land;

They all are most unselfish, and quite rejoiced to
die—

These very merry, jolly jolly bacilli?
—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

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"STRENGTH AND COMPENSATION."

A not infrequent inquiry is: "Where do you get your strength, your power of endurance, and where does your compensation come in?" To fully answer the first part of the query would require much more space than is now at command. I should have to dwell upon formative influences, a theme that would take a page, and which in response to several requests I will essay ere long.

I believe that from the psychical spheres of the universe, and the spiritual realms there come to me elements and influences which sustain, support, and urge me forward. I believe that the more I struggle to live up to my highest conceptions of right and to do my duty, the more marked is this flow from the world invisibly—I suppose the Christian would say from God, and I should not quarrel with him over the use of the word. I also gain strength and wisdom from the criticism of my friends, eye, even from that of antagonists. True, neither is sweet to the taste, and the latter is usually bitter; yet both are valuable agents in mental therapeutics, if one

has a mental and moral constitution robust enough to assimilate the true and wholesome and expel the poison of malice. By the way, let me remark parenthetically that if one can grow to do this, one has gained a great victory and opened up a perennial spring whose waters may be relied upon to ameliorate abnormalities and encourage self-poise. Intelligent, discriminating approbation from readers is a wonderful tonic, it quickens the pulse, gives glow to the cheek and fresh inspiration to the editor, and when fortified by cash its potency is increased many fold—leastwise, to me as a publisher whose bills must be promptly met, even though subscribers are dilatory in remitting. Then too, the goodwill of interested, fair minded cultivated people among outsiders who are looking sympathetically and hopefully toward Spiritualism is an element of strength, and one which has been most copiously and spontaneously coming to me during all these years of endeavor. Such words, for instance, as the following are not only bracing to me but full of promise to Spiritualism in that they give a glimpse of the growing interest in the cause. Rev. Edward A. Horton, pastor of a Boston church founded in 1649, and a member of the new society for psychical investigation, under date of March 2d, writes:

I have liked your manly attitude on the matters of truth and falsehood in Spiritualism. For one I appreciate your words about our new movement, and thank you for the goodwill expressed. Your paper must be a power for good. Honest, genuine Spiritualism owes you a large debt; and the general public cannot but honor the efforts you are making to protect it from imposition and to furnish the truth to earnest inquirers.

Last but not greatest of all, yet almost too sacred to be spoken of in print, is the strong, constant love and encouragement of my wife who has nobly done all and more than could be reasonably asked, and without whose cooperation I could not have stood the long strain. She has ever been an inspiration and strength-giver. It may be unconventional to speak of her, yet surely to do justice can never be in bad form, even if it be to one's wife.

Compensation has been the last thing I have ever given thought to. In 1861 I did not stop to figure the compensation in money or glory. Before the echoes of the cannon at Sumpter ceased to reverberate, I shouldered a musket, began to drill and to enlist my comrades, with no other thought than that duty called and no other aim than to perform it. I did my part and live to see my country a united nation, with chattel slavery wiped out and unexampled growth everywhere visible. Fourteen years ago next Sunday a terrible tragedy precipitated an exigency which obliged me to assume the editorship of *THE JOURNAL* in addition to the duties of the counting room. I did not stop to count the cost or consider the compensation. I did my duty as I saw it plainly before me. I do not claim anything for doing my duty in 1861 or in 1877, nor for meeting every issue and responsibility that has come to me in my fifty years of earth-life. I have done my level best, and the knowledge of this is compensation sufficient. Yet there are compensations to me and to every earnest worker, not to be measured by any financial standard or by any worldly gauge.

In so far as I may have helped in the general uplift of humanity, be it ever so little, to that extent has compensation come, in that as an integral part of the whole I too have advanced. Then the sweet gratification that comes to one when one sees that through one's testimony as to the continuity of life and all that this implies, light, hope, consolation has come to another soul; ah, this is indeed compensation. Only a few weeks ago, among other sorrowing seekers, there came to me a mourning mother, a devout member of an orthodox church. She had lost an only daughter in the bloom and promise of young womanhood, and her religious faith was not equal to the occasion. In this great

trial her quickened intellect rejected the teachings of her pulpit, and the mother-heart longed for a ray of rational hope a glimpse of that certainty which comes only when the gate of the Temple of knowledge is ajar. In the midst of imperative duties and crowded on every hand, I put all else aside and listened to the heartbroken seeker. I told her of our own great loss a score of years ago; that within a few weeks after he had left us the bright boy came back and in his sweet and peculiarly gentle, loving ways proved to us that he still lived. I told her of other experiences; gave her advice as to how to conduct her researches; told her how distressing her grief was to her beautiful beloved who could not penetrate this wall of black despair; that she as a mother must dispel it if she wanted her darling to impress her presence upon her. Later on I saw this mother, but she was a changed woman; her face was radiant with joy; her doubts had all been swept away; she had received palpable evidence that her child still lived. She has not left her church, for to do so would break up the relation and social ties of a life-time, but she no longer cares for the theology she hears, and in her quiet discreet way is rapidly spreading a knowledge of what she has gained. This is only one among hundreds of cases where compensation has come to me personally.

My desire is to have the confidence and

warm cooperation of all who believe in *THE JOURNAL*'s aims and purposes. I have no personal ambitions to gratify and no pecuniary stake in view. In this world however no good work can go forward without financial support; hence I am ever solicitous for an increasing subscription list and a liberal patronage, that thus I may be the better able to do the work so loudly called for on every hand. Reader, you who approve *THE JOURNAL* and desire to see its influence strengthen and spread, what are you doing to put your desires into actions, to render effective your good will? If you have done and are doing your best I can ask no more; if you have not and are not, then in justice to yourself you should be astir. This is a common cause for all who fellowship it; its responsibilities and duties rest equally upon all. Those who do not carry their share now will have to do it before the goal is reached. Let us divide the load that we may as a whole advance faster, and thus shall we strengthen and compensate one another and magnify the cause for which we strive.

B. F. Underwood is announced to give at Union City, Michigan, next month, another course of radical lectures—the fourth course he will have given there since last June—and among the subjects on which he is requested to speak is "The Origin, History and Influence of Unitarianism."

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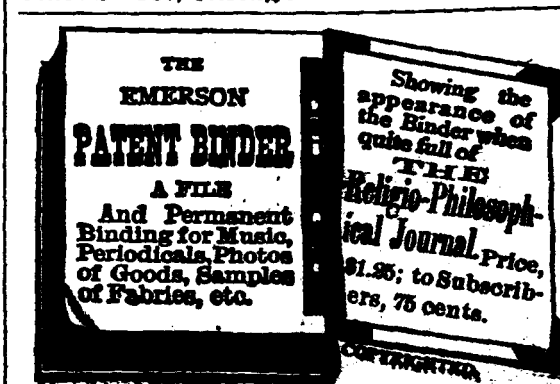
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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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St. Vitus Dance Cured!

SAN ANTONIO, CAL. Co., Cal., Febr. 1890.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for 2 years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his natural health, and he is now attending school again.

MICHAEL JOONHEIL

Extract From a Letter of the

Rev. W. C. Kampmeier, Lowell, Wash. Co., N. Y.
After the second dose of the Nerve Tonic which I ordered for my little son upon the advice of Rev. K. Koenig, the spasms disappeared and no symptoms shown since four weeks, although the attacks came from 15 to 20 times each day before. The child was so delicate that it could hardly stand or walk, now it is playing in the yard and has gained 24 lbs. in weight. Although the Rev. Koenig had expressed but little hope that the Nerve Tonic would help, I thank God that I followed his advice and shall recommend the remedy to all sufferers.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MARCH 21, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 43.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

To give money to the Irish leaders while the present faction fighting continue is to aid in prolonging the contest between the two wings of the Nationalist party, a contest which seriously raises the question whether the Irish people are fit for home rule. Each faction is doing all it can to discredit the other.

Modesty becomes youth. When the legislature of Wyoming adopted a seal for the new state it decided to have the representation of a clothed woman standing upon a platform, from whose arms broken chains were falling, surmounting which was the motto, "Equality of Rights." When the picture reached the governor the figure of the woman was undraped, adorned only in native loveliness. The governor approved the seal, not dreaming there was anything wrong in the unclothed, Eve-like figure, but the members of the house were indignant. So were the women of that state and the governor, his official signature to the bill notwithstanding, has declared that the statute is null and void. The old seal will be used until a clothed figure of emancipated womanhood can be provided.

Every law abiding citizen in the United States must regret as do President Harrison and Mr. Blaine "that the citizens of New Orleans should have so disregarded the purity and adequacy of their own judicial tribunals as to transfer to the passionate judgment of a mob a question that should have been adjudged dispassionately and by settled rules of law." The failure of justice in the Mafia trial was deplorable and especially so in view of the substantiated charge that such failure was brought about by corrupt means. But the people of New Orleans in allowing resentment to inflame them to the pitch of wreaking summary vengeance upon a horde of cowering and defenseless wretches, did not act the part of true American citizens in a trying emergency. Yet the insolent demand of a certain class of foreigners in American cities for a vendetta which means more assassination, should be promptly met by the authorities like any other threat of murder.

The *Catholic Review* replying to Parnell's statement that no good can come to Ireland of negotiations with Gladstone, says: But if no good has come to Ireland out of Mr. Parnell's negotiations with Gladstone, has Gladstone done no good for Ireland? He is only a politician. He is first an Englishman. Secondly he is a protestant. Almost fanatical in his devotion to what seem to him cardinal political expedients,—for politicians are not much troubled in any country with principles,—he has overcome hereditary religions and political opinions as his years brought him wisdom. He has conferred many boons on Ireland. Where was Mr. Parnell when Gladstone almost alone was applying the axe to the established church and hewing to the line while the chips flew on all sides? Where was Mr. Parnell when Gladstone was laying the foundations of the land law reform? There is not a relief measure passed in a quarter century affecting Ireland that is not due directly or indirectly to Gladstone. Since Mr. Parnell became leader, what relief measure

of importance has been passed? Gladstone without him was more successful than Gladstone with him.

It is reported that the Pope of Rome has said "that the church must hold aloof from political parties." If he has really said this, he has delivered an utterance of great importance to his church and to the world. Once popes claimed to be the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of mankind and gave away islands, empires, and even continents. Ireland was given by a pope to the Norman sovereign of England. From King John a pope accepted the cession of England itself. A pope divided between Spain and Portugal the unexplored new world of America. The only sovereign in Christendom who accorded recognition to the slaveholding Southern Confederacy was a pope. As the *New York Press* remarks, if the present pope uttered the words attributed to him, his words mean a revolution of the utmost moment in the immemorial policy of the church. They also mean that Leo XIII. has an intelligent comprehension of the spirit of the age, and of the best interests of the vast organization of which he is the visible head. Even strongly Catholic countries, like Hungary and Spain, are showing an impatience of clerical authority in civil affairs; while Italy and France are absolutely defiant in their attitude. It is not strange if, to an able man like Leo, who has been diplomat as well as ecclesiastic, and has proved himself in the past a successful civil administrator, it is apparent that the church can best perform its work of preparing mankind for heaven by leaving alone the political concerns of earth.

According to the *Philadelphia Press*, Dr. William Pepper of the Pennsylvania University, is at the head of a movement to form a commission to examine the brains of great men after death. The work has been going on for some time, and Dr. Pepper is daily in receipt of answers to letters sent to celebrities, not only in this country, but abroad, in furtherance of the scheme. A roll of names is kept in a book, and as the answers come the writer's name is checked off with his assent or refusal. The scope of the plan of the commission includes men great in letters, warfare statesmanship, art, discovery, money-getting; in fact, whoever has lifted himself by achievement conspicuously above his fellows will be asked to allow these men of science a glimpse of the grey matter, to determine, if possible, what peculiar brain conformation, if any they possessed, led to eminent success in their careers. Dr. Pepper attaches great importance to the result of these investigations. While the general outline of the plan has been determined, there still remains much to be accomplished as to details. These will be arranged within two or three weeks, Dr. Pepper hopes, when he will make the matter a subject of a paper in a medical magazine. To a *Press* reporter, Dr. Pepper said: "I consider the work that the commission has before it one of vast importance. I hope soon to have all the arrangements in shape. Within two weeks I will have the officers of the commission named and possibly will have heard from some one of our European communications."

The *Northern Light*, published at Tacoma, and ably conducted by W. H. Galvani, urges people to keep away from the cities. "What a horrible sight it is," it

says, "to see abandoned farm homes, homes where the air is pure, the water free of sewer gases; homes surrounded by flowers, meadows and vegetation of all kinds; homes of virtue and morality; of sound, healthy bodies and pure, peaceful minds. These are the homes, God's only temples, that are being depopulated to crowd the modern Sodoms and Gomorrah! . . . Farmers, you strong armed tillers of the soil, hold fast to your homes, those temples that proclaim the glory of God more than all the towering cathedrals and the armies of priesthoods! Lead on a pure and primitive life, surrounded by your wife and children, where the sunshine is not obstructed by the dark clouds of smokestacks, sewers and crimes; where the heavenly fragrance of the flowers replaces the vile stench of the cities' horrors and crimes; where fashion does not deform the human bodies and "amusements" do not degrade human nature. And you, workmen, who toil and do not inherit, instead of spending your manhood in building up fortunes for others, and your old age—if you ever attain it—in the poor house—make this the object of your life; get yourselves homes away from the cities; no matter how few acres your farm may consist of, it will enable you to live better than when working for mining, manufacturing, railroad and other concerns." The advice of the *Northern Light* is sound.

Much has been said recently especially in the eastern cities about compulsory voting. Some have advocated the imposition of a fine for neglecting to vote. Voters generally admit that the ballot is a trust, but some excuse themselves for not voting on the ground that so far as their judgment informs them they do not know which ticket to vote. They may and probably do know which party they would like to support, but the management of the two parties is often such that there is no real difference between the tickets presented. When the bosses combine, as has often been the case to give tickets to the two parties, it really makes little difference whether one ticket or the other is elected. In either case the bosses are in control. An indisputable condition of compulsory voting is a system of making nominations which shall place independent nominees before the public without prejudice to their political standing. Under the present law the party bosses may nominate two tickets, and stigmatize as traitor every voter of either party who does not vote the regular ticket. If a majority prefer the independent candidate there is no reason why such candidates should not be elected. There is no penalty attached to voting for him. A compulsory voting law without provision for independent nominations would be unjust and despotic. When a man is required under the penalty of fine to perform a trust, the same law should see that he is not punished for doing something out of his power to do. A man, of course, can cast his vote, but the purpose of a compulsory voting law is that he shall discriminate to the best of his ability between tickets. If both emanate from one source, there is not much chance for intelligent discrimination. Party machinery and the schemes of party leaders often make elections merely a nominal expression of the popular will, while they in fact serve the interests of combinations and frequently promote the objects of personal ambition.

THE TALENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

An article in the *National Review* on "The Talent of Motherhood," contributed by Arabella Kenealy, M. D., pleads for such education and training of woman as will best fit her for marriage and motherhood. "She," says the writer, "who is best able to bring her faculties to the focus of motherhood is the most highly developed of her sex; she it is who has traveled along the right lines of progress; she it is whose education has been the highest. Though her nature never undergo the test, she who is most fitted for this marvelous function is the fittest of women in all life's other womanly functions." This statement is based upon the fact that the best motherhood is of paramount importance in the progress of the race, and that upon the wisest performance of its duties, the future of humanity depends. The author's observation and experience have satisfied her that an education which affords full development and cultivation of all the faculties, leaving no reserve power, can only have a bad effect upon the offspring whose vitality is thereby reduced and their resources exhausted, that the incessant strain of business, of professional life, or of active social exertion during the months preceding the birth of the child, must necessarily involve the expenditure of nervous forces essential to the growth of the embryo, and in consequence the child is born with an impaired constitution, physically, mentally and morally.

Noting the well-known fact of embryology that the organism in its evolution before birth passes through all the phases from the lowest to the highest through which man has passed in acquiring his human characteristic, Dr. Kenealy says: "By analogy we may conclude that the child passes later through the stages of development man has assumed since he became distinctly human. It is not difficult then to imagine supposing the maternal power to fail, that the child's evolution may stop short, its human development be arrested on a lower plain, and an inferior type—antecedent to the age in which it is born—may be brought into existence. We are too ready to consider that if a child be born of strong constitution, the mother has fulfilled her duties; but supposing the child to be a healthy specimen only of a type lower than its parents, is there not, in fact, a further failure of parental responsibility than takes place when a child more sickly in constitution, yet morally superior, is produced." The intimate relation between the mother and child is shown by the fact the woman often remains healthy so long only as the children to which she gives birth are sickly, the date of the birth of a vigorous infant corresponding with the decline of her strength and health, indicating that nature's effort to produce a higher blossom has sapped the very sources of the mother's vigor.

Far from being the insignificant function it is commonly regarded—that of motherhood is one by which every fiber of woman's nature is strung to the tension of a higher note and her faculties are strained to the effort. During a period when her physical and mental condition is fraught with such momentous consequences to her offspring and to society in general, any pursuit which strains her attention and absorbs her energies, preventing her meeting fully the responsibilities which she has undertaken, should be avoided; for it is inimical to good motherhood, is incompatible with the higher qualities in the offspring. While woman should not seek marriage as a means of support, yet when love draws her into married life, she should be ready to give up for a while to some extent that independence which is inconsistent with mother—power—with the faculty of good motherhood. The *National Review* writer does not ask that woman be relegated to the position which she held in the past, but that in the excitement of new independence, she shall not forget her great trust—the well being of her children and through them of the race.

According to Dr. Weir Mitchell, this writer says, only about one American woman in a hundred is physically fit for motherhood. She adds "we who from the restlessness and overwork of our lives to day sit with the spectre of nerve exhaustion ever at our board, are rapidly approximating to the physical

condition of our American cousins." Multitudes of constitutions are being wrecked by physical and mental overstrain, by over-education which exhausts nerve power and demagnetizes the blood, as the sallow skins, nerveless faces, lustreless eyes and heavy anæmic lips, sufficiently attest. When girls are coming into womanhood their powers are overtaxed, health of mind and body is lost, spontaneity and originality under a high pressure system are crushed out and womanhood in its immaturity is dwarfed. The remedy and relief must be sought in the education that develops and cultivates the natural faculties instead of substituting for them "neuter attributes artificially formed." Dr. Kenealy holds that the function of motherhood will in the future be regarded as "immeasurably superior to those small talents of tongue and hand which are now considered as of so much greater worth." The talent of motherhood will, she believes, be more than any other coveted by woman and honored by man.

The paper is thoughtful and suggestive. The reference to the arrestation of the development of the child while it is in a stage below the point which under favorable circumstances it would reach, has not hitherto been considered in the discussions of antenatal conditions. As far as it goes the paper is well reasoned and sound, but it does not go far enough. The "talent of motherhood" in a high degree of cultivation must concern itself not only with embryological conditions and development; it must wisely select the fathers of the children upon whom so much thought and care are to be bestowed. No power of motherhood can overcome the defects of imperfect fatherhood. Physical intellectual and moral health in the father is not less, is perhaps even more important than all the care and precaution of which Dr. Kenealy speaks. Is enough known in regard to the physiological and psychological characteristics and conditions in both the father and mother, the combination of qualities necessary to the most perfect marriage, and the best offspring for it to be the basis of any method of selection better than that which now prevails? Much less is accurately known on this subject than should be, than will be in future; but what is known of the laws of heredity, should be sufficient to make women who aspire to the highest motherhood include physical health and mental and moral soundness in the fathers of their children as among the most indispensable conditions of marriage and parentage. And in the good time coming, men who assume the responsibilities of fatherhood will be more sensible than many are now in selecting those who are to be the mothers and teachers of their children.

APPARITIONS.

The belief in apparitions as actual appearances representing actual realities, is now quite general, not simply among illiterate, superstitious people, but among intelligent, thoughtful and cultivated men and women. It is not long since that an author whom all the reading world of America admires for his clear-headedness according to a writer in the *Book Buyer*, laid down the proposition at a dinner table where a brilliant company were assembled, that it is impossible to believe in immortality without allowing at least the possibility of ghosts. He was asked if he believed in haunted houses, and answered in the affirmative with the greatest readiness and emphasis. It was in comment upon the talk at this dinner party that the statement was made by a lady who knows the best social and literary life of Boston that it was nowadays looked upon as a proof that one is not up with the times here to express a doubt of the reality of the incidents which make up the staple of ghostly tales. "You are at liberty," she said, "to have any theory you choose in regard to them. Nobody insists that you shall believe that they are caused by intelligent or unintelligent personalities. You may talk of unknown forces, undiscovered laws, of mind influence, or anything else that comes into your head, but you must not presume to doubt that things have happened."

This is emphatically an age of science and skepticism, and disbelief in regard to the supernatural was

never so general and deep-seated in any previous age. Yet from every quarter come accounts of apparitions or other manifestations of spirit power. Of course they are not all to be accepted without qualification, and in some of the cases reported there may be illusion, misapprehension and even fabrication and fraud. But many of the accounts are given with circumstantiality, by persons apparently discriminating, candid and truthful, and to a Spiritualist there is, in the absence even of a strictly scientific examination, a presumption as to the substantial correctness of the reports.

The following despatch from Macomb, Ill., published in the *Inter Ocean*, of March 14th, is a fair sample of those appearing in the papers every week:

This community is having its turn at the ghost business. John Robinson, a reputable farmer living about two miles west of the court house on the Colchester road, declares that on several occasions he has seen the spirit of his father. A reporter hunted Mr. Robinson up and was told the following story: "About a year ago this month myself and father, who was then quite an old man, were cutting wood near where I now live, when, all of a sudden, my father was seized with paralysis of the heart and, after staggering and swaying around for a minute or two, fell to the ground. Before falling he called my name, 'John, John, come quick!' When I reached him he was unconscious, but I got him to the house. He never rallied and died in a few days. When I took my last look at him in his coffin, I was struck with a strange feeling. It was that I should see my father on earth again. I could not shake the feeling off, and it troubled me very greatly. After the funeral and on several days this feeling grew on me so strongly that I felt I must see him even if I had to dig up his coffin. Of course I banished such a thought, yet I felt confident that I should see my father again. One evening, about three weeks after his death, I was coming from the coal shed. It was a beautiful night, the full moon making everything clear as the day. When I turned the corner there stood my father, or his spirit rather. He was staggering and swaying to and fro just as he did when he fell from the paralytic stroke. He beckoned to me and called, 'John, John, come here!' I hastened toward him but the spirit vanished. I have seen his spirit several times since, and cannot be mistaken. It is that of my father."

Mr. Robinson is a truthful man and his story has created a sensation. He said he would have told the experience before, but was afraid of ridicule as he himself did not believe in spooks or spirits.

THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

In regard to the movement "begun in Boston" to investigate Spiritualism, a Chicago daily says: "These Bostonians and Gothamites may be in a serious frame of mind; but when they propose to settle the question whether spiritism is or is not a delusion, they are undertaking a vast contract. They purpose to investigate it by purely scientific methods. There is not a scientific person among them. Their verdict, should they ever reach one, will not have the slightest weight. The credulous will continue to believe, the skeptical to scoff. These egotistical people are apparently of the opinion that it has never occurred to truly scientific persons to investigate the claims and phenomena of spiritism. They can find record of strictly scientific investigation by eminent men like Alfred Russell Wallace, Dr. Lankester, Dr. Carpenter, Professor Baines and others a few years ago. When their investigation was completed the case of spiritism stood precisely where it did before." The paper quoted from thinks that the new investigating committee will render no service of importance. Any service that will add to the data for a scientific induction in regard to Spiritualism will be of importance. To the committee of investigation there will no doubt be added men of scientific reputation, whose conclusions will carry weight. It is by the scientific method only that the character of the phenomena of Spiritualism will be ultimately tested by the more intelligent class of people.

COLORADO MEDICAL BILL.

In the *Rocky Mountain News* of recent date appeared an excellent article, by Mr. Z. Shed, under the caption, "An Un-American Idea," commenting on a local bill which is or was pending before the legis-

of Colorado. The bill is, it seems, copied almost verbatim from the medical law of Illinois, which confers upon the Governor the power to appoint a state board of medical examiners to be composed of physicians of three different schools of medicine, and the board exercises the functions of a court, judge, prosecuting attorney and jury, without appeal, in refusing any doctor to practice medicine in the state. Under this law physicians have been denied this right for such "unprofessional conduct" as advertising their business in the newspapers.

In regard to the bill which the Colorado gentlemen are trying to enact into a law, Mr. Shed says: What is there in common between disease and the professional conduct of a practitioner? What has a diploma from a medical school which promulgates obsolete myths exclusively, to do with the cure of disease, when conferred upon a professional dwarf who hides behind such laws as this? Who is asking for this law? Who is so exercised about "the public health"? Is it the people? Is it the eminent men in the medical profession? or is it the undercurrent of quackery which is bringing this disgrace upon a noble profession? Is there any law which would imprison a Mrs. Eddy for doing a Christian duty? Does the intelligence of this state require a quinine and mercurial guardian? Has not humanity been bled, blistered, starved, frozen, salivated and drugged sufficiently already for the benefit of diploma-bearing incompetents who do their business in Latin so as to appear wise and cover blunders? When the people want any particular system of defunct medical practice forced upon them, they will probably demand it; but the advancing civilization of this age is amply capable of choosing its own school of torture without any such legislation as this.

AN ELECTRICAL GIRL.

The papers contain accounts of the wonderful powers of a little girl at Livina, Tenn. She is only thirteen years old. For several months past she has been puzzling her friends and relatives by her electrical powers. Her relatives first noted her habit of wandering off from the house and staying alone for hours at a time, but being a child no particular attention was paid to her habit until it began to be noticed that locks, keys, metal spoons and knives would cling to her hands and have to be shaken off. At the table, when she touched her plate, that dish would dance about until she removed her hands, and even the table shook when she pressed upon it. Chairs which she touched would rock about. Finally the family physician was called in to examine her. He could give no explanation of the matter. Her forte, however, is her spiritualistic communications. She calls up the spirits of the dead, and communes with them as with other mortals. Whenever any one in the community dies, the relatives come to the little girl to find out the condition of the deceased. She finds where the shade is wandering, whether it is happy, and if the unknown is not to be more desired than the known. Other experiments equally wonderful are easily performed by her in this line. Those who at first ridiculed the idea of her being possessed of extraordinary powers are now among her strongest friends, and to deny her wonderful feats is to insult her friends.

□ Sir Walter Scott relates that in the latter part of September, 1749, Arthur Davis, sergeant in an English regiment, was murdered by two unknown highlanders in Scotland. For five years nothing was heard of him. Then one Alexander Macpherson, a highlander, accused Duncan Terig and Alexander Macdonald of having committed the crime. In court he swore that he was in bed in his cottage one night when an apparition came to him, and commanded him to rise and follow him out of doors. Thinking his visitor to be one Farquharson, a neighbor and friend, the witness did as he was asked, and when they got outside the cottage the apparition told him that he was the ghost of Sergeant Davis, and requested him to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed in a place which he pointed out, in a moorland track called the

hill of Christie. He desired him to take Farquharson as an assistant. Next day the witness went to the place specified, and found there the bones of a human body, much decayed. He did not then bury the remains, the result of which was that the ghost again appeared and upbraided him for his breach of promise. The apparition at the same time told him that the murderers were Terig and Macdonald. The witness then, with the aid of Farquharson, buried the body. The court did not take any stock in Macpherson's story, and the incredulity of the judge was fortified by the witness swearing that the ghost of the English sergeant spoke good Gaelic. The prisoners were discharged and the murder mystery was never cleared up.

A Fairbury, Ill., correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes in regard to a haunted house at Pontiac, and says that quiet town is greatly "worked up over," as the numerous attempts to unravel the affair have proved unavailing. The constant rappings that at first marked the supposed visitations of spirits are not of frequent occurrence lately, but the same low whistling as was heard at first is continued night after night. Any number of people have been attracted to the house from all the surrounding country. On Monday night half a dozen prominent young men, accompanied by their lady friends, went to the house and were favored with a séance. The ghost made its usual appearance at the usual time and gave the little company the usual indications of his presence. The whistling was plainly heard, first beginning very low and gradually growing louder. Every question asked by the company of the spirit was answered correctly. For instance, the number of persons in the room was indicated by as many short and low whistles, and the age of a person was told in the same manner. All efforts to fathom the mystery have been so far unavailing, though the house has been searched from cellar to garret, and even the chimney, house top, and garden close around the house have been explored and watched, while others have been in the interior interviewing the spirits.

Our people have been considerably exercised for the last few days over a singular and unaccountable falling of stones, not a shower of stones, but the occasional falling of one or two at a time, as if thrown by some one or something, writes a Culpepper correspondent of the Richmond, Va., *Despatch*. This occurs on the farm of Mr. J. Ambler Brooke, about a mile from town, and has continued for several days, the place of the falling being in the midst of a field near the railroad, and near a cabin or small house, and they have struck several persons who were present watching for the next fall. This mystery is vouched for by some of our responsible citizens who were present and saw the stones in the air and saw them fall. Yesterday the place was visited by a hundred or more people, but no stones fell. I am told the stones (many of which were picked up after they fell,) seem to be similar to those around, and yet their movements can't be accounted for, as there are no brushwood, bushes or anything near in which anyone could secret himself if disposed to play this as a trick. Mr. Brooke has witnessed this phenomenon on this farm in person and testifies as to its truth, as do several of his family and neighbors.

Along the shore of Oneida Lake there is an Indian's grave, where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance, says the *Chicago Mail*. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space of about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was a part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crock in the Indian cemetery con-

taining immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel, according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crock, as the dream directed. He was to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crock disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.

Culture for its own sake enervates, is miasmatic, breeding envy, jealousy, selfishness, affectation and inconsistency, says the *Boston Traveler*. While all this is un-American, there is a culture that is earnest, that enlarges one's view and gives a fuller, deeper meaning to life. It is a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. It is a tonic, while the other borders on moral corruption. Patriotism necessitates a true idea in scholastic leadership. There is national demoralization in the present tendency to ape English dudishness and to worship the socio-literary exclusiveness that keeps company therewith. These tendencies develop a heartlessness that will accept any alliances that will give political prestige to the dullest and his cultured cousin. The only remedy is in the development of a purpose on the part of students which will give distinctive intellectual character rather than characterless intellectual athletics; collegiate leaders will be held responsible for furnishing inspiration and moral purpose to their students, and their national influence will be estimated thereby rather than by their miscellaneous literary efforts.

Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," tells of a young woman who, after a protracted sleep, awoke to discover that her mind was a perfect blank. She had forgotten absolutely everything. Her friends were strangers to her. She did not know how to speak or write, or even dress. And the only thing to be done for her was to teach her over again all that she had known. She learned the rudiments of everything as does a little child, and her mind was beginning to again be stored with necessary knowledge. Then after some months she had another protracted fit of sleep, and when she awoke she had become herself again, and was in the same condition she had been in previous to her first sleep. During all this time she had not lost her mind; she had simply developed unconsciously, her double nature, as in the case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently in an Australian court, and it has caused pious spasms in the bowels of one of our English legal contemporaries, says the *American Law Review*: "Mr. Justice Boucaut was hearing a case in Adelaide, when the following conversation took place: Mr. Anderson: "Are you an atheist?" Witness:—"Need I answer that?" His Honor:—"What has that to do with it, Mr. Anderson? What is an atheist?" Mr. Anderson:—"Do you believe in the Bible, Price?" His Honor:—"Who does?" Mr. Anderson:—"I hope I do, your Honor." His Honor:—"Ah, well, the Bishop of Peterborough doesn't." (Laughter.)

The wise Quaker wrote, says George Jacob Holyoake: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

"What I spent, I had;
What I saved, I left behind;
What I gave away I took with me."

The normal effect of a certain class of realizations [those of eternal torment] upon the character would be to produce an absolute indifference to the sufferings of those who were external to the church, and consequently to remove that reluctance to inflict pain which is one of the chief preservatives of society.—*Lecky*.

NATIONAL OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES HAMILTON MERRY.

There are many intelligent, well-meaning and patriotic people who object to national ownership of railway and telegraph lines on the ground that such ownership will bring such a condition of government as paternalism—a condition that to their minds is dangerous in the extreme. They rather prefer the present arrangement, which is a sort of half-orphanage affair. This notion is on a par with the one that two political parties are necessary, one to watch the other. Both political parties may be wrong. Both may be dishonest. But it is absolutely certain that one only can be right, and it is equally certain that neither of them are honest.

In this age of corners and squeezes, the surest road to financial success seems to be along the line of centralization, or what is the same thing, consolidation. Mr. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific system, has voiced his convictions in this matter, to the effect that all the principal railway lines in the United States should be under the control of one corporation.

It is probably true that at this moment the managers of all trans-continental lines are seriously considering his suggestions. Will it not be infinitely better for the people if they retain this great power for themselves, in place of vesting it in a single private corporation?

The consolidation of the 650 railway systems and corporations in the United States will be far-reaching in its effects. It will not only place the traveling and shipping public at the mercy of a single corporation, but it will also place 2,100,000 employees, representing families numbering in the aggregate 12,500,000 persons at the mercy and caprice of a single management. Extortion from the public, overwork and underpay of employees will speedily follow this plan of consolidation. The antagonism of the public towards the corporation will be accentuated. A feeling of sullen and dogged desperation, a condition of unhappiness, poverty, crime, on the part of the employees, will be promoted.

This consolidated trust-monopoly, for it will be both, will do more towards crushing the manhood and womanhood out of the minds and souls of 12,500,000 dependent human beings than anything that has ever occurred in the history of this republic. It will also inaugurate and perpetuate what will, in the future, be known as the pen policy in railroading. In this age of corporation license and individual restraint it has long been a matter of common remark that as the management of a railway becomes rich and powerful, that the corporation itself becomes correspondingly poor and weak, and as a result unjust towards its employees and the public, thus emphasizing the reasons for its unpopularity with both.

As a rule, railroad managers have no concern for the comfort or safety of employees, no scruples about exacting a very high price from the public for a very low standard of service. In the past there has been times of dull seasons, when the tariff would be at such a low ebb as to seriously impair the revenue of the railway. Then the manager would consult personally with the patrons of the road as to the best means of increasing the tonnage and travel. The matter of supply and demand would be closely looked into. If the price of any commodity along the line was too low to stand the schedule rate for hauling it to market, the tariff was reduced to a figure at which it could be moved. It may be due to purely local causes, or it may be the result of the law of evolution, but to-day that species of railway manager is extinct.

From a purely managerial point of view, the method under the constitutional system for increasing the net revenue of the railway is vastly superior to that of the time when to get money the railway must first earn it. The promulgation of a general order discharging

25 per cent. of the force, and reducing the pay of those who remain 10 per cent., does the work in a speedy and effective manner, with the least possible worry and trouble to the management. From the pay rolls it appears that this single corporation employs an average of 2,000,000 men the year round, at salaries averaging \$60 per month per man. This arbitrary and peremptory order of discharge throws 500,000 men out of employment, and also deprives 2,000,000 dependent women and children of a living. The effect of this pen policy on both the employees and the affairs of the corporation is something truly wonderful. This managerial edict throws 500,000 men out of employment at the same hour practically reducing 2,500,000 people to a condition of beggary.

Thoughtless people will say that these discharged men should seek other employments. The public should charitably remember that any considerable time devoted to the railway service unfits one for other vocations. Tyrant and wholesale murderer that Napoleon Bonaparte was, holding as he believed the fate and destiny of the world in the hollow of his hand, in the hour of his greatest triumphs he would never have dared to promulgate an order menacing as this order does the very lives of 2,500,000 people by depriving them with a single stroke of his pen of the means of earning a living.

Under the protection of federal and state laws the autocrat of the consolidated single railway system in the United States will without hesitation or fear do what no crowned head in Europe would dare attempt, i. e., without warning or previous notice relegate 500,000 able and willing wage earners to a life of idleness, misery, and want. To realize the dreadful straights to which these discharged men are reduced one must observe their sullen and despairing looks, hear the muttering and revengeful words of the husbands and fathers whose lives of activity and usefulness have been so suddenly changed to lives of idleness, dissipation, and poverty.

To complete the picture one must see the hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, famishing children of these discharged fathers as they eagerly watch the bread and market wagons laden to their utmost capacity rolling along the streets toward the palatial homes of the persons who through wantonness and greed have reduced these helpless ones to a state bordering on actual starvation.

Let us turn from this picture of want and misery to the author of its woe, the consolidated railway corporation. Its traffic is undisturbed; is neither increased nor diminished. The wages of these 500,000 discharged men, aggregating \$1,000,000 per day will in the future be counted as net revenue by the corporation. The work and labor these 500,000 discharged men were want to perform will be put upon the 1,500,000 poor devils who are fortunate(?) enough to be retained in the service. The fact that the corporation expects 25 per cent. more service for 10 per cent. less pay, discloses the whole scheme of managerial injustice and outrage. A reduction in the force of 25 per cent. and a cut of ten per cent. in the wages of the remaining 75 per cent. is equivalent to a straight cut of 35 per cent.

The monthly wages of the 1,500,000 men retained by the corporation would in the aggregate amount to \$90,000,000 35 per cent. of this sum is \$31,500,000. This item(?) added to the monthly wages of the discharged employees represents the money value to the railway corporation of the pen policy in railroading. What wonder then that the manager don't care to consult with the patrons of the system or to concern himself in the least as to whether his policy is satisfactory to the public or not when by a single stroke of his pen he can discharge 500,000 men and at the same time impose sufficient extra duty on those remaining to raise his net revenue \$61,500,000 per month? \$738,000,000 per annum wrung from white slaves by the edict of the railway autocrat. \$369 per annum for each of the poor devils whom fate has forced into railway service in the United States. Granted that this dreaded paternalism should actually become a condition in place of a theory, it is hardly within the range of possibilities that it could inflict as

great an injury on the nation as does the present oppressive, corrupt and abominable system. The present plan is not satisfactory. Let the people own and operate the railway and telegraph lines. Should they tire of them there will no doubt be found a few patriotic and self-sacrificing citizens who can be subsidized into taking the white elephant off their hands.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XV.

EXPERIMENTS AS TO IDENTITY.

Both from the force of education and transmitted habits of thought, we find ourselves incapacitated from dealing as impartially with this subject as we do with others. The negation fits in so easily with our chronic doubts that it usurps the place of experiment, trouble and study. On the other hand the affirmative builds itself up painfully in the teeth of our skepticism, and is slowly established only by the labor of exact observation. In protestant communities the conclusions we come to are so liable to be influenced by a traditional contempt for facts having an apparent flavor of supernaturalism, that we reject the facts in order to shun the theory. Beyond a doubt platitudes, pretension and tinsel abound in the communications, yet the impress of mind is stamped upon them all, and in the rarer cases, of a mind we have no right to despise. We are brought face to face with an occult intelligence and cannot if we would, escape the inquiry whence it comes and under what condition it exists?

But chiefly among the general considerations which attracts our serious attention, is the pregnant fact that whenever these phenomena have been made the subject of careful examination, the investigator has arisen with an increasing certainty of their reality, and if not always adopting the prevalent hypothesis, yet holds it to be a legitimate matter of inquiry. This is historic—not "delusion"—and has its value wherever egotism does not dominate reason.

There are but two methods of dealing with the subject open to exact thinkers, and both of them do a violence to our experience of possibilities. The one to refer these phenomena to unknown capacities of embodied mind, the other, to call in the intervention of disembodied mind. The first has greatly the advantage as all we know of mind is associated with the body, and its home there is all we can postulate of it. Yet in taking this view there comes in the extreme difficulty of attributing entirely to ourselves, powers transcending all past experience of mental or physical possibilities. Beyond these two ideas we find no tenable ground and absolutely nothing to stand upon. Elementaries, shells, gnomes, kobolds, devils or seducing spirits not of our own race, make no part of any argument we can show evidence for, or have any reason to discuss. The logical man may not call in a suppositious order of spiritual beings, any more than he has a right to invite in some from unknown land, a race of intelligent creatures, with the scales of fish or the wings of birds.

If some human imponderable is the force, and the governing mind a volition we exercise without our consciousness (it is absurd to speak of mere cerebral play) there would seem to be new and strange conditions of life superadded, which permit the extraordinary display of these apparently superhuman powers in the present day. We have the right to assume, if they belong both of force and direction to our personality, and man always was as he is, that they would not have broken out in the last forty years in a sudden and universal wave, but would have been as general in all times as now. It is not by any gradual advance in knowledge; it is by no research of human intellect, whereby we have gained control of some occult laws of our being. These things as far as we can judge, are *sui generis*, and there is no parallel between them and the discoveries men make, for they have no origin in human thought; they come. Yet they should have happened not rarely, but daily, in every age and every place where life exists, if they are a consequence of organic vitality. If we refer them

to mesmerism, as a cause and not a condition, or to the extraordinary mental and physical states induced by it, in all periods of time the fitful happening of these phenomena should have marked its history on every page. While it is probable the physical organism may radiate a force, the world's unvarying experience is against the possession of intelligent, exteriorly acting human powers, and until forced to it by actual demonstration, we probably refuse to accept a floating instrument or the music played upon it, as the effects of any latent psychical or cerebral force of our own. When in our anxiety to reject all causes apparently supernatural, we are led on to invent some vague development of cerebral powers, *pari passu* with growth of civilization and general intelligence, we are met at once by the fact that these powers are most conspicuously displayed by those who are not sharers in any cerebral progress. Most certainly it should not be considered a development in any mental or moral sense, that the phenomena always deny the character thus imputed to them, and assume an identity they are not entitled to by the hypothesis.

It may be thought that in admitting clairvoyance to be a reality, we are doing the same violence to the order of nature and opening the door to any cerebral possibilities. But not so. There is a world-wide difference to be made between the power of perception without the senses, and the movement of objects without any known force. We do know that many minds enjoy strange gifts as intuitions, exaltations, perceptions beyond the normal state; but we do not know and have no right to hold, that the mind of a living being can direct the motion of a distant object intelligently without the intervention of some known and natural means. We may not predicate of motor-forces, as we do of cerebral attributes, for perception is a legitimate direction of the latter, and motion of distant objects entirely foreign to them.

A hundred years of observation have taught those who cared to learn, that lucidity is a property developed in the mesmeric condition, but no observed fact has led up in the remotest manner to the slightest probability that any force emanating from our organism, and directed solely by us, would in any state of the body use a pencil intelligently as the human hand might do. It is not permissible thus to deal with acts exterior to us and our volition. The reasons for not referring intelligent motion of untouched objects, or of invisible forms whose hands we feel and who speak to and touch us to any faculty of living beings, are in our present state of knowledge insuperable.

MYTHS.—III.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

What of the Old Testament—the Bible of God's "peculiar people"—the Jews? It is a record of all the myths of the ancient world; it is especially the mirror showing to our self-conceited Jews, whether of Palestine or of our modern Christianity, the peculiar faith of Phariseism. All separatism is Judaism; whether called by Christian or Jewish names Phariseism is the apotheosis of self with the glamour of priestly piety to soothe and dignify its assumptions of superiority over the less favored. It is a whited sepulchre, filled with dead men's bones. It stones the prophets for declaring the truth; crucifies this truth and then worships the symbol without ever seeing the fact underlying the symbol. It is man's ego gone to seed with no fruit but unbelief and sensuality. It is a make-believe with no reality. Its God is a representative ass worshiped in a local temple and seen by the seer as a veritable animal upon which the Christ rides in triumph. It is the cup of iniquity which dooms its followers to destruction. All men are brothers.

The record of the Old Testament, like the record of the new, is a record of myths. Take its generalized facts: the creation of man, his fall: the deluge, the tower of Babel; the trial of Abraham's faith, Jacob's vision of the ladder, the exodus from Egypt, receiving the ten commandments, Samson and his exploits, Jonah swallowed by a whale, circumcision; all these

and other claimed facts are nothing more than myths, traditions of the race—having a spiritual meaning, but sensualized, materialized when touching the Jewish consciousness, and hence false to those who accept the naked truth without symbol.

Swedenborg claims that there was a word given to the race in the first ages of the world, that when the gradual fall of man brought on his destruction by the deluge that this word was withdrawn and with the gradual hardening down of man's spiritual life into his present condition the Jewish scriptures replaced the old word, that this ancient word is now preserved in Great Tartary. From it has been scattered abroad in Vedantic literature the glimpses which we are getting through modern theosophy. The Jewish scriptures are its ossification. Swedenborg attempted its evolution by what he called its "spiritual sense." This dreary monotony is worse than the Jewish fact. All these old scriptures rest upon the consciousness of the race as an incubus. We shall have no divine life in the true sense until all the incubus is removed and the truth emerges from its long concealment and speaks to the heart of universal man. This the few realize, and the general movement inaugurated from the Spirit-world forty years ago looks to the revelation of divinity in man as the one soul relief from all our past inheritances. Hence as a prophecy we have the "Modern Church." In the discussions had in THE JOURNAL a foundation has been laid of this church. Clear away the debris so that the full light may permeate the barren places of men's minds and that the spirit of love and wisdom may rule in place of dogma, and that for once in the ages fraternity may be the law of life instead of hate and hypocrisy.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

THE CHRIST IDEA.

By R. E. NEELD.

More and more "the historical Christ" is being eliminated from human consciousness. Where he was born, what were the incidents of his boyhood—everything related of him as a man of flesh and blood—is swallowed up and lost in the one grand lesson of love, which he taught mankind. For men to love one another, is to be saved—that is the distinctive lesson he taught. Love is the fulfillment of the law. He that loveth is born of God. God is love and love is God. No mightier power than love resides in this universe. Contentment and strife cease in the presence of love. Heart beats against heart when one weeps with those that weep, and rejoices with those that rejoice. That is what is meant by salvation from sin. Selfishness epitomizes all phases of man's meanness, and the deliverance from selfishness is the work of love. Is that not true? Could any higher truth be handed down from the sky? What then hinders this lesson of love from being authentic? Suppose Christ did not have blue eyes and yellow hair—does that matter? Suppose Euclid never lived—does that discount the worth of figures? Is the divine beauty of Plato's philosophy lessened when doubts are raised as to his personality? One thing is certain; Christ is the only reformer who taught this love principle as the alpha and omega of man's whole duty. Moreover, he is the only one who taught that the unseen world was the only real one. He rose from the grave, materialized in the presence of his disciples, thus demonstrating the immortality of man.

Was this religion the product of some integral good in the lump of humanity; or was it an infusion from above? Consider that barbaric age, and the residuum of all human philosophy. Was it a matter of natural selection? Let the answer be either way—the question is why should any man despise the religion of love, as if there was anything better! Evolution teaches retrogression when educational influences are withdrawn. A flock of beautiful pigeons turned loose by the fancier on a desert island, will return to the original slate-color in a few seasons; and this retrograde tendency is the same among men. The law of gravitation can only be overcome by the law of life. The tendency to barbarism is ripe among civilized men; they naturally hate each other, and go to war with the haste that ducks go to water. Seeing that

the history of the world is little else than a history of bloodshed, how was love born out of human gore? Is not love as compared to hate, high as heaven? Why could not love have come from heaven? Is there anything better folded up and kept secret in the starry depths? If the religion of love is not from above, then it must be from below, and germinated in the depraved soil of human hate, and is just as indigenous to mother earth as nightshade, or any other poisonous weed. If we are to judge a man's character we look at the tenor of his life; if it is a judgment upon humanity, we take the history of man. The stream does not rise above its fountain; and no man can naturally love his enemy, or return good for evil.

Christ's precepts have the aroma of the skies; and if he was not the messiah, it was for no lack of the celestial order in his equipment.

PINELLAS, FLA.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY.

By * * *

The Jewish race is not the most ancient race. The language of the Jews is an evolution from earlier languages, and their religion a composite and eclectic religion, made up from remnants of an original stock and that of every nation with which they came in contact. That original stock was Accadian. The Accadians lived in southern Arabia and were the original stock of the Assyrian, Babylonian, the Jew, the Phœnician and probably other Semitic peoples. Accad was divided into Highlands and Lowlands. From Highlands—Ur—came Abraham bringing with him the religion of his people. Thus we find common customs, one of which was circumcision; common legends—the garden of Eden, the deluge, Abraham and Isaac, Elijah and the ravens, etc., and common festivals. The worship of the Accadians was probably astronomical. The sun, moon and stars playing a very important part. There were mixed with this, sex worship; that of the phallus, and many traces of both these forms are found in the Old Testament and even among the ceremonies of the Jews. Circumcision had its origin in the . . . of the phallus.

As far back as the records of the clay tablets take us we find the time divided into lunar months of four weeks of seven days each—a natural development from the study of the changes of the moon. From an admirable article in the *Popular Science Monthly* of February 1889, I quote: "When the old Hindus, Arabs, and Syrians sacrificed at new and full moon the beginning was made toward the Jewish Sabbath and our Sunday. The four-fold division of the lunar month by full and quarter moon, religious or sacrificial feast days, gave the week and the magic number seven. With the Babylonians the 7th, 12th, 21st and 28th days of the month were called days of Sulim or rest. Certain work was forbidden. This expression was transmitted to them from the older Accadians. . . . This process of subordination it is especially interesting to trace in Semitic and Jewish history, for it shows the perfectly natural, rather than the supernatural origin of our day of rest. The month is the old sacred division of time common among the Semites. In the old Semitic scriptures the Sabbath and the new moon are almost invariably mentioned together." The word Sabbath comes from the language of Phœnicians and was the name of one of their festival days, in their star worship. Rev. Wm. B. Wright in his "Ancient Cities" says: "A distinctive institution of the people of Ur was the Sabbath and by them it was delivered to the Assyrians. The Sabbath among these first people where it is found in history, was a very different day from our Sunday. From the Assyrian tablets we learn that flesh cooked by fire could not be eaten, clothing could not be changed, white garments could not be worn, a sacrifice could not be offered, the king could not ride in his chariot, medicine could not be administered and no curse might be uttered."

The Jews modified the observance of that day. In the middle of the tenth century before Christ the Jews had annual feasts, harvest feasts, feasts at the new moon and Sabbaths. A good authority says, "We cannot refrain from entering a protest against the vulgar

notion of the Jewish Sabbath as being a thing of grim authority. It was precisely the contrary—a day of joy and delight; a feast day honored by fine garments, by the best of cheer, by wine, lights, spices and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import." The rabbis continually imposed new restrictions upon that day and the Talmud contains lengthy disquisitions upon the minutest details of its observance. Thirty-nine direct prohibitions are given them. Not even an apple was allowed cooked, no insect large enough for its sex to be determined was allowed killed, etc. But not only was there a Sabbath of a seventh day, the seventh year and the fiftieth year were also periods of rest—Sabbaths. Therefore if history proves anything, it is that the Jewish Sabbath was a day purely human and natural in its origin and was a day adapted to the needs of the people at that time and has no authority over this age that does not inhere in every other of the Jewish feast and festival days. And so decided the early Christians. They did not observe it.

The observance of the first day of the seven grew up as naturally among them as did the Sabbath among the Jews. Jesus did not observe the Jewish laws concerning Sabbath, though he observed the Sabbath. He gave no commandments for the observance of any day in its stead. The origin of our Sunday must be found in the customs of the early church. There is no mention of Sunday in the New Testament. Paul is mentioned as preaching on the Jewish Sabbath (Acts xiii, 14; xvii, 1 and 2; xviii, 4). But we find that the apostles and their friends gathered frequently together to talk and break bread and by a natural evolution they chose the first day, that of the resurrection, as the most important, and any unusual labors or ceremonies were assigned to that day (*vide* Acts xx, 7, and I. Cor. xvi, 1 and 2). But we also know that they met on other days for religious services. They preached also on the Sabbath. "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" gives us the earliest command found for our Sunday, showing us how, during the time between the epistles of Paul and this writing, as of the first Christians had developed into a sacrament of the church. "On this day assemble," it says, speaking of the first day of the week. The epistle of Barnabas comes next, but that says, "Assemble on the eighth day." Probably the day after the seventh is meant. Pliny, the historian, C. E. 110, says: "The Gentile Christians do not have daily services," but "a certain day," while he says, "Judaistic Christians keep the last." Jerusalem Christians evidently kept both first and last days of the week, but Gentile Christians show no reason for keeping the Sabbath. Thus Sunday was a natural growth in the early church. It had no more relation to the Jewish Sabbath than our Sunday has to Memorial day.

For 300 years, however, the church was divided upon the question of Sunday and its legal and ecclesiastical status was determined by Constantine at the council of Nicea, 325 C. E. It is observable that this first Christian emperor, in his decree establishing Sunday, makes no allusion to any divine command, and quotes no Bible or apostolic authority. He simply makes what was a Pagan holiday a Christian holiday. He declares "the great and venerable day of the sun" a public holiday. He released people from the necessity of labor, forbade the holding of the courts; not because these things were wicked but because the people might be free from attendance on them. Theatricals were also forbidden for the same reason. But he also decreed that they shall be free to attend "necessary labor"—for instance, the farmer might attend to his crops if liable to spoil. Necessary work was allowed, but no one was obliged to work. Sunday had long been a Pagan day of sun-worship, and he simply maintained it as a legal holiday under his change of faith and gave Christians the same privileges the Pagans had had.

This same council of Nicea prohibited kneeling on the Lord's day or Sunday, because it was a day of rejoicing, but they required it on fast days. For 600 years we find no attempt in Christian literature to connect Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath or to use the Sabbath as an argument for the Sunday. It was, up to the time of the reformation, observed as a day of

religious observances and of feasting, visiting and enjoyment. Neither Luther, Calvin nor other of the reformers of that time kept it rigidly. It were easy to quote from their writings evidences of this. Calvin was found playing at skittles, by one of his brother reformers, on a Sunday, and Luther writes: "Keep the day holy for its use sake both to body and soul. But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if any set up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, dance on it, do anything on it, that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." Melancthon in the "Augsburg Confession," holds Sunday to be a day "appointed solely by the authority of the church." Paley, in his "Natural Theology," says: "A cessation from labor on that day beyond the time necessary for public worship is not intended in any part of the New Testament; nor did Christ or his disciples deliver, that we know of, any commands for a discontinuance on that day of any duties of one's profession." He also says: "Nor does any evidence remain in the scriptures that the first day of the week was distinguished in commemoration of our Lord's death." Archbishop Whately also finds no authority for Sunday outside the traditions of the church, and to hold that the church has power to change the commands of God he declares to be "a dangerous error." And he also says: "It is abundantly plain that the apostles made no such change," *i. e.*, from the last to the first day.

Up to the 17th century Sunday had its religious rites in a portion of the day while the rest of the day was passed in labor, play, etc. It is not till we come to England a little before the time of Cromwell that we find a rigid observance of Sunday. Our Sunday is a child of the Puritans, a reactionary effect of the dissoluteness into which the English church fell under its father, Henry VIII. Puritanism was an effort to purify that church. Under the protectorate of Cromwell, Puritan ideas became law. Church and state being one it was legally right they should. Under this regime Sunday enactments and punishments were common. The Puritans brought this rigid Sunday with them. Their great watchword was "A church without a bishop, a government without a king." But they erected a more subtle power—that of priest, creed, and tradition. There is absolutely no other authority for our present Sunday observance than English Puritanism. From this sect came the Presbyterian, Congregational churches, (both Trinitarian and Unitarian,) Baptist, Universalist and some other of our churches and with them they brought from their mother church Sunday. The Puritans in Massachusetts incorporated with their laws their religious beliefs, since church and state were one they had a right so to do.

But when our government was established the Puritans formed but a small portion of the people, and all religions were wisely left out of the government which was made purely a political body. The national constitution is not irreligious but unreligious. It guarantees the rights of conscience to all and knows neither Christian, Greek, Jew nor Gentile. In the first treaty made by our government with any power; that with Tripoli, and signed by Washington, is the distinct statement that this government is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion, and our fathers carefully guaranteed in the constitution against the recognition by the government of any religion. This has been disregarded in many cases, but all legislation in favor of religious bodies, days, schools, observances as religions are plainly unconstitutional. There can be no "religious" days in our law and no discrimination in our courts or laws between Pagan or Christian. So plain is this that the committee in congress on the judiciary to whom it was presented in 1874 a petition for the acknowledgment of God in the constitution, said, "The committee . . . respectfully pray leave to report that, upon examination even of the meager debates by the fathers of the republic in the convention which framed the constitution, they find that the subject of this memorial was most fully and carefully considered, and then, in that convention, decided, after grave deliberation, to

which the subject was entitled, that, as this country, the foundation of whose government they were then laying, was to be the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth, whether Christian or Pagan, and in full realization of the dangers which the union between church and state had imposed upon so many nations of the old world, with great unanimity, that it was inexpedient to put anything into the constitution or frame of government which might be construed to be a reference to any religious creed or doctrine.

"And they further find that this decision was accepted by our Christian fathers with such great unanimity that in the amendments which were afterward proposed in order to make the constitution more acceptable to the nation, none has ever been proposed to the states by which this wise determination of the fathers has been attempted to be changed. Wherefore, your committee report that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject of the above memorial, and ask that they be discharged from the further consideration thereof, and that this report, together with the petition, be laid upon the table."

This leaves the matter of Sunday observance entirely with the individual. He is responsible to his conscience alone, or voluntarily responsible to his church. There is no responsibility between him and the state as to how he shall keep Sunday, save that the state holds him to a recognition of his duties as a good citizen then as upon all days. The state makes Sunday a holiday equally with Independence, Memorial and other holidays, but beyond requiring good behavior, it can require no more. No man or body of men has a right to disturb another in any religious or non-religious observances, and whoever on that day disturbs his neighbor, whether under the name of religion, business or pleasure can and should be indicted as a nuisance. The church has no legal power and to ask that any law for the enforcement of any religious observance be passed is treason to the principle of religious freedom, on which our government is based.

This leaves to religion its own legitimate field of moral suasion. Here she is powerful and supreme and here she may exercise all her beautiful humanitarian and god-like powers.

Whoever is convinced that any form of keeping Sunday is right owes it to his own conscience and his fellow men that he so keep it, and by example and precept, teach, in the spirit of Him who never asked for law or police, but who said in love, "Come unto me."

CONDENSED WISDOM.

By C. A. F. S.

Each human being is a new creation.

Industry is a blessing in times of great affliction, and it has been found that the necessity of taking up duties when men would fain have indulged in grief, has really been a salvation for them.

And industry (labor of the hands, many times) is as great an aid to intelligence, as it is a salvation from vice.

If you will always govern one, you will soon find you have a salutary influence over an increasing number in society.

Eternal vigilance is the price of good housekeeping.
DETROIT, MICH.

MY SEANCE WITH DR. HENRY SLADE.

By D. D. BELDEN.

Seeing by one of the Leadville morning papers that Dr. Slade had rooms at the Clarendon hotel in that place, I resolved to see him. I bought two new slates at a book store and going to the hotel, I inquired for his rooms. Learning their numbers and location on the second floor, I repaired thither and alone. Meeting Dr. Slade at the door and extending my hand I said, "I presume this is Dr. Slade?" I added, "I have come for a seance and if you will excuse me I do not at present wish to give you my name." Shaking my hand, he said, "No difference, sir, no difference, but your name is Belden." Then still holding me by the hand, he asked, "Is not that your name, sir?" Taken by surprise and hesitating a moment, I said, "If you will tell me why you think that is my

name and why you ask me that question, I will answer it." He replied, "When you refused me your name a spirit stood right here and introduced you as Mr. Belden." Then he asked, "Is not that your name, sir?" I answered, "Yes sir, it is." We were total strangers. I had never seen him before, and he had just returned to America after an absence of five years in Europe it was said. This was I should say in 1880.

Then he conducted me into a remarkably well lighted room, which had no bed in it and very little furniture. It was about 11 o'clock a. m. There were two south windows and the sun was streaming in on to the carpet with a brightness peculiar to Colorado. There stood near the center of the room, I should call a plain kitchen table, wholly uncovered and I should judge five feet in length and three feet in width. I could see under it and all around it. Excepting the two chairs that Dr. Slade and myself occupied, there was not a chair or any other kind of furniture within five feet of this table. I took a chair at the west end of the table, with my feet and limbs under it and my hands resting upon it. Dr. Slade took a seat on the north side of the table, facing west. I was facing east. He sat sideways to the table and threw his left limb over his right knee, so that I could see plainly his whole person from head to feet. Then with his right hand plainly in sight, he constantly dangled with his watch chain as if to show me that his right hand was occupied. In this position he extended his left hand to me on the table and told me to hold it with my right hand which I did. There was no one in the room only Dr. S. and myself. The moment I took hold of his hand, under these circumstances, I felt a heavy hand feeling for my watch, which was in my side vest pocket. It seemed as if some one just clapped his hand on my person as to feel if my watch was there, and not finding it, did it again, and then finding it the hand felt for the chain, and finding the chain, pulled my watch out of my pocket by the chain and left it hanging down at my side, and my vest being quite tight, it took quite a little pull to get it out. However it was done, there is nothing more certain than that, when I was holding Dr. Slade's left hand, with his right hand in sight and occupied, some invisible power took my watch out of my pocket and it remained out until sometime afterwards when I put it back again. At the same time and nearly all the time during the whole seance, a common cane seated chair, standing five feet from the table and on the opposite side from where Dr. Slade was seated and close to those two south windows, was almost constantly in motion, as if moved by an unseen hand. It would raise up slowly to the height of about three feet and just as slowly go back to the carpet again. I knew all the time if there was anything attached to it as big as a hair, it must be visible to me, but when the seance was over I examined it and found nothing attached to it. It was moved by some force beyond the power of mortal vision and that too under the most favorable conditions.

I then called Dr. Slade's attention to my slates, and told him that I had brought them to see if I could get writing on them from what purported to be spirits. Dr. Slade then said: "Will you write for the gentleman?" appearing to address some invisible presence. Immediately there came loud raps, apparently on the center of the table. Then handing him my slates, with his right hand, he placed a small bit of a slate pencil on one of them, and covered it with the other slate. Then grasping the two slates in his hand, with the pencil between them, he held them up and said, "It is writing. Do you hear it?" I said, "No; I am hard of hearing." He then reached out his arm and placed one corner of the slates against my left ear. I then heard it plainly. Immediately he handed me one of the slates, without himself reading what was on it. The following was plainly written on the slate. I give it verbatim, having the slate now before me.

MY DEAR FATHER: I am glad you came. I am often by you, and I feel happy to be able to make you hear. Your affectionate son, CHARLES P. B.

Dr. Slade, seeing that I had read what was on the slate, said, "Do you understand it? Does it mean anything?" I replied that I did, and that it was all very pertinent. "But," I said, "I want the other slate written on also." Then he enclosed a bit of pencil between the slates as before, and holding it up to my ear, as before, I again heard the writing. I here copy literally what was on it. "Charlie and I are very happy. You know my former belief was quite the same as yours. Hold family seances and we will come soon. SARA A. W."

Now for the facts about Charles P. B. and Sara A. W. Charles Parmelee Belden, my son, died in May, 1870; Sara A. Wentz, a very special friend of my family, died in July of the same year. My son died in Denver. Mrs. Wentz lived and died at my old home Warren, Ohio. It does not seem possible that Dr. Slade ever heard of either of them, living or dead. I never knew or heard of any other person by the name Sarah, who spelled the name Sara as she did, but she

always signed her name that way. It is also true that her religious views and my own were almost precisely the same. It is positively certain that the messages on those slates were never written by Dr. Slade's, or any other human, hand. Then granting that Dr. Slade has the power to write between two closed slates, without physical contact, how could he know that a person who died ten years before had religious views corresponding to my own, and that she spelled her name in that unique and peculiar way? And besides it was not until I saw the message that I remembered that she spelled her name thus, and I was, by the message, also reminded that her religious ideas were like my own. That portion of what purports to be a communication from my son, pertaining to my hearing, must have been written after I had announced my partial deafness, and after the slates were put to my ear. The slates were never put under the table, nor were they ever for one moment out of my sight. Dr. Slade sitting with his left side to the table, facing me, and I holding his left hand on the table, with my right, he had to pass his right hand over his body to handle the slates and the pencil, and there was no possible chance for deception, and there was none. These things all happened just as I have related them, and there is nothing in human affairs more certain. If there was deception or anything misleading, it must be in the fact that Dr. Slade failed to communicate to me how he could write without hands (if such is the fact) and how he could ascertain facts respecting persons long since deceased, otherwise than in the way he professed. He did say the spirits of the persons named were present, and many others, and all anxious to communicate with me. Every one must judge for himself. But that these so-called spiritual phenomena do occur there is no sort of question, none whatever.

DENVER, COL.

THUS FAR.

Since the time when Abigail Adams, (wife of John Adams) threatened rebellion unless the rights of her sex were secured, women have advocated suffrage principles. Their battles have been hard-fought and long-enduring, but their victories are won without bloodshed and the sword of reason is their only weapon.

Holding the light of truth aloft, the pioneer walked steadfastly onward through jeering, hissing rabble, invading established wrongs and bearing the scorn which all must bear, who rise above the common levels.

Like many other reformers, they, too, found the church their deadliest foe. She shot the arrow from the quiver of St. Paul and used the Bible as a weapon of war. Thus slaying all womanly aspirations toward the flowery land of justice and freedom. And brave indeed, were they who stood undaunted before her pulpit hot-shell or bore her scorn and social ostracism for conscience sake.

Slowly, oh very slowly, did suffrage principles work their way into the minds of church-women. The scales dropped from their eyes and they found themselves hedged in by laws of custom and state which deprived them of all privileges most prized by men. They realized their helplessness without political power and wisely determined to strengthen their prayers with the ballot. By their actions they denied the priestly authority which says: "Submit to the powers that be." None but slaves, having neither knowledge nor self-respect, could obey such commands. Women, with their conscious individuality and nobleness of soul, experienced new energies and hopes, and while clinging to the uplifting principles of religion, they discarded the doctrines of their own inferiority to men. By degrees they grew stronger in the convictions and bolder in the work so long maintained by their braver sisters. The result is, the great body of intelligent women who now demand equality before the law.

The church, which once forbade this movement, is hostile no more, but urges it on. She has changed her tactics and is now herself, a very active and noisome politician. Brought out under the tender auspices of numerous Christian organizations she is yet, in a new guise, the dictator of women. Through their emotional and religious natures she manipulates and controls their views of politics just as those of their religion. Through them and her various political organizations, the church demands religion in the schools, God in the constitution and the Sunday laws. Laws inconsistent with the principles of a free country.

She declares that God, or "Christ is the King of the nation," the head of government, etc., etc. She pledges herself to use her influence against Sunday papers, travel and excursions.

The right to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship is the acknowledged privilege of every person in our Union. Each may also deny himself the pleasures or benefits of Sunday travel or newspapers; but it is unjust, unconstitutional and un-American for church politicians to force their own peculiar views on the

entire public. It is a return to the primitive times when it was considered a crime for a mother to kiss her baby on Sunday; when the odors of roasted witches regaled the senses of the good Puritans and enhanced the joys of their Sabbath devotions. Protestantism and Romanism are joining hands in the work of uniting church and state, each believing itself the greater power. Should they succeed, the inevitable war between themselves must follow. The question would then be, whose church, whose God shall rule? Would the citizens be privileged to shake the President's hand or compelled to kiss the Pope's toe?

The history of woman has been one of such political injustice, persecution, humiliation and self-sacrifice that it seems impossible that she could assist in the oppression of others. That she should help the church destroy the foundation principles of our government. Should demand religious liberty for herself, yet deny it to others. Should in this way use her influence in bringing about a war that will sooner or later swallow up her beloved sons, and break her heart in sorrow. Should retard her own political progress by her religious intolerance, thus making her best friends doubtful of her benefit in politics were she a voter. Many noble men who have worked years for her emancipation now hesitate and ask themselves, "To what will my efforts lead? If I assist in giving freedom for woman will she not restrain my own religious and personal rights."

In the Declaration of Independence the God of truth, justice and humanity is already embodied, no other is needed. To ballot Christianity into the constitution is to destroy all principles for which our forefathers gave their lives. Is it not time, though politically disabled, that we women who are loyal to our own country, should raise our voices in its behalf? Should use our influence in something better than fettering the minds and curtailing the liberties of our fellow men? In our search for political freedom we have come thus far through many trials. Our plea is for equality, liberty, justice. Let us not forget this in an unseemly haste to persecute others. Let us remember that in all experiences of the union of church and state, sorrow, bloodshed and misery have been the outcome.

Let our friends not be on the alert for fear that we become the enemies of mental freedom. Let us oppose with might and main the religious despotism that would plunge this republic in despair and slay sweet liberty in the arms of her friends.—*Amarala Martin in Woman's Tribune.*

GEN. SHERMAN'S RELIGION.

A Roman Catholic correspondent who asks: "Have you any 'slurs' to cast against this?" sends *America* a clipping from the *South Bend Tribune* on "Gen. Sherman's religion which claims the distinguished dead as a 'representative Catholic in the late war.' In support of this claim it goes on to say:

"In this city and at Notre Dame, where Gen. Sherman visited so often and where his wife, children, and other relatives passed so much of their time, and where some of his relatives were and are now members of the religious communities at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, his religious belief was well known and never questioned. He was baptized into the Catholic Church when a boy. He was married to Miss Ewing, a member of one of the most prominent Catholic families in Ohio, by a Catholic priest. She was a devoted member to her church, and loved no place outside of her home as she did Notre Dame and St. Mary's where to-day there are nephews, members of the faculty of Notre Dame, and nuns, who are teachers at St. Mary's. Another relative, Mother Angela, was for many years before her death Mother Superior of St. Mary's Academy, and during the war distinguished herself in establishing field hospitals on battle-fields in the south and looking after sick and wounded soldiers fully as much as Gen. Sherman did in conducting important campaigns."—*America.*

[And this unauthenticated story comes from Cincinnati.]

CINCINNATI, March 5.—Sister Anthony, one of the oldest and best-known Catholic nuns in America, in an interview regarding the much-discussed question of the baptism of Gen. Sherman in the Catholic church, says:

"The Colonel—for Gen. Sherman was only a Colonel then—was baptized in this city just before he started out in one of his Virginia campaigns. I was an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherman. At that time I was stationed at St. John's Hospital and Mrs. Sherman sent for me and asked that I take care of the children one afternoon. She stated that the Colonel was about to be baptized by Archbishop Purcell, and that she wanted to devote the whole day to him.

"Whether that ceremony took place at the archiepiscopal residence, near the cathedral, or at the Burnett house, I am unable to say, but that he was

plized into the Catholic church that day there can be no doubt."

America says it has no "slur" to cast upon any truthful statement of a man's religious belief or connection with any church, but the statement must not be cunningly devised to conceal a lie to insure it respect. If Gen. Sherman had lived a Catholic it would not have affected one jot the honor and affection due him from his fellow-citizens irrespective of creeds or sects. No one thought the less of Gen. Sheridan because he was a Roman Catholic by birth and profession. He was esteemed for his patriotism, his dash, his military genius, and his many sterling qualities as a man and a soldier. The question of his religion never entered into the estimate of his place in the hearts and admiration of his fellows.

[Gen. Rosencranz, who ranks high among the Union Generals and is still living, has been an intense Roman Catholic in religion all his life and no Protestant finds fault with him or thinks the less of him for that reason.]

If Gen. Sherman had been a Roman Catholic he would have been an honor to that church as he is today a mourned idol of single-hearted Americanism. But our correspondent will excuse us if we decline to accept the claim of the Roman Catholic church, or even the statement of his son, that Gen. Sherman "was a member of the Catholic church." Upon this point we have better authority—the written word of Gen. Sherman himself. In a letter to the *North American Review*, written at the time of the Sherman-Blaine correspondence, he said: "In giving to the *North American Review* at this late day these letters which thus far have remained hidden in my private files I commit no breach of confidence, and to put at rest a matter of constant inquiry referred to in my letter of May 28, 1884, I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic. I am not and cannot be. That is all the public has a right to know."

If the word of the dead were not enough to establish the fact of his not being a Catholic, we have the declaration of his son, P. T. Sherman, that "my father is not a Catholic and never has been," and also of Father Thomas Sherman, after he had almost broken his father's heart by donning the Jesuit cassock: "My father is not a Catholic, and therefore the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as I have no doubt it does to you. I go without his approval, sanction, or consent; in fact in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf."

The unseemly farce of administering the last sacrament of the church to Gen. Sherman, when he was unconscious in the throes of death, in order to claim his body for Catholic burial and his fame for the Catholic sect was unworthy of the church and a breach of filial consideration for a dying father's views. But it had no more effect to alter his faith than a drop of water on an eagle's back would to convert it into a catfish. He died as he lived, a Protestant and there is in existence a letter written to a friend by Gen. Sherman when he was feeling most bitterly his disappointment over his son's entering the priesthood in which he says that it was a serious question in his mind whether it was not his duty to warn the American public against permitting the intrigues of Roman Catholic priests in their families, he having experienced the evil effects of such intrigues."

It is to be hoped that the Roman Catholic Church will not persist in its claim that Gen. Sherman was a Catholic, or the result may be the exposure of how it rewarded his toleration by using his family to advance its selfish interests in every department of official life at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country. The church had better let the dead hero's words, "I am not a Catholic," settle the matter.

Another writer in the *Chicago Inter Ocean* says: "In June, 1878, General Sherman made an address at Princeton College, in which he made reference to Professor Joseph Henry, who was only lately deceased, that it seems to me that it would have been impossible for him to have made had he been a member of the Catholic church, and I think any thoughtful person, who would read it over carefully will agree with me. The extract from the speech which I find in my scrap-book I send to you. It is so good and beautiful, even without reference to this Catholic matter, that I trust you will publish it in full. The man that gave utterance to such words certainly could never be under the control of priestcraft of any kind whatever. Here is the extract as I find it in my scrap-book. The address was delivered at Princeton College, June 19, 1878.

You once had here, as a member of your faculty, Professor Joseph Henry, a man of gentle demeanor, utterly unostentatious and free from arrogance of wisdom; the very type of man which you should ever hold up to your students as an example of what industry and patient research may accomplish. . . . I feel sure there must be men in this audience who first learned from Professor Henry that the air we breathe is composed of several gases, any one of which is deadly poison, yet mingled together, give health and strength to the body and elasticity to the mind;

that heat pervades all matter, converts water into steam, the great motive power of machinery; and yet a little more, this steam becomes an explosive gas, rendering bolts and bars asunder and spreading destruction round about. How beautiful were his thoughts and words when treating of the harmonies of sound and light, and still more as he penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the then new science of electricity. Of all men he seemed the most inspired with the feeling 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' He knew that all science emanated from the Creator, and is governed by universal and unchangeable law, and that man is freely invited to seek and discover. . . .

I knew Professor Henry well in his latter years, when associated with him as Regent of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and have listened with exquisite pleasure to his explanations of the most complicated phenomena of nature. I had heard his associates relate how—when our country was agitated by political strife; when Congressmen, judges, and even soldiers broke their solemn oaths to take sides in angry war; when the civil war had arrayed father against son, brother against brother; when the Smithsonian was made to resound with the continuous passage of artillery, infantry, and cavalry; when very pandemonium seemed let loose upon our afflicted country—this quiet, modest, brave man went on in his familiar way, elaborating natural truths, and peering among the stars for the missing quantities of the great orrery of nature, with a simple child-like faith which demonstrated that his mind reached outside the storm-clouds raised by man's passion and man's inhumanity. He knew that the sun remained true as the centre of our system of worlds; that the planets continued in their allotted orbits; that day followed night; that winter and summer would come and go with unchangeable regularity; that the wheat would ripen and the roses bloom as of old; that chemical affinities were not altered, and finally that Nature and Nature's laws were undisturbed by man's madness and man's folly. He believed, and acted on that belief, that the grand principles of our government were wise, beneficent and true, and that God would, in His own time and His own way, bring order out of chaos, subdue the wild passions of men, and insure that the right alone would prevail and endure forever. I believe this man's faith nerved and strengthened the strong arm of our government, and aided materially our martyr President in guiding us as a Nation through the difficult shoals and breakers in which our "ship of state" seemed for a time doomed to destruction. I was present in Washington when this good man died; felt in the very air the evidence of universal grief; saw the President, Congress and the Supreme Court, who had ceased their labors to pay a just respect to his memory and follow him to his grave, where all present believed that the soul of Professor Henry had not far to go to meet its God, because, in life, it had reached out in that direction further than any other man of his day.

Tell me not that science is antagonistic to religion. Science is but the knowledge of Nature and of Nature's laws, and he who penetrates furthest into the book of Nature must be convinced of the infinite wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and must realize the littleness of human intellect in comparison. That religion which checks human knowledge, and by torturing the meaning of words, attempts to circumscribe it by artificial metes and bounds, is not divine, but is mere priestcraft. It is of the earth, earthly—a very tyrant—and emanates from the baser parts of human nature.

APPARITION OF A BRAKEMAN.

The story of the Mexican ghost is told by H. Gilmore assistant manager of the American Jewelry Association who was formerly conductor of the train which received the visits of a dead brakeman. It is as follows:

I was conductor of work-train No. 2 on the Sonora railroad in Mexico in 1888. My train crew consisted of Engineer John Eberts, Fireman Joe Magill, Head-brakeman Frank Urquidez, Hind-brakeman James Gibbons, and Bill Laguna, foreman of the work train. On August 12th I received orders to run to Magdalena and bring up fifteen empty flat-cars. I left Casita station at 6:30 a. m. and stopped midway between Casita and Imuris station to leave the foreman and his gang, who had to clean the weeds off the track between these two stations and then continued on to Magdalena. I left Magdalena about 8 p. m. on the return trip, and when nearing bridge 522, near Imuris, a sudden jolt of the cars threw Head-brakeman Frank Urquidez between the cars and he was instantly killed. We gathered up all that was left of him and continued on our journey. After due investigation by the Mexican authorities, we were exonerated from all blame. His remains were buried in Magdalena next day.

Three days afterwards, while we were tied up at Santa Ana station and all hands were asleep, Engineer

Ebertz, who had been sleeping on the water car suddenly aroused us by coming tearing into the caboose, with a look of terror on his face, and informed us that he had seen the dead brakeman standing over him. We all laughed at him and attributed his fright to excessive nervousness and imagination, on account of brooding over the dreadful tragedy. But the following night, while we were laying over at Casita station, all hands, who were in the caboose, found it impossible to sleep on account of the strange and dismal sounds and knocking which resounded through the car, coming from different portions of the caboose at odd times. The following parties were in the caboose at the time. Engineer Eberts, Fireman Magill, Brakeman Gibbons and Burns, (who had taken the dead man's place) Line Repairer Sam Bonsell and myself.

We were all keeping still as death, when suddenly the engineer exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "Look! look! there he comes!" and sure enough upon casting our eyes in the direction indicated, we beheld the form of the dead brakeman slowly and with measured tread approaching the caboose over the top of the train. We were horrified, but could not move, so overcome were we with awe or fright—I cannot describe which. The ghost approached nearer and nearer until it came within ten feet of us, and took a look at us; then it turned and retraced its steps and disappeared at the end of the last car.

From this time on for about ten days, the form of the dead brakeman could be plainly seen passing over the train from end to end every night, always disappearing at the caboose, and the weird sounds and knockings continued to annoy us, so that the fireman and the wiper of the engine refused to any longer sleep in the caboose. I therefore determined to change it and substitute another, which I did, and from that time on we received no more visits from the ghost of our dead brakeman. The caboose now stands condemned in the Guaymas yard, and nobody wants it.

The subject was brought to the attention of the railroad officials, and being authenticated by so many witnesses, they held an investigation at the time, but came to no definite conclusion in regard to it, so they let the matter drop.

In substantiation of the facts related above, I refer to the following people under whose notice it came at the time: H. T. Richard, Assistant General Manager of the Sonoma Railroad; C. D. Jones, chief dispatcher; Sam Bonsell, line repairer; Geo. Montague, road master; Bill Laguna, foreman of work train No. 2; Geo. Ebertz, engineer of work train No. 2; John Burns, brakeman of work train No. 2; James Gibbons, brakeman of work train No. 2; Rafael Urquidez, brakeman of regular train, brother of the deceased, and myself, H. Gilmore, late conductor of work train No. 2, now assistant manager of the American Jewelry Association.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

In the village of Jenkintown, near Philadelphia, Pa., in the early part of April, 1885, while skimming off a few inches of dirt from a carriage drive, writes W. M. Kohl, in *Nature's Realm*, I uncovered holes honeycombed in the earth, half an inch in diameter and perfectly symmetrical. They were mostly under old trees, where they had approached very near the surface. We uncovered the chrysalis about six inches below the surface, and awaited the proper time and condition of weather for them to come out. In the latter part of April they made their appearance. If rainy or muddy weather intervenes they cement the mouths of their holes with mud to keep out the water until favorable weather. They encountered many difficulties, coming up under stones and brick pavements, making their way out often through the cracks. I have a piece of iron plate, many times the weight of a locust, lifted up and propped by mud at an angle to let the insect out. The majority of holes were under trees or where trees had been.

Naturalists say they come out only in the night. For almost two weeks I watched them nightly, and they made their appearance an hour before sundown, increasing in numbers until dark. Crawling by thousands through the grass and over the bare ground in their brown casing, which they are about to throw off, they are covered with mud. Ascending weeds, posts, fences and frame work in droves, and particularly trees, they fix themselves to the bark and on the leaves. At this time they encounter many enemies, as chickens, hogs, squirrels, and birds are very fond of them. Our cat was seen every evening watching in the grass, seeming to relish them as a dainty.

One evening I secured seven on one branch, and witnessed the operation of their new birth by lamp light. They were some time running up and down selecting a position. Once fairly fixed the back part of the head becomes smooth and glossy, as if stretched to its utmost tension. In five minutes from the time of settling in position, a longitudinal fissure, showing a thread-like line where the split occurs, on the back of the head first, extending finally from the first joint

connecting the proboscis or forceps to the body joint, half an inch in length. In three minutes more the head had pressed its way out. Gradually the fore-legs were withdrawn from their sockets, say in one minute. Then the whole body swung slowly backward, head down and feet outward, suspended, with an occasional tremor, as if trying to extricate the hind part and legs. When it had hung for three minutes it then very slowly, like an acrobat, brought its body up to the original position, withdrew the hind legs and body, and in two minutes more stood outside the puba skin in full form, an inch long, of a white, waxy appearance, with red eyes like rubies. The wings showed only as a mass of cramped-up white film. In a minute the wings had grown to three-quarters of an inch, by actual measurement; in three minutes to one inch, and in six and one-half minutes to the full size of one and a quarter inches in length and half an inch in breadth. In twenty-two minutes the whole process was accomplished.



"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE."

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep mysterious conclave,
Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "isms" and "isms"
To Heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled;
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune,
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Judge W. A. Pepper, who succeeds Mr. Ingalls as United States Senator from Kansas has an interesting family. His wife is an amiable middle-aged woman, and a favorite in Topeka society. His only daughter, Nellie, is 20 years of age, and a leader in the society of the youth of the capital. The new senator is the father of two sons. They are strong, stalwart young men, and both are printers. One sets type in the composing room of his father's paper, and the other is foreman of the chapel. Mr. Pepper himself, although the choice of the Kansas farmers for senator, is not a farmer either by birth or occupation or in appearance. He looks the prosperous editor that he is. He is a gentleman although he defies, to a degree, the conventionalities of modern customs, as regards manners and dress. He is amiably good-natured, receives every one that calls upon him with open arms. In a speech made after his election Judge Pepper said: "About three years ago, it was written by a distinguished senator that before the dawn of the twentieth century, the great middle classes of this country would have disappeared, but I say no, it cannot be so; and if my reason must be given, I say that a just God in heaven would not permit it. The great middle classes have no thought of disappearing. They are now asserting themselves; they are establishing recruiting stations in all parts of the country. Next year, 1892, they will marshal the grand jury of the people and prepare to take possession of the government, and by the time that the nineteenth century closes upon us these

United States of America will be governed by the people that live in them. "Now, gentlemen and ladies, and this peoples' movement recognizes the ladies, when that good time of which I have spoken arrives, the women will vote and the men will quit drinking."

Africa, the "Dark Continent" has made one substantial contribution to current literature. "The Story of an African Farm," though written some years before, appeared in this country at the same time as "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," and held its own with these works in the competition for public notice. The author, Miss Olive Schreiner, is the daughter of a German, who went in early life as a missionary to south Africa. Her mother was English, and descended from a long line of Puritans. Miss Schreiner was born at a solitary mission station and passed many years of her life before she had seen a town. Her mother, a widow, became a Catholic and entered a convent in Africa, and Miss Schreiner went to England nine years ago. She wrote stories at an early age, and began "An African Farm" in childhood, finishing it in Africa after she had reached maturity. The home of Miss Schreiner whose "Story of an African Farm" made her famous, is in a beautiful suburb of Cape Town. It is an oasis in a veritable South African desert, but skill and thrift have made the few hundred acres that comprise the town's sight blossom like the rose. Outside there are flat and desolate wastes of never-ending sand.

Many of the leading labor journals of the country are praising the good work of the Woman's Charity Club, of Denver. This organization takes charge of children during the day whose fathers and mothers are both compelled to work and are for that or any other reason unable to give them any attention. This institution is known as the day nursery, or little folks' home. In writing something about this wonderful aid to the laboring men and women of Denver, Hortense Miller, in a letter to the *United Labor*, of Denver, has this to say: "Early any morning the most destitute and forlorn mother in Denver can enter this beautiful home, leaving her baby, and hasten to her place of toil for the long day, the only condition being that the child shall be thoroughly clean; at night she leaves a dime for its care and food if she is able to do so. The next caller may be a father with a tin bucket of luncheon on his way to his day's work. He turns over to the matron a queer-looking bundle of shawls as he says: 'My wife is so poorly to-day; I tried to give the baby its bath, but my big hands worried them both so much I thought perhaps you'd do it this mornin'.' Such cases are the only and rare exceptions to perfect cleanliness in the newly arrived child. So, also, the well-to-do mother has no fears about leaving her darling in this little sanitarium while she spends a few hours at marketing. There is certainly no need of presenting the sentimental or pathetic side of such a charity as this."

Recently two thousand working girls of New York City and vicinity representing twenty clubs gave a ball at the Madison Square Garden. Many spectators were present and the whole number in the hall exceeded ten thousand, three of whom only were men, and they were there to assist in the direction of the entertainment. The merry maidens danced without the aid of male partners, going through the usual drills and quadrilles, reels and other dances and escorted one another to supper. The *New York Sun* asks, "Why were men excluded from the hall?" The *Chicago News* answers the question thus: "The reason that men were not invited to this ball, which is now threatened with a sunstroke, is because the girls didn't want them, and when a woman wills she won't. The wise lassies who filled Madison Square Garden read the *Sun* and were cognizant of the fact that at another ball in that city some of those brave, gallant, chivalrous young men for whose welfare Mr. Dana is so solicitous exercised their pugilistic abilities, and one of these knightly youths chased a dancing girl with uplifted fist and wrathful oaths. The working girls know the young men of New York, and with wisdom beyond their years did the proper thing and barred them out. Bright girls!" But this implies a reflection on the young men of New York which is altogether too sweeping.

Leonard W. Jerome, the turfman and clubman, who died at Brighton, Eng., in his 68th year, married in early life to Miss Clara Batt of Rochester, and they had

three daughters who partook of the fine physique of both parents, and who are all married in England.—Clara, the eldest, to Morton Frewen, M. P.; Jenny, the second, to Lord Randolph Churchill, whose political prominence is largely credited to his wife's brilliant qualities; and Leonie to Capt. Leslie of the Guards.

The husbands of the world view with equanimity the prospect of the extinction of the furbearing seal and the coming of the time when they will be able to say with truth, "I really can't buy one, my dear; there are none."—*Detroit Free Press*.

TRANSITION OF MRS. J. W. CARLETON.

On Friday afternoon, February 27th, Mrs. Julia Webb Carleton passed quietly to the life beyond. Born in Lavenburg, Vt., in 1826, she married Chester Carleton of St. Clair, Mich., in 1846, and came directly to her husband's home and farm near and in sight of the beautiful river St. Clair, where they passed forty-five years happily together. Of her nine daughters and three sons five daughters and one son survive her. As wife, mother and friend she was devoted, faithful and self-sacrificing and greatly beloved by a wide circle who knew her. A Methodist on coming to Michigan, certain remarkable experiences led her to become a Spiritualist with clear and deep convictions, and light and peace in her views, which she always expressed with faithful, frank and sisterly kindness.

Three months after she came west a son of the first wife of Mr. Carleton passed away, aged four years. Twenty-one years after, in 1867, N. B. Starr, the spirit artist, painted a portrait of that child standing by his mother, as they were in this life, the likeness said by the husband and father to be good, the red scarf and lace collar like those worn by the mother and the child's hair dressed and curled as when here. He then painted them as he saw them in spirit-life, the son a young man, the mother by his side, radiant and spiritual in expression—all life-size in oil, beautiful and artistic. In a few weeks he painted a group of five children, two sons and three daughters, of the mother who has just departed. He asked Mr. Carleton how many there were and was answered, "three," but said, "I see five standing near and will paint them as I see them." There were five, two of them showed but feeble signs of brief life and therefore were not named by the father.

As this group are painted as they were after years in the Spirit-world, the only marked sign of likeness to their aspect here is in one little girl, in whose picture one eye is smaller than the other as it was here. All these hang in the parlor of the farm house and are greatly prized. Mr. Starr came as a stranger to the family and had no possible outward knowledge, as they think, of all that was pictured in this remarkable way. A large company of friends of this beloved pioneer woman met at the house on Tuesday, March 3rd, and the fit word was said by G. B. Stebbins, the favorite hymn of the ascended woman closing the services.

SCOTCH SECOND SIGHT.

In the west of Scotland, amongst the Ayrshire hills, lives an engineering inspector of pure Highland descent. He and his family are well known to me, as I was one of the engineers connected with the works still under his charge. The youngest of his three daughters is normally healthy, merry and witty. At times, however, she evinces undoubted psychic faculties of a high order. And it may be noted that she has all her life shown a strong aversion to meat—in fact, she never eats meat at all. Her diet is simple and pure. On one occasion she informed an Edinburgh doctor, when in Ayrshire, that on his return to Edinburgh he would be called upon to visit a patient in the Stockbridge district, and that he would have to cross an old wooden bridge to reach her. It happened that Stockbridge was not near his usual circuit to patients in Edinburgh, and before his return to that city, a few days afterwards, he had forgotten all about it. But suddenly summoned to attend a patient, he found himself crossing an old wooden bridge. In a flash he remembered the prophecy, and simultaneously realized that he was in the very center of the Stockbridge district.

This shows the possession of clairvoyant prescience by the young lady in question,

and not mere thought-transference. It is scarcely necessary to add that she herself knew no one in Stockbridge, and had really no connecting link whatever to lead her to such a statement except the presence of the doctor at her father's house in Ayrshire.

On another occasion she informed the members of the family at breakfast that I was on my way from Edinburgh to the works adjacent to her home, and that I had on a grey check tweed suit. I had not had time to inform her father of my intended visit to the works, but sure enough, within three hours or so I arrived in a dog-cart at the works dressed as she had described.

A friend of mine, belonging to Edinburgh, who has been in Florida, U. S. A., for some years past, had run over for a holiday in the summer of 1887, and happening to visit the works he had formerly surveyed had occasion to spend the evening at the above house. It was a Saturday evening. The conversation had been drifting somewhat toward mesmerism or similar topics, when this young lady, without any warning whatever, went off into what might be termed, the abnormal condition of waking trance.

She proceeded to describe minutely what was going on at the time in the Florida plantations—much to Mr. S.'s amazement. Then she passed from that to his father's house in Edinburgh, the rooms and occupants of which she detailed accurately. Then she commenced the relation of a fire which was taking place. It was in Newcastle. "Oh there are two men killed!" she cried. Again, she proceeded to recite to Mr. S. the contents of some letters she extracted from his pocket, though he did not remove the envelopes. Mr. S., who was totally unaccustomed to anything appertaining to the occult domains of nature, gravely assured me that at this stage of the proceedings his hair literally "stood on end." Then her sister quietly suggested that the supper was almost ready and almost immediately the change occurred, which placed her once more *en rapport* with her physical surroundings.

Now, one interesting point in the foregoing is the fact that the newspapers of the following Monday contained an account of a fire that took place at Newcastle on Saturday night, and detailed the fact that "two men were killed" at it. Again, there was actually no apparent connecting link between the personalities of any one present and the town of Newcastle. Another remarkable circumstance is the ease and naturalness with which she passed into and out of this abnormal state, neither she nor anyone else present knowing anything about the science or metaphysics of occultism. It would seem as if God does not depend on the teachings of dogmatic theologians for the eternal facts of nature. A simple, uncultured Scotch lassie can confound them all!—*Theosophist*.



MEDICAL QUACKS.

TO THE EDITOR: A Michigan paper says: "The old war against medical quacks is to be renewed." A pertinent query: What constitutes a medical quack? In common understanding it is a medical pretender, an impostor, who pretends to skill and knowledge in the healing art that he does not possess. Is such a one any less a quack by being bolstered with a college diploma? In this war of the regularly ordained medical fraternity for the purpose of booming a privileged trust against the outside world, the doctors are following in the beaten tracks of the old Trades Unions. When I was a lad the dictum was in rigid force, that an apprentice must serve seven years and receive a duly signed indenture from his master before he could strike a blow as a journeyman. His ability to turn out a first-class piece of work was not taken into account; it matters not that his natural mechanical bent and quality of intellect were such that in five years he could greatly excel many who worried painfully through seven years.

Is it not precisely similar with the medical gentry? Is any young fledgling from an orthodox college with a diploma in his possession ever sought to be debarred from practicing—practicing in the fullest meaning of the term; in very truth, blindly groping his way through suffering flesh and blood in quest of the practical knowl-

age he does not possess! Many of these raw recruits regularly labeled with authority to crowd their way into the deep mysteries of humanity are turned out every year, who literally stamp their unskilled bungling into every graveyard. Years ago, when the first case of croup in my home carried off a baby boy, because his parents were ignorant of the insidious disease, such knowledge was sought and gained as effectually prevented a like loss in the future. We learned that the thing of prime importance was prompt action, a warm bath, poultice of boiled onions on the chest, and something given to induce vomiting. This done all danger was passed. In after years we had many occasions to test it, and never found the remedy to fail. And the practical knowledge thus gained was freely imparted to scores of others, by which much doctors' expense was saved, and many a home made glad. Is there any reason in equity why we should not impart this knowledge, why we should not hang out a sign to announce that we made the cure of croup a specialty, and exact remuneration for our services? So in all other cases. On what grounds should any persons be debarred from using skill and knowledge they possess at the mere request of an interested class? The bald plea is, that it is to protect suffering humanity from the unskilled hands of ignorant practitioners devoid of a doctor's diploma. What of the diploma in possession of a bungler?

A few weeks ago a shopmate of mine called into his home a regular physician to prescribe for a sick child. With all the assurance of his fifteen years practice he pronounced the baby's illness malarial fever, gave a prescription and ordered the patient to be almost entirely deprived of food and water. The child grew steadily worse, crying piteously for water. The doctor called again, peremptorily refused to permit food or water and gave another prescription. I told the half distracted father I thought there must be some mistake; that I had never known of malarial fever in a mere baby, and another physician was summoned, and, wisely, not told that he was treading on the heels of a brother practitioner. He promptly announced that all that ailed the child was a severe attack of teething, and with patience and careful nursing it would soon get over it. Given its usual nourishment and the teething struggle passed, the patient speedily recovered.

Who was the quack doctor here? Was not this physician a medical pretender of the first water? Is it not such as he that ought to be warred against to utter extermination? Of what value to a patient was his diploma? Was it, indeed, anything but a snare and sham? Yet he collected a dollar-and-a-half each visit just the same. And there are thousands of as gross cases of quack doctoring of the regular orthodox medical fraternity every year.

CLEVELAND, O. W. WHITWORTH.

A YOUNG CLAIRVOYANT.

TO THE EDITOR: There is a rather strange case which has been happening in a family under my immediate observation, and one that might interest the Psychical Research Society. I will give, without embellishment, a brief report of some of the facts. Should I read the same statements in a newspaper, I would think them likely the creation of the fertile brain of some enterprising reporter. I can not complain if these statements of mine meet the same verdict from others.

In a family among my parishioners there is a boy of twelve years, who became afflicted with nervous trouble a few weeks ago and about four weeks ago it resulted in insanity. Doctors here could do nothing for him. His parents took him to Chicago to be treated, and returned over a week ago without any benefit. The boy said the doctors did not know what was the matter with him and only wanted to experiment. He said he knew what was the matter, that the cause of his trouble was the medicine, and he would get well if they would give him no more medicine. He became paralyzed on the left side, losing the use of left arm and leg. Last Wednesday morning he told his parents that on the following day, at exactly 7:15 o'clock p. m., his left hand would be restored and he would use it. This occurred as predicted. He has a pair of pigeons, given him since his sickness. He has a brother who died two or three years before he was born, whom he calls Freddie. When asked how he knew that he was to have his paralyzed hand restored at 7:15 p. m., he said that the pigeons told him, and that Freddie told the pigeons. He claims to see Freddie, and

describes him. He is clairvoyant and seems to see people far away. He saw his father in Mason City, and told what he was doing and what he was thinking about. He claims to know all about the Oddfellow signs, but refuses to say much about them as people would think his papa told him. His father is an Oddfellow. His Uncle James is not far advanced, and when he entered the room he told him how far he had advanced. He can tell any one's age to a dot, and claims to tell how long they will live. He said to his mother: "Mamma, I can tell you how long you will live, and papa too." When asked to tell, he said: "You will live 88 years, 3 months and two days, and papa will die three months earlier." His tongue being paralyzed it is difficult to understand him. He said Freddie tells everything. He knows nothing about Spiritualism, to which his parents are rather opposed, and never saw a medium. This morning he told his mother that his left leg would be restored in a few minutes and that he would walk. He lay quietly as if listening to some one talking to him—the same as he did when his left hand was restored—and in about five minutes, as near as his mother could tell, he jumped up and walked about the room with grace and apparent ease. He had no use, whatever, of his limb before.

This afternoon I called at the house and found him walking about. His only remaining trouble was his paralyzed tongue. After I had been there about an hour, he tried to tell his mother that in a few minutes his tongue would be all right and he could talk as good as ever. It took him some time before he could make his mother understand him. I heard what he said, but could not understand a word. The mother was much astonished when she told me that he said he would talk plain in a few minutes. The boy then sat back in his chair for a little while, acting as though listening to some one talking to him. Suddenly his mother broke the silence by saying: "Well, why don't you talk?" He then raised up and said: "I do talk plain." The mother was evidently greatly excited, and wept as she embraced him. He went on to say, with perfect articulation: "Now I can talk plain. Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railroad," etc. He continued to rattle it off lively for awhile, and then ran over to Aunt Susie's and said: "O, Aunt Susie, see, I can talk." He seems to be all right in his mind now, and claims that he was crazy, but that he is not now. During his insanity he forgot everything almost that he had known, and could not read or count. But now he can read as well as ever and is rather a mathematical prodigy. He is all right now, unless clairvoyance is insanity. He proves his power in this respect, and has made no mistakes so far as known. He talks as though he had been a thorough Spiritualist and medium for years. He is the first person that ever told me my exact age. He also predicted my age at death, by the assistance of his pigeons. His superior condition may not last long. He calls himself a living curiosity. These are only a few of the many things that might be told about him. T. W. WOODROW.

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.

BOEHME AND THEOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of February 21, is a letter on Boehme, which demands some rectification in one or two of its premises.

In the first place, no one familiar with Jacob Boehme's writings would agree with Dr. Franz Hartmann when he says in his preface to his new work on the peasant philosopher, that "no man before Boehme is known to have communicated such things to this sinful world," which assertion M. C. C. Church supplements by saying, "that this philosophy will take the place of much which has been given to the world from theosophical sources and that all of value that has come through Madame Blavatsky, Sinnett, Olcott, etc., is to be found in Jacob Boehme." The question, however, has to be met: Where did Jacob Boehme get what he knew? Where do we find a similar philosophy to his, only far more comprehensive, and yet more spiritual? Dr. Hartmann gives Boehme's creed in almost the identical terms of the Hindu Upanishads, which according to Professor F. Max Müller date at the very least computation, from 1000 to 800 years before the Christian era. As Boehme is not likely to have had any acquaintance through study with the sacred writings of the east, his partial knowledge of the primitive oriental doctrines was undoubtedly due to an unusual degree of spiritual illumination, much needed in the grossly literal age in which he lived, and of inestimable use

even yet in a materialistic era such as our own.

That any one familiar with Boehme and also with the priceless gems of eastern lore, should make the mistake of supposing the cobbler seer to be the originator of theosophy seems almost inexplicable; for in truth, the wider one's knowledge in all directions, the more clearly it must be borne in upon the candid mind, that no man is an originator, that no society of men can claim priority to any body of doctrine, since the divine wisdom has always been in the world, and those endowed with the inner sense have perceived it and proclaimed it without any thought of exclusive rights therein.

Indeed, the writers of the Vedas, the fountain-head, whence all theosophy springs—are unknown, and even legend records not their names. Hence, it is an accusation unworthy of any professed lover of theosophy, that modern theosophists have cribbed from Boehme, who himself is shown to be not the one and only original in this branch of philosophy. It is time it should be known that all true theosophists work on the same lines and that the world is large enough for each and all, when the source of their several revelations is acknowledged to be that Infinite Over-Soul, which Emerson in his almost inspired utterance says, "Casts a light upon us from above or behind, making us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all"

E. J. B.

STRAY SHOTS.

TO THE EDITOR: Every now and then we are informed that some one eminent in society is gloriously willing to admit "that there is something in Spiritualism," something that cannot be accounted for by delusion or fraud, but the informants almost invariably conclude with the assertion that a portion of the manifestations are traceable to those visibly present.

Now will some kind friend give an explanation, for after much earnest investigation I must confess that I have never seen anything in the way of supposed spiritual manifestations that could be accurately charged to "unconscious cerebration," "autohypnotics," or the tricks played by one's unconscious or sub-conscious self. Many a manifestation is certainly tinted if not painted outright by the medium, unconsciously without a doubt, but the mere perversion, or even pollution of a stream will not destroy its identity. If such extreme care is to be taken to classify spiritualistic facts why not have an equal regard for the correct classification of facts which are known or supposed not to come under that head. With a regard for science amounting to veneration I begin to suspect that some at least of its votaries have certain shelves whereon they are sometimes apt to lay away their "facts" for convenience sake. Is it not advisable to be equally critical on either side of the question?

Des Moines is possessed of a natural wonder in the person of one Dr. Springer. He is a magnetic healer and enjoys a practice larger than he can attend to—if one may be permitted a bull—and his cases are remarkable. To give an idea of the strange force which pervades him it may be stated that he has frequently been seen by the writer and the others to eat glass. Taking a portion of a broken lamp chimney he will slowly crush it up and when dissolved swallow it, or he will put some of the pieces in one hand, pressing them with the fingers of the other when they slowly become liquid, "as you wait." He knows nothing about it beyond his personal observation, is not a Spiritualist, and is about to leave for Philadelphia to consult a physician in regard to his peculiar condition. He eats the glass for a purgative professing a strong dislike to drugs, without being able to state why.

It would be interesting to know if disembodied spirits play any part in magnetic healing; possibly some clairvoyant will inform us.

I was very pleased to read Mr. Currier's advice to the members of the new Society for Psychical Research to investigate among their personal friends. With a medium in nearly every house such a course would seem quite feasible. To those who deem a "professional" indispensable the writer may be permitted to say that he has seen almost every phase of the manifestations in such circles—where the fraud element was inconceivable—including "etheralized" forms and has been deluded by those forms more than once in common with some half dozen others proving conclusively, to him at least, that any number of people can be at once and the same time and place the objects of their own sub-conscious "anti-

hypnotic" "subjective phenomenal" tricks. Yes, the poor spirit who is obliged to wonder about using first one human organism then another, to display his love-taking power, his gifts of tongue, or prophecy, or to resume his former shape, is fast becoming a very common-place fellow compared with his brother-in-the-flesh.

JAS. T. R. GREEN.

HAVERHILL AND VICINITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The ministers' movement in the investigation of Spiritualism is beginning to work here in the city of Haverhill. Rev. A. A. Ross, of the Mt. Washington Universalist Chapel Society, lectured on Sunday afternoon, March 1st, to a large audience, on Spiritualism. Upon the Bible record. Mr. Ross declared himself a Spiritualist, a Christian Spiritualist. Spiritualism, he said, is the highest idea of manifestation of God in Jesus Christ. He was a Spiritualist because a believer in God and in Christ, and because it is Christian. He quoted many Bible texts to meet the question, and among them the words of Paul, where he declared that if the resurrection or continued life is not true, then all preaching is vain. He said, the more investigation is made the more naked we find ourselves to be. All honest Spiritualists and all honest persons say that Spiritualism should be investigated. As to modern Spiritualism, he felt a measure of prejudice against it, as also against mediums. His late experience with one was unsatisfactory, because he did not get at the truth.

He was in favor of the new organization to investigate Spiritualism, and he would cooperate with it. Thus the cause moves steadily forward.

A scientific investigation of spiritual phenomena, their cause, and the law by and through which they are produced, should be welcomed and encouraged by every truth-loving Spiritualist in the land, and will be welcomed by all, except the class that make the spiritual temple a house of merchandise, as of old, in which to buy and sell doves in the form of tests of spirit identity, procured from the test exchange at a fixed price per capita. Away with all such trash. The new movement started here, in the Old Bay State, to investigate Spiritualism should have every possible encouragement. If satisfactory results are ever obtained, in my opinion, they will be found by personal investigation, and in private seances, held by a few persons who have confidence first in themselves and then in the phenomena that appear to them. No person has a right to accept my personal experiences as facts until I can demonstrate beyond a doubt that they are facts. The thinking person of to-day demands knowledge; he has investigated beliefs until he finds the premises untenable, and now makes a halt and says, I do not know. Faith has done its work; the hand writing appears upon the wall as of old again. "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Let every minister in the land go to work, honestly, among his own people, or anywhere, but go to work and demonstrate the fact of immortality, if such fact exists, and let all honest persons lend the helping hand.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

QUESTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: If spirits can communicate with human beings, and if they have thus been communicating for forty years or more, why is it that there is as much difference of opinion among believers upon questions concerning which there ought not to be any dispute, as we find among orthodox Christians?

In *Arena* for February, Prof. Wallace quotes with approval from Dr. Eugene Crowell, who says he has been informed by trustworthy and intelligent spirits in explaining apparitions, that a spirit cannot leave the body, without causing the death of the body, and where the apparition of a living person is seen, the explanation is that some spirit out of the body, or one who has passed over to the spirit life, personates the spirit of the living person. Now if that is true, how do we explain the statement of ex-Senator Harris of Tennessee, reported in *THE JOURNAL* about one year ago, when he tells us that he left his body lying upon a sofa in his own house, and in the spirit, ascended the stairway of his mother's house, many miles distant, conversed with her, and her recollection or impression of the appearance exactly coincided with his? Take this case, related to me by a lady, connected with myself by marriage, not a Spiritual-

ist, who tells me that some fifty years ago her mother lived in central Michigan; her father was dying in northern New York; the daughter knew the father was ill, but did not know the sickness was serious; she dreamed that she walked into her father's room, dressed in mourning, and her father bade her good bye. On the same night, the father awoke from an apparent doze and told his wife that "Clara" the daughter came into his room dressed in mourning, and that he had bidden her good bye; in a very short time, perhaps an hour, the father died. Now if some spirit personated this daughter, and the father bade the supposed daughter farewell, how did the sleeper know what the father said? If some spirit friend of Senator Harris ascended the stairs in his mother's house, and heard the mother say that if her son could come to her she would be relieved, how did the sleeping son in the far distance find it out?

We are told that the spirits are anxious to spread the truth of the fact of an after life, to stay the onward tide of materialism that orthodoxy cannot prevent; then why do we not get some general facts concerning the laws that regulate spirit return and spirit control that we can understand and appreciate? Until this can be accomplished, I fear that converts will come in slowly.

J. N. GRIDLEY.
VIRGINIA, ILL.

The following is from George C. Bartlett's reminiscences of Charles H. Foster:

While spending an evening with Mr. Foster, at No. 29 Fourth street, a Mr. Farnsworth called, who was then president of the New York Society of Spiritualists. He said that the evening before he had had a discussion with some skeptical friends, who thought that Mr. Foster in some way opened the slips of paper on which questions and names were written. That they wished to bet any amount that they could so fold the questions that Mr. Foster could not answer them. They said they had finally concluded to reduce the test to one written name of a dead person, and eleven other pieces of paper should contain blanks. These twelve slips of paper were crushed into the shape of bullets, then placed in tin-foil, and rolled and re-rolled, until they had the appearance of ordinary bird-shot. Mr. Farnsworth took these twelve bullets from his pocket, held them in the palm of his hand, and asked Mr. Foster if he thought he could get an impression of the name. Mr. Foster said, as usual, that he would try. The twelve bullets were placed in the centre of the table. Taking up one after another, he asked, "Is this the name?" One rap came as he picked up each of them, until suddenly three raps came. Holding a bullet between his fingers he said, "This is the bullet which contains the name." After repeating the letters of the alphabet, he said; "I have it and will write it out for you." He did so, asking Mr. Farnsworth if it were correct. Mr. Farnsworth said that part of the test was that he was not to know the name. He then left, taking the bullets and the name, and he reported the next day that the name was given correctly.

Mlle. Louise Gautier, a young French girl who was born deaf and dumb, has lately passed the examination at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris, with high honors, and received not only her diploma but an appointment as teacher. She has been taught to read the lips and to speak by the Grosselin system.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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The Art of Expression in its Relation to Prosthesis. By Dr. J. H. Woolley. Chicago. Read before the Chicago Dental Society, Dec. 2, 1890.

Dr. Woolley has given close attention to the expressions of the face and the movement of the muscles that control facial expression, and he writes intelligently on the subject. "In sorrow," he says, "we notice that all the muscles of the face are relaxed, the eye brows are raised toward the middle of the forehead, the eyes droop, as also the corners of the mouth. Somewhat similar are the expressions of dejection, pity, and melancholy. In joy, the eyes are bright, the mouth slightly opened and the corners turned up. In pain we notice a contraction of the eye brows and wrinkling of the forehead, the mouth slightly open with the corners turned up. The expression of contempt, sorrow, pain, etc., are controlled by certain muscles. Habitual modes of thought stamp themselves upon the face." The mouth sustains a most important relation to the organs of the face, and this relation in connection with mechanical dentistry is one on which Dr. Woolley gives the results of his careful study.

Five Minute Declamations: Selected and Adopted. By Walter K. Fobes. Boston. Lee & Shepard. 1891: p. 24f. Price 50c. (McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash ave., Chicago).

This little volume, one of Fobes' elocutionary handbooks for school and college, and the second part of his selections for five minute declamations, is composed mainly of extracts from the addresses of American orators, including Webster, Winthrop, Everett, Curtis, Phillip Sumner, Choate, and other great public speakers. The selections are full of ideas as well as eloquent in language, showing excellent judgment and discrimination on the part of Mr. Fobes.

Peter Henderson—Gardner, Author; *Merchant:* A memoir. By Alfred Henderson. New York: McClroy & Emmel. 1890.

This little work is a son's tribute to his father's services in American horticulture, in which Peter Henderson by his achievements, won deserved distinction in the country of his adoption. His straightforward and generous business dealings with over a million people, during a period of nearly if not fully forty years, made his name a synonym for all that is honorable in trade. His "Gardening for Profit," published in 1867, and subsequent works by him have been recognized as the highest American authorities on the subject of which they treat. Although by birth a Scotchman, Mr. Henderson was proud of his citizenship in this Republic. Personally he was respected and beloved for his many noble qualities. The memoir is well written and gives the leading facts in the life of Peter Henderson, whose earthly career ended Jan. 19, 1890. He was born at Pathhead, Scotland, in 1822.

The First Annual Report of the Executive Board of the Woman's Charity Club Hospital, at 38 Chester Square, Boston. This hospital was started January 1st, 1890. The report says that suffering women were waiting to enter and adds: "They are all the time waiting, and while we can assist but twelve at a time, yet we consider what a blessing it is to be saving even these few lives, and work on in hope of more means as a help to greater usefulness." Ninety-three women have been entered on the books as patients. Eighty-nine have gone to their homes well women. That is certainly a good record. Thirty-five of the ninety-three cases required capital operations. All the operations were performed by Dr. Ernest W. Cushing. Such ladies as Dr. Salome Merrett, Mrs. Dora B. Smith, Mrs. Mary Dyer, and Mrs. L. A. Hatch are among the officers of the institution.

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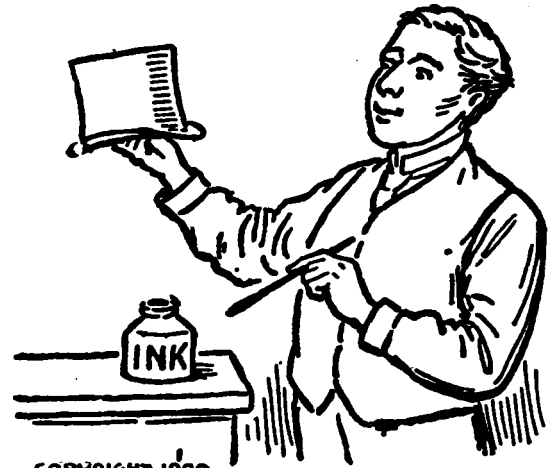
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CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva.
CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER."
CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

This is the English edition originally published at \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre.

8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY Chicago.

SHERMAN.

"Lights out!" As from some distant star
I heard the mystic trumpeter.
"Lights out!" I knew it was command
To one who wore the battle scar.
But "Whose," I asked, "the tent wherein
Life's evening lamp shall no more gleam?"
"Lights out!" And lo! a tent grew dark.
Then a ray of light from out the gloom
Fell on a chart within my room,
And like a flame burned—"To the sea?"
Revealing at once the mystery.

That light reached out beyond the sun,
Telling the "March" had but begun,—
Our evening there was "Reveille."
Grant, Sheridan and Thomas long before
"Promoted" were! Now one star more
Lincoln to Sherman's shoulder gave.
And when for him at God's command
The bugler sounded "Taps" on earth
That ray of light from o'er the sea
Had in that glorious star its birth.

—H. H. Brown, in Springfield Republican.

This is the last notice in the journal by Sir Walter of his dear friend (January, 1832):

"James Skene, of Rubislaw, died at Frewin Hale, Oxford, in his ninetieth year."

His faculties remained unimpaired throughout his serene and beautiful old age, until the end was very near. Then one evening his daughter found him with a look of inexpressible delight on his face, when he said to her, "I have had such a great pleasure! Scott has been here—he came from a long distance to see me. He has been sitting with me by the fireside, talking over our happy recollections of the past."

Two or three days later he followed his well-loved friend into the unseen world—gently and calmly, like a child falling asleep, he passed away in perfect peace.—*Light.*

A new edition of "The Voices," by Warren Sumner Barlow is out and we are prepared to fill all orders. It is meeting with as great sales as the preceding editions, and is a most appropriate gift book. Price, \$1.10, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Dr. J. H. Dewey's works are meeting with large sales. "The Way, The Truth and The Life," a hand book of Christian theosophy, healing, and psychic culture, price, \$2.00; "The Pathway of the Spirit," a guide to inspiration, illumination and divine realization on earth, price cloth, \$1.25, paper cover, 75 cents, and the last one out, "The Open Door, or the Secret of Jesus," which gives in condensed form a lucid and convincing exposition of the interior life, and the divine possibilities of man, price 30 cents. For sale at this office

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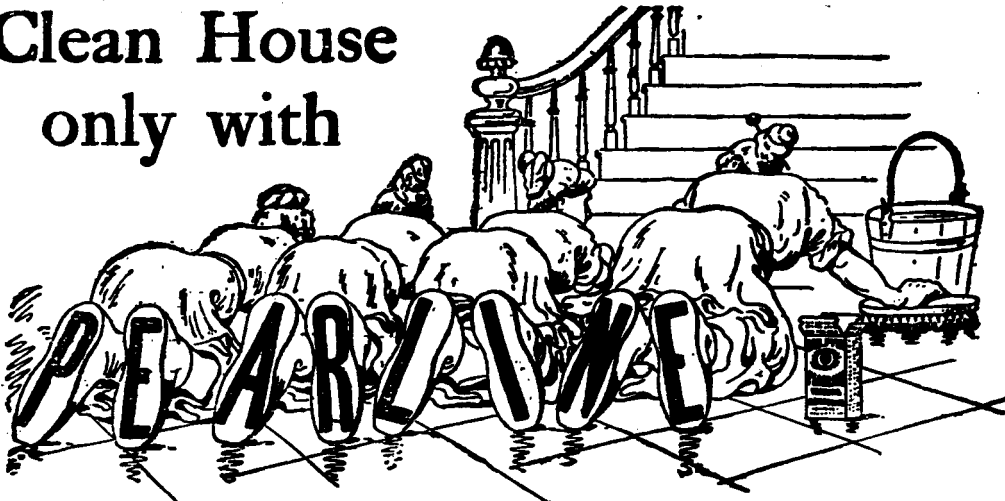
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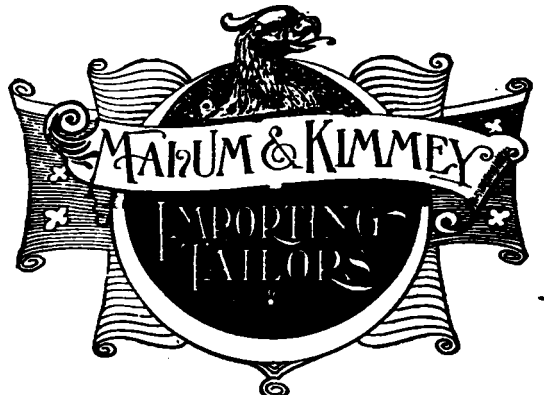
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RAISIN

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In reply to your letter of inquiry, I would say that I am familiar with the land embraced in the Turnbull Colony, in Tulare County. I have personally tested it, and can say that the soil is of extraordinary fertility, that the tract is within one of the best Artesian Belts in the State.

Very truly yours, E. B. POND

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

Mr. J. W. HALL, Superintendent of Barton's Vineyard Co., Fresno, who was in company with May POND when he visited the tract, says:

I cannot but add that in thinking over the various circumstances of my visit to your land in company with Mayor E. B. POND, that you have one of the best schemes now 'laying out of doors.' In my opinion there is no land around Fresno that can compare with it for the raising of grapes and fruit of all kinds, as that a vineyard and orchard there would be long lived and more profitable than are ours here, (Fresno) J. W. HALL, Fresno.

RESULT: Mr. A. J. Moulder, former Superintendent of Public Instruction of California, then addressed the following letter to the teachers of the San Francisco School Department.

Having full confidence in his (General Turnbull) good faith and ability to make the "Colony" a success, I have become interested to the extent of subscribing for 20 acres, to be planted in raisin grapes. To persons of moderate means, and especially to those employed on a salary, something more than their absolute needs, this Colony offers the advantages of a Savings Bank. It may compel close economy until the \$50 per acre is paid, but it promises over 100 per cent. per annum on that investment, when the land is paid for, and a property in fee worth \$500 per acre, or \$10,000 for a 20 acre tract.

A. J. Moulder, 812 Bush Street, San Francisco

TURNBULL COLONY

Col. JOHN P. IRISH, Editor of the Daily Alta, of San Francisco, and formerly a prominent citizen and journalist of Iowa, writes to a fellow townsman:

I know General TURNBULL, the promoter of colony to be a man of position, ability, means, the successful organizer of a number of colonies in Tulare Co., very well. His tract is one of the best in the state, with abundance of water and his present scheme is certainly a opportunity for the person of moderate means to safely recommend it to all our friends who are to come to California. JOHN P. IRISH.

Last summer I visited California, and several successful colonies, and am satisfied that the statement contained in the Turnbull Colony pamphlet as to productions of raisin and fruit are absolutely correct, and believe the Colony will faithfully carry out their contracts. A purchaser by this scheme knows exactly when he will get his land.

A. L. THOMAS, of Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

Refer with pleasure to the following gentlemen throughout California, as to our financial standing and ability to faithfully carry out the contract to cultivate these lands as set forth:

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LOS ANGELES: ex-Gov. Stoneman, TULARE: J. Goldman, Pres. Tulare Co. Bank, C. G. Lamberson, Dist. Attorney, Visalia, J. A. Lytle, Supt. Paize & Morton's Vineyard.

BERKELEY: rev. Giles A. Easton, Ep'l Clergyman, Prof. Frank Soule, University of California.

OAKLAND: Eli Denison, State Senator,

SANTA CRUZ: J. A. Waldron, Editor Sentinel, CHICAGO: A. L. Thomas of Lord & Thomas, L. H. Pickering, 555 Bialto Building, W. C. Budd, Dunham & Co. Brokers, Maj. Ben. C. Truman, Mgr. Cal. Evh. Bialto Bldg., Philander Pickering, Board of Trade.

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500,000 vines are at present in the Nursery and the land is now being prepared for planting.

TULARE COUNTY



AT THE DOORS OF A CHURCH."

BY A. M. MÜNGER.

"Blessed are the merciful."
List! the angel voices low,
Chanting words Christ gave to men
Eighteen hundred years ago.
"For they shall obtain mercy."
Hear them pleading soft and low,
In the blessed symphony,
Given to earth so long ago.

Staggering along the street,
Hands outreaching here and there,
Gropeth one who needs support—
Going—Ah! he knows not where.
Pinched with want—in tattered clothes,
Shivering, stumbling more and more—
Falls at last within the snow,
Close beside a great church door.

Drunken! say the passers by,
As they leave him where he fell.
Yet, Christ said in Galilee,
"Blessed are the merciful."
Little children scoff and jeer,
Jerk and pull him in their glee.
Ah! 'twas long ago Christ said,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Comes a good Samaritan,
Puts the children all to flight;
Has compassion on the man,
Found in such a wretched plight.
Takes a hand within his own,
Seeks to quell the wild alarm,
As the man his struggles cease,
And falls fainting in his arms.

From the lofty Synagogue,
Anthems unto heaven soar,
While a brother pinched with woe—
Dying—lies without their door.
Strong arms lay the burden down,
Begg a place beside their fire.
"Take the wretch away" they cry.
"We have no room for him here."

"Blessed are the merciful."
List! the angels sobbing low
On the winter's chilling blast,
Words Christ said so long ago.
Oh! not drunk, but dying, see!
Hear him pleading so forlorn:
"Take my pennies—all I have—
Take them, please, and get me warm."

Closed the door within his face,
Heartless they to every plea.
Then the good man gives his coat,
"—kes the head upon his knee.
—alas! the end is near:
Just a gasp—a fluttering breath;
Food and warmth are useless now,
He has found release in death.

Hark? again the angels sing:
"Blessed are the merciful;
He who bindeth up the wounds;
They who pour the wine and oil;
For they shall obtain mercy."
'Tis the "choir invisible"
Chanting words of Galilee:
"Blessed are the merciful."

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad,"
He has joined the choir above.
Angels bear him to the skies,
Softly singing "God is love."
Still the worshipers chant praise,
Still to heav'n their prayers o'er flow.
Jesus said "Be merciful"
But 'twas very long ago.

A Decided Improvement.

A generation or two ago, in the days of homespun clothing, when our forefathers began to save up their old-fashioned clocks for grand-children to talk about, every spring it was the custom for whole families to take frequent and liberal doses of sulphur and molasses to "purify their blood." Fortunate are the people of to-day that they escape this nauseating mixture, and can take instead that agreeable and efficacious medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is a scientific preparation which goes to the right spot, thoroughly purifies the blood, and dispels "that tired feeling," an expression which accurately describes the condition of thousands who will not confess that they are sick, but yet have no enjoyment of food or occupation and yet feel real miserable or "dragged out." Hood's Sarsaparilla imparts such strength of mind and body as to make one feel "like a new person."

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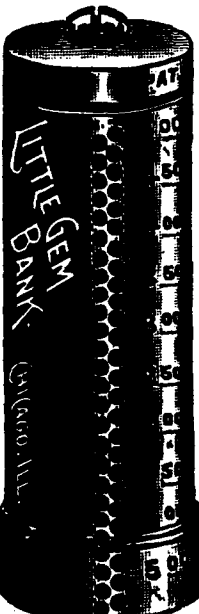
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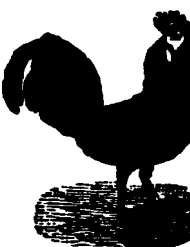
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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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"M'VICKER'S."

The history of Chicago cannot be written without prominent and repeated mention of Mr. J. H. McVicker and the theater which bears his name. THE JOURNAL's readers will recall the burning of the splendid structure on August 26, 1890. Mr. McVicker was at Saratoga, but took the first train for home and at once set about reconstructing the building. In doing so he sacrificed his own comfort, moved hereto by public spirit and the spontaneous outpouring of good will on the part of all Chicago. He might have retired from active business and enjoyed that life of ease which a long and successful career would have justified; but love of his art and a desire to meet the universal wish of his fellow citizens inspired him again to rebuild a temple for the drama. Although no longer young in years, Mr. McVicker has worked for months with the enthusiasm of youth, and the magnificent pile is now about completed. On March 20th, the theater will be opened by Jefferson & Florence in the standard play of "The Rivals." A shrewd business man, knowing that everybody would want to be present on that evening, walked into the managers office and offered \$4,000 for the house for performance. He was told that he would not buy it; that no speculation was allowed, and seats would be sold at fair prices. Tempting

premiums for boxes have also been rejected. All this is consistent with Mr. McVicker's life-long policy and has the approval of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. These two gentlemen of the old school do not tolerate the modern method of squeezing the public.

Mr. McVicker first appeared as an actor in Chicago in 1848; and his theater was established in 1857. Since then he has spent over \$700,000 in the several reconstructions of the premises. The new auditorium can hardly be finer than the one destroyed, but everybody will be glad that this home of the drama is once more open to the public. Dr. H. W. Thomas and his great congregation will also be rejoiced to return to their Sunday home.

NIAGARA FALLS.

In the cyclorama building at the southeast corner of Wabash avenue and Hubbard court, Chicago, is the world's most famous cataract transferred by the brush and paint of the artist to canvas, with nothing lacking except the roar of the tumbling waters and eager voice of the hack men. The visitor climbs a winding stairway that leads to the top of the old museum on the Canadian shore directly opposite Goat Island which divides the great cataract. To the right are seen the Horseshoe Falls, and to the left, in which direction the river winds its way to the Whirlpool Rapids, the American Falls appear. In the distance are the new suspension bridge for carriages and pedestrians, the Clifton House, on the Canadian side, and the town of Niagara, on New York soil. Continuing to the left the visitor meets with groves, parks and rocky cliffs until, completing the circuit, he reaches the old Prospect House, which faces the Horseshoe Falls. This house was removed not long ago to make room for the extension of Queen Victoria Park, but it was standing when Philipoteaux painted the picture. Beyond the Prospect House and capping a mountainous promontory is seen the Loretta convent. Stretching far below the spectators are the walks and carriage roads alive with people and equipages. The artist has given an autumn view of the falls and their surroundings. The coloring and perspective show careful work. The canvass is 410 feet long and fifty feet in width. A private view of the work was given on the evening of March 11th to several hundred persons who were present by special invitation.

"A Reader" writes that it is claimed "that Gen. Sherman was at one time a good Catholic, for Rev. Fr. Sherman was reported to have said that his father was baptized and married in the Catholic church and had, previous to the war, been a regular attendant at the services." "A Reader" adds; "During the war the opportunity to attend services may have been a rare exception and the scenes that must have presented themselves to the general's eyes were not such as would soften the heart and make it more sensitive to religious feeling. Nevertheless he continued to love the church, for he gave to this institution one of his beloved children. Was it not only natural then that we should think that if he was aware of the danger he would ask and long for the blessings of his mother church? Had he been conscious, and had he lived long enough to see his reverend son, no doubt he would have regretted not to have sooner returned to his religion. Yes, indeed, his mind could be interpreted, and it was an easy task at that, and he who possesses any religious feeling whatever, can easily understand that it was interpreted correctly." On another page in THE JOURNAL this week may be found an article that is conclusive as to Gen. Sherman's religious position. The statements made and added to from time to

time, that the distinguished soldier was a Catholic, illustrate how myths originate and grow.

Mr. Sigmund M. Rothhammer writes: I hail with delight the new Association for Psychical Investigation. I hope with every true Spiritualist, that its efforts will be crowned with that success their intention to demonstrate the future of man on scientific principles so well deserves. The advice of W. W. Currier to investigators is to the point, and should the new organization avail itself of it, success will crown its efforts, and humanity will be its debtor for the greatest earthly boon: "knowledge of a conscious, personal and active life beyond the grave." May God bless its efforts, and kind, noble and highly developed spirits guide and assist in their noble and philanthropic work.

Dr. Hamilton Warren, of Omaha, a fine healer and long-time subscriber, has just completed his medical course at Cotner University, Lincoln, Neb. Dr. W. was valedictorian of his class. He found it better to go through and get a diploma, than to be continually defending against the workings of the unjust medical law of Nebraska.

THE JOURNAL's composition room will be moved to another building as soon as this number is ready for the press. After fourteen years' occupancy of the same quarters such a removal is no easy job, yet it is hoped that little or no delay in publishing next week's paper will occur.

Dr. A. Pratt, Chester, Conn.: The lieutenant governor of the state of Connecticut in 1870 had embraced Swedenborgianism. He was a wealthy man and an earnest and devout Christian. In his place—Middletown—there was no Swedenborgian church

and he offered one of the church societies \$2,000 a year if they would allow a Swedenborgian minister to occupy the pulpit twice a year. The offer was declined. He was a liberal, charitable man, and gave his check for \$1,000 to help build an Episcopal church, in Middletown. He is now dead, died several years ago.

Dr. A. B. Westcott an old citizen, who in years past took an interest in Spiritualism, solved the problem last week by cross-over to the majority. He was a genial gentleman of large acquirements and stainless life. Prof. Alex Wilder and other JOURNAL contributors knew him well.

Mrs. Martha Dolph passed to spirit life from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Davis, in this city last Saturday at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. Mrs. Davis is well and favorably known as a medium and healer.

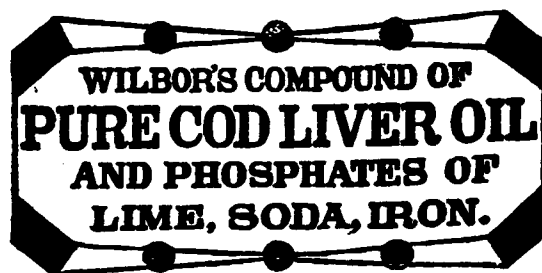
T. M. Draper writes: Please accept thanks for your masterly answer to my questions on Darwinism. That alone is worth a year's subscription to your valuable paper.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

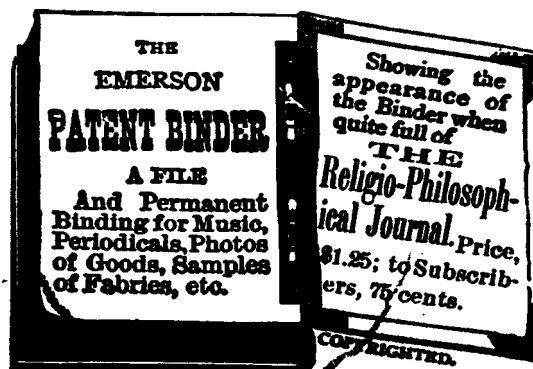
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St. Vitus Dance Cured!

SAN ANDREAS, CAL. Co., Cal., Febr. 1890. My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by it, that he could not go to school for 2 years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his natural health, and he is now attending school again.

MICHAEL JOONNEL

Extract From a Letter of the

Rev. W. C. Kampmeier, Lowell, Wash. Co. O. After the second dose of the Nerve Tonic which I ordered for my little son upon the advice of Rev. E. Koenig, the spasms disappeared and no symptoms shown since four weeks, although the attacks came from 15 to 20 times each day before.—The child was so delicate that it could hardly stand or walk, now it is playing in the yard and has gained 3½ lbs. in weight. Although the Rev. Koenig had expressed but little hope that the Nerve Tonic would help, I thank God that I followed his advice and shall recommend the remedy to all sufferers.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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THE RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MARCH 28, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 44.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Mrs. Mary Cash Cheairs at Bolivar, Tenn., died recently on her ninety-fourth birthday as she had predicted she would about two years ago. So says a communication from Memphis to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

The Nationalist party makes its appearance for the first time in state politics of Rhode Island, where it has nominated a state ticket. Franklin Burton, an intelligent mechanic and a man of sterling worth, is the candidate for governor.

To the lay mind, says the Springfield *Republican*, it seems that when a minister has discovered that his beliefs have reached such a phase that they cannot be identified with the old interpretation of the creed of his church, he would do the honest and brave thing to resign from its ministry.

Dr. G. W. King, of King Station, N. Y., does not think much of the curative value of Dr. Koch's lymph. "I am sure," says the King Station physician, "that it is not a good practice to attempt to kill parasites or bacilli with a too powerful or dangerous treatment. Many years ago, with a hammer, I broke a good jug in trying to kill a fly that was upon it."

Referring to a discussion of "The Problem of the Unemployed," in one of the monthly magazines, the Boston *Globe* observes: A little while ago the same publication asked the question, "What shall we do with our millionaires?" It is these two extremes in our national life, the extremely poor and the redundantly rich, that furnish the most serious problems for modern society to solve.

Lawrence Barrett, son of a tailor, without genius and without even early education; by patient zeal, persistent study and hard work, became a prominent figure in the American drama. Largely through his example and instrumentality the profession of the actor in this country was elevated as was the theatre in dignity, character and worth. The stage will ever owe him a debt of gratitude.

Brander Matthews says in the *Independent*: The copyright bill as passed is a compromise measure; and therefore, in all probability it is not wholly satisfactory to any of those who urged its passage. But it will take from the United States the stigma of being the only one of the great nations of the world which still permitted the foreigner to be plundered within its borders; it will kill the habit of piracy; it will remove the premium of cheapness from foreign fiction; it will relieve the American novelist from the competition with stolen goods; and it will give the American publishers a chance to supply the demand for cheap books with works of American authorship.

Physicians are astonished by the remarkable case of McConky, of Springport, Mich., who has been fast asleep for eight months. Last July he lost the power of speech, was taken sick, went to bed, and has

not spoken or opened his eyes since. Saturday night blood began to flow from his head and ears and suddenly he came to his senses. The doctors are dumfounded by the phenomenon, and explain it on the supposition that some blood became clotted in his brain which prevented it from being active. He remembers nothing since he went into the sound sleep but can recall everything previous to that time. McConky is a married man and has of late been granted a pension for service in the war of 1812.

Ludwig Windthorst, leader of the Ultramontanist party in Prussia, who died a few days ago, had neither intellectual nor moral greatness, but he was crafty and in command of all the resources of the politician. Supported by the Roman hierarchy he was ever ready to form an alliance with any party that would help him in his opposition to Bismarck. For his leadership of the Kulturkampf against the Falk laws of 1873, which were oppressive to the Roman Catholic citizens, he deserves credit. He was the champion of the Jesuits, and he fought the extension of suffrage and the institution of compulsory civil marriage. His forty years' experience in political life, together with his natural adroitness, made him a strong leader of the Roman Catholics of Prussia.

The secret organization known as the Mafia, composed of thieves, ex-convicts and desperate lawbreakers, whose robberies and assassinations through a long series of years supplied the fuel which in New Orleans fed into fierce flame the fires of illegal vengeance, should be speedily broken up at whatever cost. The Italians of this country have denounced in strong terms the shooting of their countrymen by a New Orleans mob. It is discreditable to them that they have not, at the same time, denounced the Mafia and its crimes, to which the tragedy of lynch law was primarily due. Secret, oath-bound organizations maintained in this republic for wreaking private vengeance and defeating the ends of justice are as deplorable a violation of law and order as that which recently occurred at New Orleans.

Prince Jerome Napoleon whose death was announced last week resembled his imperial uncle in physical characteristics, but he had little of the firmness and courage of the great Corsican, and in military affairs in which he had experience both in the Crimea and in Italy, he achieved no distinction—indeed was for the most part rather a failure. The Bonapartist faction in France had no admiration for him, and the bolder of the faction refusing to recognize him as the head of the Napoleonic dynasty rallied around his son Prince Victor Napoleon, instead. Yet "Plon Plon" as Prince Jerome was dubbed in derision, when amid the dangers of Alma and Inkerman he gave up his command—the words being those which the French address to their horses in urging them on to a desperate charge—was not without talent of a certain kind. He delivered an oration on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of Napoleon, of remarkable power. Its sentiments were so revolutionary that Napoleon III wrote from Algiers a letter disclaiming any share in its sentiments, and in consequence Prince Napoleon was obliged to surrender his office as vice-president of the privy council and membership of the regency in

the emperor's absence. While he had some intellect added to which was charm of manner, he was deficient in moral strength and steadiness of purpose, and his life was barren of any great results.

At the Methodist ministers' meeting, held in this city just after the New Orleans lynching occurred, a resolution was introduced condemning the unlawful killing of the Italians. After a warm discussion, lasting a full hour, in which a number of the ministers opposed the adoption of the resolution, one member moved that the subject be referred to a committee to prepare a report. An amendment was at once offered that the committee report at once. The amendment was lost, whereupon two members of the committee, who were in favor of the resolution, resigned, and other names were substituted. Since the ministers' meetings are in the habit of adopting resolutions denouncing ordinary offences, and some that are merely imaginary, it is strange that they could not agree to condemn the ferocious and murderous outburst of a populace which resulted in shooting down defenseless men in jail. Mob law is un-American and indefensible. At the next ministers' meeting the report submitted, in the form of resolutions, while it condemned the resort to mob violence, so stated the case as the *Inter Ocean* remarks, "as to make the report a plea in extenuation or an apology for the mob rather than a condemnation of its action." Rev. Dr. Bristol denounced the resolutions as "weak and disgraceful," and virtually a defense of mob law. The resolutions were tabled, and the meeting did not commit itself to any view as to the New Orleans murder.

According to the reports from Germany up to January 1st and the review in the New York hospital by Dr. A. Jacobi the popular anticipations of wonderful results from the use of Dr. Koch's tuberculin have not been realized. At the same time the more moderate expectations of scientists are being met. The remedy checks tuberculosis in many cases. It is no substitute for climatic changes, or when the disease is local, for the surgeon's knife, but it accomplishes more in the cure of this disease, it is declared, than any other known agency except the two named. Dr. Jacobi thinks that the future successful treatment of pulmonary consumption will be "a combination of climatic cures with the careful persistent use of tuberculin." In sixty carefully selected cases, covering the various different phases of tuberculosis, which form the basis of Dr. Jacobi's report, there were many different after-effects, showing that other than a tubercular condition of the patient has to do with the operation of this remedy. There were sixteen pulmonary cases treated. One died, four were not improved, five were improved, four were much improved, and two recovered. Dr. Jacobi regards this as a very encouraging result, as it is an advance from the customary experience with the same number of similar cases admitted to the hospital and given, except the use of tuberculin, the same treatment. According to reports from the German hospitals, covering the months of November and December, 1,061 cases were reported from fifty-five hospitals. Most of them were still under treatment. Of 17 had been cured.

ON A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

wholly eradicate *a priori* opinions and dissipate persistent influence of inherited theological beliefs intensified by training while the mind is young plastic, and crystalized in maturer years, is a difficult task. Right here is the critical point where spiritualism demands of its followers and teachers the most heroic endeavor—the complete mastery of self, and a thorough understanding and assimilation of the fundamental principles of its philosophy. More than mere intellectual assent is necessary. The consciousness of each individual Spiritualist should be so saturated and infilled with the spiritual philosophy as to leave no room for old beliefs, no surface even on which their shadows rest.

We are led to these remarks by a letter from a brilliant lady journalist and author who, amid the multifarious activities of a busy life, finds time to give thought to spiritual things. We should like to give the letter in full, but do not feel sure that it is permissible, hence we quote as follows:

By the way, the question I hear oftenest, and one over which I have queried a great deal, is this. People say: "How can we obtain a spiritual knowledge that will be of any practical good to ourselves and others? When we are troubled or perplexed, of what avail their coming unless they can guide and direct us, and show us how to avert evil, etc.?" and when assured that they do accomplish that, they say: "Oh, perhaps, in rare cases, but that does not help us any. If we are earnest and faithful, and striving to obtain spiritual aid and direction, why don't we get it?" I have a lady in mind now, who is a strong believer in the higher Spiritualism, not an idle dreamer who listlessly waits for the spirits to do for her what she has not energy enough to do for herself, but one who, while working to the best of her ability, is ever seeking spiritual guidance, and yet she says it does not come. "I can get it for other people, but when I am troubled and perplexed, and wanting help from beyond, I don't get it, although I never am self-willed in the matter, asking only to be directed as to what is best and right." "Some tell me that knowledge does not come to one for himself, but then why am I not guided to another for it?"

Everything depends on what is meant by "practical good." The context implies pretty clearly that it is worldly, secular, non-spiritual. People who ask that question had their training in some orthodox church or in one strongly colored by orthodox theology. They have believed at some time that they could unload their sins upon Jesus, and that God would interfere with the natural course of things in their interest if only they besought Him with sufficient earnestness and eloquence. Having discarded their theology in its old form they are now religionists without a religion, philosophers without a philosophy; but they don't know it. They insist still that some other than themselves shall carry their burdens, shield them from the consequences of their errors and weaknesses, and make their paths smooth and altogether lovely. The old theological cataracts have been removed, but their eyes are not trained and "they see men as trees walking." In their old world they were blind; all their habits of thought, and their mental constitutions were fashioned and adapted to that realm of darkness. Now they have left it behind, but its shadows follow them across the boundary, and not until after long and tedious travel will they get out of their reach and on to the glorious heights of lucid perception and consciousness, where only can be found true spiritual exaltation, and strength to meet the exigencies of life.

Spiritual growth must be from the interior, and no accumulation of psychical knowledge will, of itself alone, make one a whit better, or help one to fight life's battles. That knowledge must be utilized, the philosophy underlying must be evolved, and an ever-increasing rapport with the spiritual unceasingly sought. Only by the stimulation and perfecting of one's own spiritual nature can one obtain real and permanent dominion.

It is not the province of Spiritualism, popular opinion and desire to the contrary notwithstanding, to relieve mortals of earthly responsibilities or carry them as a parent does a child. That is to help mortals to

such direct personal aid is the exception rather than the rule. How often it happens that in the light of after years what seems an unbearable sorrow or disastrous defeat at the time, is seen to have been the greatest blessing that could have come to the individual, working either to his own advantage or that of humanity, of which he is an integral part and of whose betterments he must therefore always be a sharer.

Seeking "spiritual guidance" in mundane matters, meaning thereby the soliciting of the direct, personal, conscious interference and assistance of a friend or "guide" in spirit life as our correspondent evidently means, is, as a rule, to be avoided as hazardous as well as enervating and demoralizing to the seeker. The reasons for this are too numerous, and probably too patent, to most of THE JOURNAL's readers at least, to be given here. If the seeker will strive as hard to become master of his own spiritual and psychical faculties as he does to appropriate those of others from a world he knows little of, and from beings whose wisdom or unwisdom he has no method of measuring, he will not only eventually conquer his difficulties but gain that which can neither be stolen or lost. Even if it were wise and always safe to follow "spirit guidance," the perplexed inquirer should remember the extremely delicate and subtle conditions necessary to such intercourse, and the imperative condition of calm self-poise and perfect receptivity on the part of the seeker—a condition which in the very constitution of things can rarely prevail when one is profoundly stirred by some great perplexity, or sorrow. A volume would be inadequate in which to treat the questions raised by our correspondent, and this cursory consideration of them must suffice for the present.

AN EXCELLENT BILL.

In the Illinois legislature now in session at Springfield a bill was introduced last week by Senator Thomas, of Cook county, which, if it becomes a law, will prove a boon to Spiritualists and investigators of psychical and spiritistic phenomena. The wording of the bill is substantially as originally written by Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, whose high standing as a lawyer and Spiritualist is already well known to most of THE JOURNAL's readers. The text of the bill is as follows:

Every person, who, for profit or gain, or in anticipation thereof, for the purpose of presenting any spiritualistic materialization, shall impersonate the spirit of any deceased person, or by any trick, device, or mechanical contrivance shall present anything representing the spirit of any deceased person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined a sum of not less than \$100 nor more than \$300 for each such offense; or shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than three nor more than six months; or in the discretion of the court, both such fine and imprisonment may be imposed. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed as applying to an theatrical performance.

Let this bill become a law and it will give clarity to the minds of grand juries, magistrates and all judicial officers who may be called upon to act in matters of this sort. It will limit jurisdiction to the immediate and sole consideration of the complaint and the evidence, depriving grand juries and magistrates of the prerogative so frequently assumed by them of passing upon Spiritualism rather than upon the misdemeanor complained of. As things are now, grand juries and magistrates are prone to arrogate the privilege to declare, on *a priori* grounds, that spirit manifestations are impossible and Spiritualism a system of psycho-physical prestidigitation; that the legal presumption is that every body knows this, and hence no criminal deception can be practiced for there is no good reason why any one should be deceived. This reasoning has frequently wrought miscarriage of justice, allowed the guilty to escape and brought ridicule and contempt upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Again, even where grand juries and magistrates are intent on doing justice, and feel that the offense should be punished, they are confused by lack of knowledge and precedents; and in the absence of a specific statute fear to proceed. They are usually wholly unfamiliar with the subject; they have never heard of the investigations and affirmative testimony

of Professors Crookes, Zoellner, Wallace and others distinguished in science. They know nothing of the results of the work of the Society for Psychical Research, nor of the thousands of cases of spirit manifestation supported by irrefragable proofs. They know how jealous is the public in all matters of religion, and their dense ignorance of Spiritualism leads them into confusion when the question of religious belief is raised in the jury room or by the shrewd lawyer for the defense in the court room. They have a hazy suspicion that possibly these pseudo-mediums and psychical fakirs are the high priests of some strange religion whose leaders and followers are not to be molested in their pious orgies.

THE JOURNAL is tired of all this vagueness, this imbecility, this thwarting of justice. It is not strange that ignorance of Spiritualism, theological bias and preconceived opinions should cause the defeat of justice. It is not strange that conscientious officers of the law should hesitate to deal with something not specifically mentioned in the statutes. If their course is made plain by statutory enactment it will be a source of relief to them and of great moral and pecuniary advantage to the public.

We are familiar with the stock argument of some very good people, to wit: "Existing laws already cover the ground and are sufficient. A specific statute will lead to abuses and persecution of innocent persons." With all due deference to these objectors, for some of whom we have the highest personal esteem, we do not hesitate to declare their objections ill founded and their fears fallacious and unwarranted. Present laws are not sufficient. In the forty odd years since the beginning of the Spiritualist movement with the raps in the home of the Fox family at Hydesville, N. Y., it has been demonstrated time and again in nearly every commonwealth of this nation that perpetrators of fraud in the guise of spiritualistic phenomena escape punishment under existing laws. The history of attempts to punish the tricksters in this city will furnish reasons sufficient to warrant the passage of the bill now before the legislature.

Why is it that every last one of the tricksters, their confederates and personal friends so stoutly oppose such a statute and loudly proclaim that the law now existing is sufficient? Is not the reason plain? Than their persistent antagonism can a more cogent reason be offered for the passage of the bill now before the Illinois legislature? To say that innocent people will stand in danger of malicious prosecution and cruel persecution under the provisions of this bill is preposterous; a libel upon the American people and a travesty on common sense. The claim of danger to the innocent is only honestly advanced by those who credit the subterfuges resorted to by such creatures as Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Sawyer and others when caught in the act of personating a materialized spirit. There is not in existence one scintilla of good evidence to support the various pleas of these tricksters, or to establish the claim that any one of them was ever entranced, or under the control of a deceiving spirit, the unconscious, innocent tool of malign, invisible intelligences, when thus caught and exposed—not one spark of evidence, despite the claims of these professionals and their deceived supporters.

The passage of this bill into a law need not be feared by any honest medium; on the contrary, all such should actively favor it and solicit their patrons to work for it. This law will give honest mediums a chance and relieve from temptation those who, might possibly be driven to simulate spirit forms against their own consciences, through stress of circumstances and the competition of unconscionable competitors.

Many of the leading thinkers of the country are deeply interested in the study of psychical phenomena. We know personally of a large number of jurists, preachers, doctors and statesmen who are Spiritualists, and anxious to see Spiritualism posited on such a sound scientific basis as shall command universal acceptance of its central claim and free its phenomenon from all taint of suspicion of premeditated deception. On account of this large body of intelligent, influential and sympathetic researchers; and in the direct interest of upright mediums, of Spiritualism, of publi

morals, of all that makes for righteousness, this bill should become a law.

We hope that every reader of THE JOURNAL resident in Illinois will write his representative or senator forthwith, urging the enactment of this law. Let us as Spiritualists show the world that we are unreservedly in favor of all that makes or is intended to make for honesty and good order, and that Spiritualism has nothing to fear but all to gain from every such endeavor.

GONE TO MEET LINCOLN.

On March 18, William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, passed to spirit life from his country home near Springfield, Illinois. His son William, aged twenty-one, preceded him to spirit life by only six hours. The son had been sick with pneumonia a few days, but the condition of the father, who was ill with the grip, was not considered serious until the morning of his departure, when he became unconscious. He rallied once and said he was ready to go, adding, "I am an over-ripe sheaf, but I will take the weak one, (meaning his son) with me."

Mr. Herndon was born in Kentucky in 1818 and came to Illinois with his parents when two years old. He read law in the office of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield and was admitted to practice in 1844, becoming a partner of Lincoln not long after. This partnership was never formally dissolved, and virtually continued until Mr. Lincoln's earth-life closed. We knew Mr. Herndon well and it was always a pleasure to listen to his quaint and unpretentious talk. He was simple in his wants and claims, unambitious for place or power, and a good deal of a philosopher. For the last dozen years of his life he was a constant reader and occasional correspondent of THE JOURNAL. He undoubtedly knew more of Lincoln than any other man, and he loved him dearly. Lincoln would have bestowed on him any office within his gift that might have been asked, but Herndon did not want office. His "Life of Lincoln" published some three years ago created wide attention and much adverse criticism from incompetent and silly critics. It can be said without fear of successful contradiction that Herndon furnished more trustworthy data for Lincoln's biographers than was had from all other sources. But he was a singularly candid and truth-loving man, capable of close and keen analysis of character, and thus naturally disgruntled hero worshippers and writers of the Miss Nancy school.

FARMS EAST AND WEST.

According to a report of the Massachusetts state bureau of labor statistics there is in the state a total of 1,461 abandoned farms, comprising 3.4 per cent. of its total farm acreage, and on more than one-half of them are buildings. These figures do not include those farms that may have been abandoned by owners but not abandoned as to cultivation; but they represent farms formerly cultivated and now deserted, whose buildings have been left unoccupied and suffered to decay. But Rodney Welch, in the *Forum*, says that in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa more farms have been deserted than in New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts. In the New England states farms are deserted because the cultivation of them does not pay, while in some prairie regions of the West owners of the farms leave them because they can obtain enough rent from tenants to enable them to live in the towns. "Cities in several western states contain hundreds of retired farmers. Springfield, Ill., and Janesville, Wis., are good examples of the towns in which these absentee landlords reside. They obtained land at a low price and improved it with the intention of residing permanently upon it; but when they became independent they divided their farms into small tracts, erected cheap buildings on them and leased them, generally to persons of foreign birth." According to Mr. Welch the retired farmers or absentee landlords take but little interest in main-

much less in projecting new improvements. Their farms are worked as mines and quarries are, for the amount of marketable material that can be wrung from them. Moreover, the example set by the more wealthy farmers is contagious; when one family of refinement and culture leaves the farm to take advantage of the superior educational, social and religious influences of the town, several are likely to follow its example, "until finally the desire for agreeable companionship causes every other farmer of intelligence and refinement to leave the place he had fitted up for a home." The result is the formation of a distinct peasant class, such as is found in Bavaria and Bohemia. Mr. Welch says that in entire counties in Illinois and Wisconsin the English language is scarcely ever heard outside of the large towns, that the church services are conducted in a foreign tongue, and instruction is given in it in the schools, that the intellectual condition of the people who occupy farms there is not above that of the lowest class of laborers in our large cities, that the townships they inhabit seem like detached portions of central Europe put down near the centre of the new world, that these people know little and care less about the institutions of the country. The men who founded this Republic hoped much from the intelligence, independence and healthy moral sentiment of a large country population, made up mainly of farmers. The tendency is not favorable to the realization of their hopes.

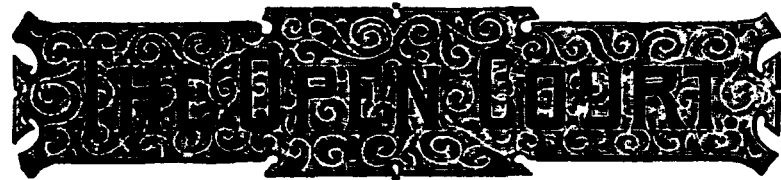
ANOTHER MEDICAL BILL.

There is a bill pending before the Massachusetts legislature for the regulation of medical practice in that state. It provides that "no medical college shall be considered reputable which requires less than three years of medical study and the attendance of three annual courses of medical lectures of not less than twenty weeks each, and no person obtaining the degree of doctor of medicine, who has studied medicine less than three years and attended three annual courses of medical lectures of less than twenty weeks each, shall be registered." Any person not registered who shall use the title of "doctor" or "doctor of medicine" in connection with his name or permit the title to be attached to his name, or "do any act which may operate to lead any person to believe that he or she is entitled to the use of such title," shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. There is a strong sentiment against the bill in Boston and the daily press is decidedly emphatic in opposition to the measure. Says the conservative *Advertiser*: "A person might attend a chartered medical school three years, and at the end of that time know less than a grammar school child who has mastered 'the three R's.' It is notorious that scores of chartered medical schools are conducted for revenue only. They require neither previous training nor natural capacity as a condition of entrance. Their instructors are impostors, their examinations farces and their diplomas as unblushingly for sale as is the vote of a Tammany ward heeler. The word 'reputable' which is used in the bill to define schools authorized to confer diplomas would mean in practice about as much as the word 'gentlemen' on the door of a railway station waiting room. The son of a physician who has been carefully taught by daily observation and instruction in his father's office for five years would find himself legally on a par with any conceited booby who set out to study medicine without knowing whether the heart or the spleen is the organ by which circulation of blood is controlled. The reason why all such attempts as the present have failed in the past is that the smutch of medical bigotry has been on them. Apparently the ruling motive of their promoters has been to get the state to establish a particular system of medical practice, just as in European countries particular system of religion are established, and to put nonconformity under a ban. Now the people of New England long ago decided to do without an established church and their objections to an established medical order are not less pronounced. To be sure the pending bill evinces a wholesome sense of former mistakes in regard to asking too much, and it is framed in such a manner as to

allow more than a single system of therapeutics to be legally recognized. For this improvement the public will feel thankful; but it is to be feared that time must elapse before the recollection of former medical heresy hunting will have wholly passed away. In plain truth it has not been shown that the public's life and health would be better protected under the proposed law than they are now, when every one is free to choose his own doctor. Some of the most eminent physicians in the world were and are called by less eminent practitioners 'irregulars.' Some of the most precious discoveries in medical science owe their discovery to other than 'regular' physicians. In fact, it is true in medicine as in theology, that one generation has busied itself with adorning the sepulchres of men whom the preceding generation busied itself with stoning." The *Advertiser* is in favor of punishing those who inflict injuries on the public by ignorance and quackery masquerading as medical science and skill, but it does not want any medical monopoly in the Old Bay State. Remonstrants against the bill had a hearing the other day before the committee on public health. Rev M. J. Savage, Rabbi Schindler, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz and Mrs. H. A. Lake made addresses opposing the measure.

"There is no doubt that modern Spiritualism offers material for investigation," says the *Christian Register*. "There are said to be more than a million Spiritualists in this country. Some claim double that number. It is not easy to make any exact census of them, for many belong to other communions, and have never formed connection with Spiritualistic organizations. That Spiritualism can command attention from so large a number of minds may well lead us to ask what it has to offer them. Religion has been constantly fed by illusions; and Spiritualists, who as a general thing have given up many old illusions, may of course simply transfer their affection to new ones. The hope of immortality since the beginning of the Christian era has been a powerful element in religious belief. It may be simply the hope of immortality that allures so many Spiritualists; but what most distinguishes them is their belief that they have positive, unmistakable physical evidence of the life of the individual after death, with possibilities of communication with those now living. This claim of Spiritualism brings it within the field of science as well as religion. There already exists a Society for Psychical Research. It has also done something toward approaching the subject of Spiritualism in a scientific way. It is impossible at present to divorce Spiritualism from psychology. The society, through its secretary and others, has secured the services and made records of the revelations of mediums of the best repute, and undoubtedly would have extended its investigations if it had received more adequate financial support. Whether any society will be able to do any better remains to be seen. Spiritualism has many wealthy adherents, who could easily furnish money sufficient to provide elaborate and long continued scientific tests. But those who are already convinced of the truth of a proposition have no need for investigating it. Nevertheless, Spiritualism ought to be thoroughly investigated, with a view to ascertain what is the value of the body of facts it has to offer.

John Wesley, who died in London, March 2, is thus described: "In his well-molded countenance a prominent nose, piercing eye and firm, neat lips formed striking features, while his ennobled dignity of action, his scholarly ability and refinement, overspread as they were by a light of saintly piety, rendered him a conspicuous figure wherever he went. His personal magnetism was full, and his power to move men by his words most without parallel. During his preaching not an uncommon occurrence for men and women to fall down in spasms so strongly were they affected by his words, and his hearers often became so to be beyond all human control." John Wesley in London. His last words were "The Lord is with us."



SPIRITUALISM AS VIEWED BY THE FRENCH SECULAR PRESS.

The *Revue Spirite* for January, 1891, contains an article taken from the *Figaro*, a Paris journal, very conservative and of monarchical proclivities, entitled, "Man at the Discovery of the Soul," of which the following is a translation:

It is known by what means the Spiritualists have made this discovery: by the aid of turning tables and sounds made in the wood, communications with the invisible and other perplexing phenomena to which they could give no better explanation than that of the personal intervention of the spirits of the disincarnated and free soul.

This doctrine from its origin made considerable noise. It struck the imagination. It called to it numerous and heterogeneous people, who rallied with enthusiasm about the certainty which it proclaimed; the credulous because the marvelous in it entranced them always; the freethinkers and deists who wandered unoccupied outside of recognized forms of worship; old Catholics with whom faith had grown cold, naturally, or in consequence of some cruel catastrophe; utopistic dreamers of an ideal, the last wrecks of Saint-Simonism who required a continuity of life and a plurality of existences to realize in the future the plan of happiness vainly tried on earth by their association; the suffering, the wounded, the inconsolable to whom grief left no longer strength to pray, and who preserved only one souvenir, that of the companion or of the child which they had seen enveloped in the terrible habiliments of death; dilettante skeptics, wearied and exhausted by their gloomy curiosity about the other side of life, positive even, henceforth resolved to admit only the palpable and verifiable fact. All believers who for various reasons believed no more, before the material revelation of the soul again found faith, and ineradicable faith. They had seen with their eyes, heard with their ears. It was misfortune. The singularity of the phenomena, their general low intellectual grade, their ridiculousness excited the public contempt. The dancing of kitchen utensils nurtured the spiritual whim of the adherents. Charlatanism mixed in with the phenomena. It was required to take measures against the doctrine, it was decided that a Spiritualist or crazy person was the same thing. It is admitted to-day that this check killed spiritism.

Now about a year ago the Spiritualist congress met together. It reckoned 40,000 adherents, who presented, it seems, 20,000,000 of fellow believers all over the globe—12,000,000 in the two American continents, the rest on our old continent, principally in the northern and pietistic regions. Paris, unbelieving, the country of Voltaire and of Gavroche, our great philosophers, does not possess less than 100 adepts of whom a notable portion belong to enlightened class of society.

Spiritism was born about 1850. It has then in twenty years convinced 20,000,000 of intelligences, among whom cases of mental alienation are not more frequent than elsewhere. We elbow every day a great number of great good sense, practical men, manufacturers, business men, savants. They are Spiritualists; they converse with spirits, pencil in hand. It coupled with such figures forces attention. It impresses so much as a multitude which a man of faith possess, which a common aspiration ex-

that mean thing of which in our daily life we are so often blind, in spite of our leisure, never to look at a black hole which causes a cry for air. We raise our heads more frequently than we do. We are going to lean upon our heads at the enigmatic garret window look at the sky. We shudder, the air there blows so cold. We see nothing but blackness. We remain motionless, fixed on our elbows, eyes fixed and

blind looking in that night, for well-loved ones, those who have so often smiled at us, those whose lips have been so sweet to us. We call to them, we demand them back from the dark shadow. Are they really dead? We have, however, not ceased to see them and hear them. We have never lived so closely with them as since their familiar place is vacated. It is the sound of their stilled voice which awakens us in the morning; it is their good hands absent as they are which touch us and caress us. We feel them happy when we do well, afflicted when we are in fault. This illusion, about which we are too dull to doubt, may it be a reality?

And into this night where we shall go also, we seek for one another ourselves, we seek for our future, our ego, this ego so intense that we dispute the possibility of things. Oh! if the smallest form would disengage itself from those shades, if the least sound would come out of that silence, if the mute horrible would consent some day to speak!

And behold, here is she who sets herself to speak, not to the Spiritualists only, or to the people who are instinctively so, nor to the mourning ones, to those who, reunited to weep together, exercise themselves in believing; but to the savant, to the doubter by habit, to the investigator; to the methodical and cool-blooded investigator who never presents to you the truth except at the end of a scalpel or the bottom of a retort.

Doctor Gibier, in the "Analysis of Things, Essay on Future Science" (*Analyse des Choses, Essai sur la Science Future*) writes this phrase: "One may have material proofs of the soul," which he follows up with—some lines further on with this other: "It is what I am going to demonstrate." In a preceding work, "Spiritism, or Fakirisme Occidental (*Le Spiritisme ou Fakirisme Occidental*), Dr. Gibier, known by his scientific researches notably on hydrophobia, had set forth the history of the question. This time he discourses on the theory. His method is purely experimental. He utilizes physical and indisputable phenomena, those very same, which, revealed to the first spiritists, served to confirm to them the presence of the spirits of the dead. These experiences, gathered through shryngings of the shoulders, which no savant who respects himself has consented to try, to which the authority of the celebrated member of the Royal Society of London, Mr. William Crookes, has not succeeded in attaching a serious interest, Dr. Gibier has re-examined one by one. Thanks to the presence of a medium he has seen tables rise, objects displaced without apparent contract remain suspended in the air free from support; he has seen a pencil enclosed within two slates placed one on the other write phrases etc., etc. He has operated in full light, before a company of friends or indifferent persons. The hands and feet of the medium were made immovable by ten pairs of eyes fixed upon her. Voluntary trickery is inadmissible. Phenomena took place, directed by a force which is neither mechanical nor blind, by an intelligence which listens, comprehends and yields in its manifestations to the wishes which are expressed to it.

Dr. Gibier also declares with tranquility: "The truth is this: The intelligence exists outside of matter such as we do not ordinarily conceive it, and while fully declaring again that I am not a modern Spiritualist, I affirm that all the phenomena called spiritualistic—the abstraction apart from the theory of the same name—are absolutely real. . . . " He does not attribute them to the inevitable intervention of the dead, but to that force, conscious still undefined, disengaged from matter and which may be the soul. The distinction clearly drawn between the soul and the body would well support this hypothesis. He believes he can verify this separation with hypnotism of which the progressive stages of attention, catalepsy, somnambulism, lucidity and ecstasy would be the successive phases which a sensitive subject traverses in proportion as his soul is detached from the body and frees itself. One might thus arrive at a final state which is the absolute division of the person, on one side the inert body, on the other side, the free soul and which imprudently prolonged might occasion organic death.

It is necessary to say that Dr. Gibier has against him his masters and his confreres who esteem him

highly as a physician and savant, but who smile as soon as he pronounces the word spiritism? Official science refuses to be controlled with experiments which it is begged to assist and which it claims is without any possible result. What would it risk however by putting itself out? Would its precious time be truly lost? Either it is a mistake, tables do not move, objects are not transported through space, the pencil does not write on the slate: M. Gibier (like twenty million spiritists) becomes then the object of one of the most interesting studies; he affirms as real facts which are not; his own aberration is changed into a reality which it would be curious to analyze.

Or there is no error. The two cases are worth the trouble of examination.

It would be necessary that we should at last subject spiritism to an investigation complete and definite, that all statements should be welcomed, that all confidences should be entertained, that we should have recourse to full discussions by adversaries and to comparisons, that mediums, believers, and convinced persons, should be investigated in all sorts of ways. There is enough smoke for an investigation to learn where the fire is. We might enrich without doubt, human knowledge with something, although it might be only a chapter recorded on the psychology of credulity and faith.

For Dr. Gibier has as much as he can do to defend himself every time the occasion presents itself, from being declared an adherent of the spiritist doctrine; he has work to pose as an experimenter who demands nothing of preconceived wishes, and who will not be persuaded by anything but the palpable, nevertheless he does not pass into the camp of the adversary; here he will not put his feet when he groups the series of observations according to a theory which will convince some and make others jump. Hypothesis conducts him forcibly to ulterior labors and revelations which he announces from what remains, upon the states of man in the after life. He becomes a spiritist, which means that he is wrong, unless we ought to deny his experiences without going to see them.

However, it may be, his expedition to the discovery of the soul is captivating. If, as is to be feared, the systems are only a series of errors put in motion to which we give turn by turn the consoling title of truth, a theory is only of value by its immediate utility, by the good that it creates and that it propagates. That of physiologists of the real school who, going beyond the domain of their profession, see in the manifestations of life and even of intelligence only properties of matter, is simple but incomprehensible. It deprives the thought and the aspirations of too many elements. It is bad because it circumscribes the intellectual field, because it robs individual life of its best part, eternity. We absolutely have need of an immortal soul whose reality permits us to explain what we do not comprehend and to hope for what we do not have. It is the legacy which thousands of generations have transmitted to us, and on which through sagacity and love of ourselves we are too piously watching for, we owe it everything. When through moral weakness and indifferent ingratitude we come to mislead ourselves they are the real friends of humanity, who, aiding themselves with religion or with science, set themselves courageously to the investigation and attempt at least to make the illusion beneficent and fruitful.

THE INCOMING AGE.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

All the signs of the times indicate that the new age is dawning. The social problem, the woman problem and the capital and labor problem confront us at every turn and are finding solution.

The men and women of to-day are reaching out after higher ideals, not forgetting, in the intensity of the rush of life, the practical every day work that touches our prayers and purse. The past is dissolving and reconstruction on new bases of thinking is in the air. The old is being infilled with a new spirit—not discarded; it is the old from her long in The infinite lo-

a the brain, heart and hands of man-woman—mark! Pan-fraternity reaches down into the hovels of poverty and into the dens of vice with the angel of sympathy.

The do-nothings may croak and invoke the mob as a pastime; but all are now helpers whether they will or no. The god of this planet holds the helm and the Goulds, Huntingtons, Vanderbilts, Rockafellers etc, have to serve their kind, whether they will or no by serving their own egoism. Such is the law and none can infract its requirements. This law rules in all this confusion. He is wise who sees it and holds his thought serene above the tumult.

Humanity is learning that it rises through suffering, that the inequalities of life have a meaning that God works through all, is all, and that it is his own imparted life which mirrors itself in all this medley of crime, sensuality and sin; that the most debased in man's estimation reaches an altitude in the ascent of being which shames our pretensions and relegates all our quack remedies to their merited oblivion. We are learning that the highest heaven rests on the lowest hell, and that what we call "evil" is an extension of "good"; we find purity in impurity and know that the angels make no distinction in the bestowal of their love. The dreamers, charlatans, pseudo reformers may exploit their schemes for man's so-called elevation, but the illuminated soul knows that what is, is the outcome of Design, Love and Law. No thinker who knows himself now claims that man is responsible, except in appearance, for all this diversity of life.

Man is not free. His so-called freedom is an appearance—the inheritance of the past culture of the race. The new age is under law. The one Supreme Power which moves through all is all action. We are simply actors, masked under a self-conceited personality which "plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep."

This age repudiates hero-worship. It despises back-track philanthropists—blatant cowards except in the crowd which they seek to gull or to swindle. We have come to know that humanity is one, and that under the law of evolution we are slowly but surely emerging into the new life. This law will bring the deliverance of woman; the enfranchisement of labor, the equality of all; and the hearty coöperation of the wisest with the so-called worst. On the surface evil, so-called, seems to run rampant, and no apparent remedy presents itself for the amelioration of the masses. This, too, is all an appearance. The clear seer sees under all this confusion a wise purpose. It is the abundance of the Divine Life not yet utilized by purification. But through struggle, through suffering, through all the antagonisms of life, at the centre, the One Supreme Power is reducing all to order; and ere long we shall see the divine purpose in all this misery and discord. Humanity must learn to wait and to trust and to bear the inevitable. I say inevitable for we cannot change the course of things. It is presumptuous to think we can. We can only coöperate with the infinite wisdom that guides the infinite love, that vitalizes with life and the infinite power that brings the issue of all things seen from the beginning.

There is no chance, no accident, in the universe. But all is under unerring law—the outflow of one unerring intelligence. So the highest angels teach, so the wise of earth have taught, and so we are learning, however slowly.

In the coming age the actuality of truth, and not its appearance, will be the sign of its dawn. The past ages of the world have lived and labored believing that man in and of himself had the power to do or not to do, as he might elect. The whole past civilization is based upon this fallacy. We are now coming to know that the all of life is under law. This is the actuality underlying the appearance of truth.

The church in the past has taught that man was free, and hence responsible for his acts; that being free he "fell," sinned, reached the lowest rung of the ladder in depravity, and hence he required a Saviour to save him from perdition—a crucified Saviour who vicariously suffered that he might live. Upon this so-called freedom of the will the orthodox church has

founded all its dogmas; original sin, the atonement, the fall of man, and all the delusions which have grown up out of this cultus. The incoming age will hold to no such teachings. It will declare the eternity and integrity of each atom of life. It will hold to the one Supreme source who infills these atoms with portions of itself, that through mother-father God, angels, we are birthed into our differentiated existence, that we commence our descent as male and female forms, conscious in the beginning and self-conscious in the ending of our time experience. Through innumerable ages we travel our downward course until we reach the ultimate of so-called matter. On some earth we live the life of good and evil and gain the knowledges which pain, sin and degradation involve. When our appointed course is run, we reascend the ladder and finally reach our home—returning to our father-mother angels' home. We end where we began, a self-conscious god-man; at one with the supreme and a self-conscious part of the God-head.

In this round of the spirit-atom is gained the conscious experience of evil and all that that implies. No soul is lost; no re-incarnation is necessary. We are birthed once only in time for its experience. By the irreversible law of our ascent we find our home and heaven and a life of endless progress, in God. Here is where the new age will differ from all other schools of thought. It posits one Supreme Power as the source of all life and its action. It only is free. Man is a form of life only, with an appearance of freedom, with an appearance of responsibility for his acts. Here is the key-note of the incoming harmonial home out of universal discord and suffering. Here we have law at one with all science. Here we have the ground for a new sociology. Here we can deal with man as man, and look with the eye of the angel—seeing the infinite love and wisdom and power as the substance of all movement; in all the events which come as the projection of the deific purpose. We look upon sorrow, suffering and even crime as God-sent.

The vocabulary of sainthood, holyhood, is abolished, and we no longer look upon the unfortunate, so-called, with pity; but rejoice that all such are climbing the mountain, where they will behold the day-dawn of the new age, and see the denouement of the infinite drama, where God, angels and men love each and all with a deeper knowledge of what life means.

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

BY H. N. MAGUIRE.

We are free agents throughout the realm of our cognizance or life realization of truth, and not beyond. It was not metaphorically or as a mere figure of speech that Jesus said, "the truth shall make you free." We are only restrained and hedged in by the boundaries of our own wisdom; otherwise expressed, there is no freedom for the individual outside of or beyond actual life sensibility. An animal on a lower line of development is free to indulge and give play to its propensities and energies—the conditions of no other life sphere impinging—within its own sphere of being; but it has no freedom, because no being, no life, in a higher sphere of consciousness. The ostrich is free to scurry over the landscape, in its half-running, half-flying way; but the freedom of the eagle to soar aloft into and through the atmospheric heights is not the freedom of the ostrich, because the former belongs to another and, we may suppose, higher sphere of consciousness. But while the ostrich has no life realization of the more enlarged freedom of the eagle—being outside of and beyond its field of cognition—it cannot be said that the freedom of the ostrich is restrained, abridged, or in any way affected by the greater freedom of the eagle; because being ignorant of the eagle's greater freedom, it cannot be realized by comparison as a repressing condition upon its realization of its own powers.

Thus we see that the freedom or free will of the individual can only exist in a relative sense, can only exist within individual life consciousness; and therefore to enlarge freedom is to widen consciousness of

truth; thus we come back to the postulate accredited Jesus, ever confirmed by the experiences of spiritual growth or progress, that growth in truth is growth in freedom, that finding truth and finding freedom mean one and the same thing. Otherwise stated, soul-growth means quickened and extended perceptions of truth, with accordant life sensibilities and powers of expression—a vaster theater for the creative energies of the individual soul to fulminate or emit into—higher and more vivid realizations of the infinite life in which we all live, move and have our being.

But suppose the consciousness of the ostrich quickened to a knowledge of the eagle's superior powers, and that it should aspire to their attainment, it would then feel the eagle's superiority as a restraint upon its life energies until the realization would be realized; it would feel the eagle's superiority as a stuntedness, an incompleteness, in its own life measure.

But the ostrich cannot realize its aspiration for the higher life condition of the eagle without perishing as an ostrich—that is, its old consciousness will cease to be sovereign or dominant and become subordinate to the higher life consciousness that has been attained. Thus life and death eternally alternate in the progressive unfoldment of the soul; the line of light or life is paralleled by its dark or shadow side throughout an unending series of births and deaths. But only in our folly do we exist in the dark death conditions, and to acquire the wisdom to live forever in the happy life conditions is the one purpose and object of this human experience.

What is the procedure, as experienced in the changed life sensibilities in course of spiritual unfoldment, of enlarging our consciousness of truth? Put in the most general way, it can be nothing else than continuously and persistently aspiring to life conditions better than the present. This persistent and continuous aspiration for the higher and better is the evolutionary force that carries us upward and onward in progressive soul unfoldment. By perseveringly training the thoughts in accord with the aspiration, willing mind and body into fitting instrumental condition, the intellectual perceptions will gradually assume the nature of life realization or sensibility, in harmony with the new and higher life state to which we aspire; and thus shall we grow Godward forever. But only as we come within the sphere of its living influences can we rise into the immortal consciousness, only as we in draw or inspire the more refined essences of the higher realm of truth or freedom we aspire to reach. Time spent under any limitations of consciousness, whether of individual thought or of creed, is a season of soul entombment.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XVI.

POSSIBILITIES.

On an unknown road, facts alone are the finger-posts; where they point we must follow. Will we then find along the psychical path any clearer view than we do in the physical?

The objections which prevent us from receiving our own cerebral power as a factor directing the intelligent physical phenomena, have not the same force, or the same bearing when applied to extraneous intelligence. In reasoning of the beings of this world and of the faculties belonging to them, we treat of things we have had experience in for countless generations; but it is not so with the powers and acts of an unknown order of being. There is little to be urged *a priori* for or against, as the existence of extraneous intelligence is without the philosophical proof the question demands, although now becoming a reasonable subject for inquiry, not only through the analogies of clairvoyance, but especially because this idea lies upon the surface of the question, and embraces more fully those extreme cases which cannot be referred to any psychical force of our own without still greater violence to reason and experience. If these intelligences do exist, we have no means to prejudge their methods of action. There is a right to believe that

human powers cannot write without hands or their substitutes; none to believe that intelligent and unknown forces could not. When sounds from invisible and thinking sources are made manifest to sense, or writing comes between sealed slates, sufficient reasons exist for the closest examination, and should dispel the most thorough somnolency.

The student of any and every degree of scientific attainment, dealing honestly enough with himself to be sensible that he can have no intelligent opinion of facts, which he has been unable and often unwilling to examine, and who is not obsessed by the mania of distrusting the senses of others on this one subject, when he implicitly trusts them in other matters every whit as fundamentally transcendental, does not find his difficulties in a prejudice for or against any interpretation or press upon a cause in some unwarranted direction. He goes to the facts alone; builds upon those he finds to be true; throws off the despotism of traditional grooves and judges of the causes by the effects.

The only improbability there can be in a matter entirely unknown, is, that any evidence of it will ever be presented. There is neither belief nor unbelief, until the phenomena come to show us that such things are. They then become facts to the understanding, in the same way that all others do, and any theory which fairly meets them, must be examined, accepted or rejected on its merits alone. The visible, audible and tangible effects of any force are to be regarded as natural, come from where they may, and no petulant disdain can order them beyond the pale of observation. The inquirer who seeks only for the truth, shuns the abrupt dogmatisms of ignorance by avowing his ignorance, and the more insidious ones of "authority" by not assuming to know all the possibilities of his being. Neither does he admit a supposititious want of use, as of the slightest value against an observed fact. It appears to him to be eminently logical to refer distant and intelligent signals to an exterior mind when the whole drift of an endless induction teaches that no such powers belong to our physical life, and most especially so when the intelligence itself persistently affirms its own conditions of existence.

The observer who deserved the name at length found himself in the presence of a fact and felt himself to be greatly embarrassed by the demands of this fact. The pencil touched by no human hand did write and sign the name of a deceased person. Intelligence in some condition of existence was there. At first he knew, in the presumptive way men think they know, and precisely from the same methods of scientific induction, that this as a fact could not be true. Yet the statement was cumulative from the most trustworthy sources in every quarter of the world, and was open to daily observation and proof, whilst the negative could not have the collective value frequent observation always confers.

It was soon rendered certain, however, that as a matter of fact the senses were right and the science wrong, both by rigorous experiment and the corroborative evidence of others. As it was something outside of philosophical thought, eminent names, scientific reputations and foregone conclusions could have no prescriptive weight. The phenomena were unknowable until they happened, and the only reasoning as to their nature that could be applicable came alone from the observation of them. The pretense of "authority" was a sham. The evidence that had accumulated around the facts made it as irrational to deny them, as from their character it was unreasonable to overlook their claims. It was a conventional sin against the canons of the old scientific thought to entertain the possibility of unknown causation; in the light of the new facts, not to do so might be a crime against truth. Certainly there could be no greater folly than to shun any solution the facts might enforce.

Impossibility was dogmatism,
Possibility was possible.

SPIRITUALISM PREVIOUS TO THESE PHENOMENA.

It may probably be imagined that the very cornerstone of a spiritual hypothesis would be crushed if it

can be shown that the present phenomena are partially or even altogether fraudulent. Yet before the present movement had raised up a class distinctively known as Spiritualists, many entertained a less assured belief from somewhat inferior reasons. The error is in supposing that a belief in the nearness and presence of spirit-life has no justification but in modern sights and sounds. These demonstrations popularized the subject and added converts by the thousand, whilst they also served to strengthen the uncertain belief already arrived at by a different line of evidence. Apart from the scriptural view and the traditions of every age, some of the principal causes that help to make the present investigation a rational inquiry may be traced long antecedently to the adoption of the modern spiritual belief through objective physical phenomena.

When Protestantism and science had brought the world to look upon the idea of spirit-converse as vulgar superstition, by slow and sure degrees clairvoyance came as a missionary to restore and humanize a sense of spirituality and infuse a warmer and nearer life in the cold and far-off structures men were building. The fading dream of a soul was revived and day by day grew into an outstanding fact. This soul was held to be not altogether of the theological type, but an intelligent personality, living on and governed here and hereafter by immutable laws, with faculties not bounded by the vestment of matter, and perceptions not confined by space or the machinery of the senses. It was apart from our ordinary conscious life, enjoying its own knowledge, memory, volition and aspirations, leading an interior spiritual existence and seemingly communing with invisible exterior intelligences.

Thousands upon thousands of times the observers had seen, as the body more and more simulated the repose of death, these powers expand to a divine exaltation. The proof was absolute that time and space faded into nothingness before the far-reaching ken of the embodied spirit. Here this power could perceive the ghost of a thought or a word; beyond it claimed to see the ghost of a human being. The last could be conceived of, and was the least incredible; the first was inconceivable, yet proved to be true. It conversed in spirit with other living souls and thought answered thought. It was just to infer that the intelligence which neither needed nor used matter for its perceptions here, and exerted its powers in a certain ratio to the insensibility of the body, would none the less remain an intelligence, when the conditions became logically more favorable by the final insensibility of the body, and none the less retain these powers which it was evident did not here depend upon physical structure.

It was a short and obvious step from the assurance of spirit life in the body, with fitful powers of perception not dependent upon the organized matter of the senses, to the reasonable certainty of some field for its normal and perfect exercise, other than this stage could possibly be, without untold confusion. An exact and logical conclusion followed from the known premises that an intelligence possessing faculties independent of its material organism might, when deprived of that organism, still use those faculties for its perceptions, as without its natural organs it sometimes did in life, and in the sense that perception constitutes presence, could be with and around us, longing as we now do and think we will continue to do, if we preserve any ideality, for some mode of communing with those it loved.

Why, it was rightly asked, should these faculties of spiritual perception be possible in the "lesser mysteries of death" save as rudimentary foregleams of the greater mystery which awaits us all? They were of no natural use here, yet would not have existed without some useful end. Clairvoyance made a vast induction possible. It furnished us with the most certain evidence of intelligent action within us, not of the brain, and a reasonable basis for the belief in the survival of that intelligence without the brain. As these latent powers energized in life, without the organs of sense, the loss of those organs by death

mattered little. All that died was the body and "materialism."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By S. T. SUDDICK.

In "Buffon's Natural History," beginning at page 107, is the following account of a case of what is now known as clairvoyance and clairaudience, which occurred just one hundred years ago, or "in the two first months of the year 1791." It is curious to note, and it will be of interest to the readers of THE JOURNAL to learn, how M. Nicolai, the poor subject of these "afflictions," was "blooded with leeches" and dosed with nauseous medicines by his physician, and almost frightened out of his wits by "spectres."

The writer says: Disease, particularly of the head, and violent excitement of the nervous system, often produce the most singular and vivid phantasms. Of this kind many cases are on record in the annals of medicine. One of the first that was brought to public notice, and one of the most remarkable, was that of M. Nicolai, the German bookseller and member of the Royal Society of Berlin. It is related by himself. Nicolai had been for years subject to a congestion in the head, to relieve which he was frequently blooded by leeches. "In the first two months of the year 1791," he says, "I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when suddenly I saw at a distance of ten paces from me a figure, the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but, being much alarmed, endeavored to compose me and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm, and as I was very much exhausted I soon fell into a troubled kind of sleep, which lasted half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind which I had been in, and it was supposed that I would have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

"In the afternoon, a little after 4 o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened, a circumstance which as may easily be conceived could not be very agreeable. I went, therefore, to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither, also, the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished, but it was always the same standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

"At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition, but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the other hand, rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

"After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantasms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions, but on the whole I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight had, either with my state of mind or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions than that, when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not the

consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

"The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of those powers by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

"The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day, but several other figures showed themselves afterward very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know, and among those known to me were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance.

"When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavored at my own pleasure to call forth phantoms of several acquaintances whom I, for that reason, represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain. For, however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them externally, though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterward unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish, with the greatest precision, phantasms from phenomena. Indeed I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well when it only appeared to me that the door opened and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened and some one came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone or in company, by broad daylight equally as in the night-time in my own as in my neighbor's house; yet when I was at another person's house they were less frequent, and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes the figures sometimes disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed my eyes. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again, the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me, for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present; they frequently left me altogether, for a short or longer space of time, singly or more at once, but in general several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro, as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle, sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colors of clothes. But I think, however, that the colors were somewhat paler than they are in nature. None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous or repulsive: most of them were ordinary appearances, some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions become more frequent. About four weeks afterward I began to hear them speak; sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another, but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: those speeches were in general short, and never contained anything disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavored to console me in my grief which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone, though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrase only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

"Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but on the contrary afforded me frequent subject for amusement and mirth, yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, even during the night if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches.

"This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon, but during the operation the room swarmed

with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half-past four o'clock, exactly the time when digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterward the colors became gradually paler, and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity without any alteration in the distinct figures of the apparitions. At about half past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which had also usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something, which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination."

The above graphic account told a hundred years ago, by M. Nicolai, a fellow of the Royal Society of Berlin, shows the same egotism in placing "meets" and "bounds" that scientific men do to-day, in saying the phenomena were due to indigestion or other physical causes, and that it would "always remain inexplicable."

THE INDWELLING GOD.

BY REV. J. FREDERIC DUTTON.

There are two forms of pantheism which should never be confounded,—material pantheism and spiritual pantheism. The one reduces God to nature; the other elevates nature to God. The one materializes Deity; the other deifies matter. The one says everything is God; the other, "God is really everything." All is God: God is all. According to the former of these theories, what we see and touch is the ultimate reality. Behind or within this there is nothing—nothing, at least, that we can ever know. The sum of our sensations, the unity and totality of the world, is God,—the only God of whom we have a right to think or speak. According to the latter, the senses give us only the surfaces of things. Consciously or unconsciously, the eye of reason pierces down below the thick rind of circumstance, and finds or feels at the centre of everything an all-pervading spiritual essence, similar to our own. Material pantheism says mind is only finite, transient, the passing product of an indestructible substratum we call matter; spiritual pantheism says matter in its million of forms is but the symbol and constant forth-putting of an infinite and eternal mind. The one makes spirit the effervescence of matter; the other makes matter the sediment of spirit.

Material pantheism differs from ordinary materialism in this—that it recognizes the unity of the universe. It sees that beneath all things is one thing, though it calls that one thing matter. In spite of itself, it recognizes in the world law and force, both of which are purely spiritual concepts. Thus it is, or may be, a step to something better. But in itself alone it is the mortal foe of all devotion. It bids us be real. It warns us against beating the air. "Do not," it counsels, "fling your thoughts and hopes into vacancy. Make the most of what you can see and handle, and leave it there. There is no God but nature. Therefore, never think of Him as a spirit: this it to make Him like yourself. Never think of God as though He could respond to your thoughts, as though He, too, could think and love. If you must worship, worship what is before you—stones and trees—or, if these are not grand enough, then mountains and oceans and stars."

Spiritual pantheism also bids us be real, but it holds that the reality is below the appearance. It says, with Hegel, "The true knowledge of God begins when we know that things, as they immediately are, have no truth." Therefore, look, it says, at these appearances not once only, but twice or thrice. Do not call the world, as it first appears to you, "God"; neither go away from the world in search of God, but seek to find God as the indwelling reality of every star or grain of dust. It bids us not to worship the stone or star—for how can reason bow to fire or thought commune with what does not think?—but to worship rather the God within the stone, within the star, within all things; not to kneel to nature, for that is idolatry, but to look upon nature as the picture and symbol of the all-creative over-soul, to look upon nature as an open book, whose value is not in the paper and ink of which it seems to be made, but in

the thoughts and sentiments it contains—thoughts and sentiments it did not create, but which it exists to communicate.

The doctrine of the immanent or indwelling God in all things, all things in God, the divine everywhere and wholly everywhere—this is *spiritual pantheism*. It is a Christian theism also; for, understood, these are but different names for the thing.

This conception of God lies at the heart of the teachings of Jesus. It is ever the tendency of people in a primitive state of spiritual culture to localize their deity. As their God is only tribal or national, so he dwells only upon some mountain or within some temple. To the woman of Samaria Jesus said: "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." That sublime intuition, more than any other, was the inspiration of his life.

Every creed of Christendom contains the statement that God is omnipresent. How few of us ever measure the force of these words! Is He really omnipresent? Then there is not a cubic inch of space in all this universe, not a life-germ or grain of dust, where He does not dwell, and dwell in all his fullness. He is in the air we breathe, the light by which we see, and every particle of the earth we tread upon. Then we may say, with the poet:

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee—
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee!
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
While from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

Such a conception had Paul. It was this thought more probably than any other which made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. Was God everywhere, did all things partake of His spirit, then He could not be confined in His oracles simply to the Jews. Then wherever Paul went, he expected to find tokens and signs of the Divine presence, and men and women ready to receive him.

With this thought he came to Athens. He was not disappointed. In this city were living men and women who had never claimed to be the special people of God; and yet they were the representatives of a race which has stamped itself more deeply, perhaps, upon the civilization of the world than any other, more deeply than even the Jews themselves—a people for whom Homer had written and whom Plato and Aristotle had taught, a people who had passed through all stages of credulity and doubt, burdened with traditions they no longer believed, half clinging to superstitions they had really outgrown, retaining in art what their reason had long since rejected, their city filled with statues of gods and goddesses which no longer had any existence for them but as statues, a people confused by the endless controversies of their teachers until they knew not what to believe, infected with that intellectual and moral paralysis which says nothing can be known and one course of life is as good as another, with little hopeful earnestness, curious, spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing, looking upon every new teacher as one more special pleader to be overthrown by the next pleader who came along, looking upon all thinking as confusion, all faith as a guess, yet still compelled, as we are all compelled, to face the great problems of life and death, asking, What am I? What is my destiny? What is this great world in which I live, and what is the great mystery which underlies it all?—Athens in the first century! What a picture! and how much does it resemble the religious world of to-day!

And yet these people were not satisfied. Whether they knew it or not, the one deepest want of their reason and their hearts was the recognition of the indwelling God. Him, even then, they were seeking, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He was not far from every one of them. Not Zeus hidden in the clouds of Mount Olympus, nor Athena enthroned in the Acropolis—not a God that could be wrought in marble even by the chisel of Phidias, not a God that could be placed anywhere because he was really everywhere, but the God within all things—all things, and, most of all, within the soul—was their felt need, as it is the need of every man. And so in the midst of their idolatry they had erected an altar to the unknown God. This altar Paul made the text of his sermon upon Mars' Hill. He declared to the Athenians that the Being they blindly sought was not afar, was not wholly unknown; that man need not go out of himself to find Him, for in Him we live and move and are.

Now as then, to-day as in the first century, among Americans as among the Athenians, the deepest need of man is this consciousness of an indwelling deity, of an ever-present God. To realize God as here and now, and not simply there and then, as present and

not past, as near and not afar off—this is the demand of our consciences, our intellects, and our hearts.

It is the demand even of science. We are apt to put science as allied with scepticism, even with indifference, even agnosticism; for science seeks to itself to phenomena. It aims simply to discover and record the permanent relations among appearances. But science, as thought, whenever it would be wholly consistent, does and must overstep these bounds. You cannot speak of appearances without suggesting what appears; and so, whether it will or not, science is forever reaching out beyond the seen and felt and speaking of force and energy, time and space, unity and law. And what are all these but entities of the spirit? Lost in the details of the universe, we may forget for a season its all-including cause; but in hours of calmest reason we shall ever return to the original problem. We shall say, as Napoleon said to the atheists, while he pointed to the stars, "It is all very well, gentlemen; but who made all these?" "The laws of nature," said a recent scientist, "are the thoughts of God"; and, we may add, the forces of nature are his eternal will. Is this true? Then do not ask me, "Where is he?" Tell me rather where he is not. The deepest scientists to-day are not atheists: I doubt if the most of them are agnostics. But one thing science has helped us to settle forever—that there is no gulf between creation and its creator. Creation is not a fixed product, but an eternal process; and you and I are present this moment at the birth of the world. So we may speak of God in nature; but to speak of God and nature is to set up an opposition which science cannot permit. In the rhythmic movements of the stars, in chemical affinities, in the action of heat and light and electricity, science discovers that whatever power has ever acted in this universe is acting here and now. All energy is present energy. No doctrine of science is more firmly settled than that of the persistence of force. Push, then, this conception to its last hiding place, and it is as impossible to think of energy without self-activity as it is to think of an inside without an outside, a top without a bottom, an end without a beginning; and self-activity in any but its lowest forms is will, and conscious will. This explaining the universe as a series of effects without a cause, getting rid of the necessity of cause simply by multiplying the number of effects, is like trying to suspend the earth by a chain so long as to need no support for the final link, or resting it, as did the ancients, upon an elephant, the elephant upon a tortoise, the tortoise upon a rock, the rock upon chaos. The theory breaks down with its own weight. Every new support, without something ultimate under it all, is only an added burden; and the more of these you have, the worse off you are. We cannot get rid of the thought, of the necessary thought, of original creative power by discovering that creation is so old that we cannot tell when it began to be. We cannot read God out of the universe by simply extending the time of his activity. We cannot "put out divine power at compound interest through a series of ages, and then deny the debt." The world may be a million or a thousand million years old. For all of that, there is not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father.

The English deists of two hundred years ago were wholly dissatisfied with the popular conceptions of God. They had a right to be. The religions of that day did not speak the language of nature, of "the blowing clover and the falling rain." There was little or no correspondence between faith and fact. And so they sought to politely bow the Creator out of creation. He was once here, but now, like a comet in a parabolic orbit, he had gone, never probably to return. Once he had wound creation up, like a clock. Now, seated at some unknown corner of vacant space, he was watching it while it ran down. Such a conception satisfies neither the mind nor the affections; and thanks to modern science that it has dealt it most deadly blows! We may have an age of agnosticism, possibly of atheism; but deism is gone, never to return. If we can get rid of God at all, we can get rid of him wholly. The cause of the world is not exterior and occasional, but interior and perpetual. Whatever has been is, and whatever really is always will be. To God there is no past, no distant, only an ever present, an eternal now. If the laws of nature are uniform, it is because He does not change. If the forces of nature are persistent, it is because he endures to all generations. Well might the poet Goethe, great as a scientist as he was great as a poet, exclaim—

"What were the God who sat outside to scan
The spheres that 'neath his finger circling ran?
God dwells within, and moves the world and moulds,
Himself and nature in one form enfolds:
Thus all that lives in him and breathes and is
Shall ne'er his puissance, ne'er his spirit, miss."

The same truth of God in all things holds of poetry itself. They are not the great poets who see simply woodlands, oceans, and sunsets, and, having set these

forth as they appear to the unaided senses, leave it there. They rather are the great poets of nature who give us glimpses of its infinite suggestiveness, hints of that something within nature which it but half reveals, of that overflowing spirit premeating all things, of which plastic nature is but the sign and seal. They are the true poets who break the hard shell of matter and show us soul as its kernel, who make us see that the laws of the external world are one with the laws of mind, and that the same force which moves the planets mounts to consciousness in man—who draw us to nature as to our other self. That is poetry which treats all material facts as symbols of spiritual facts, all matter as the symbol of spirit. Such a poet was Wordsworth. Wordsworth, often dull, tedious, even trivial, has this redeeming quality—that he ever keeps the open vision of the over-soul in nature, of God in everything. This was the one great thought of his life. Here he glows with a white heat; here his poetic power becomes perfect. Those oftquoted lines of his touch the very heart of this great truth:—

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Emerson, standing by the seashore, exclaims—

"Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole;
Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies;
And the sands whereof I'm made
Draw me to them, self-betrayed?"

Or turn to art. The immanent and indwelling God, a spirit informing all things, answering to spirit of man even while it transcends it, as this is the soul of the highest poetry, so is it the secret of the highest art. This is the culmination of art—to dematerialize matter. As I sat for an hour before the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery, I thought not of the artist or his art, much less of the paint upon the canvas, but of the thought which stood before me, clothed in almost spiritual tints. The painting was all alive. It was like an angel's whisper from the unseen world, as though a beautiful soul had suddenly stepped forth from the invisible. I did not so much see that painting as I saw through it, saw within it the ideas and affections for which it stood. The Apollo Belvidere is little less than spiritualized marble. In Guido's "Aurora," the steeds seem like winged affections, and the moving hours like newborn thoughts. Is not music something more than regular pulsations in the air? Is it not spiritual harmony? Is not architecture, with Goethe called "frozen music," something more than brick and stone? In short, in all these things do we not look for the thought within the thing, and is not the thought, the sentiment, the great reality?

I hesitate to mention philosophy, lest I should seem to speak in riddles—philosophy, which seeks to find the foundations, the first principles, of all things. Philosophy asks whence came this universe, what is that one thing which lies below all that we see—one thing from which all things are derived. The ancient Hindus said, "It is the clouds," "It is the ocean," "It is the sun," until at last they said, "No, it is none of these things; it is the soul"; and they left it there. The Greek sages told us the first principle, the primitive substance, was water, or fire, or earth, or air, until Plato and Aristotle saw it to be an all-embracing mind. That was the culmination of Greek philosophy, the deepest thought that all these deep thinkers have left us. And it is the deepest thought of to-day. With scientists we have reduced all things back to a fiery mist, with agnostics we have said we know nothing of the great first cause; but the largest minds to-day, Stirling and Rosenkrantz, Wallace and the brothers Caird, Green, and Morris, are telling us that the visible universe has no meaning, no possible meaning or existence, apart from an all-embracing, infinite self-consciousness, that the visible universe is simply the eternal forth-putting of an Infinite mind. All of which, translated into religious language, is simply this: God is over all and in all and through all things.

"In him we live and move and are." If for this thought we turn from science and literature, art and philosophy, to religion itself, what do we find? That this is the last and largest of religious truths, the one faith and the only one in which the soul can finally rest.

The ancient Greeks grasped this thought in part. The idea of matter as something wholly independent of mind, as possessing a being in itself—an idea so common to a more prosaic and mechanical age—this idea they never had. To them the whole universe was overflowing with spirits. To them every move-

ment in nature, from the rush of the whirlwind to the trembling of a leaf, was the action of some conscious will. Behind every bough was a wood nymph, a Nereid behind every wave. But in two things they were wrong. Their gods were generally over nature rather than within it, continually directing rather than eternally creating, and, secondly, they failed to comprehend God as one, infinite, including all. Hence, while they had many gods, they had no God. Even Zeus was but the greatest of many, not one in all. It needed the later Greek philosophy to correct the popular mythology; and, when corrected, his mythology lost its hold upon the people. So that, when Paul visited Athens, he found a highly religious race without a religion, restless, anxious, curious, but faithless; and from that day until this, coming all down through the ages, we have in history that action and reaction, that interplay of faith and doubt, dogmatism and denial, idolatry and atheism, which while it can never let finally go this God idea, can almost never firmly grasp it. The religious history of the race is summed up in those few words, "We seek God, if haply we may feel after him and find him, though he is not far from every one of us."

And where are we to-day? What progress have we made? Much, let us hope. Perhaps never before did man cry so loudly for the indwelling God. More and more are we falling back for our faith upon the present intuitions of the spirit. Yet two things, while they may help, often hinder us and keep us from the open vision: we are in bondage to tradition, and we are blinded by our material progress.

We are in bondage to tradition. "The foregoing generations," says Emerson, "beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?" These words voice, I believe, to-day, the silent sigh of many a pious soul. We want a God who is, not simply who was, here and now, as well as then and there. We have been taught to believe in a sealed revelation whose last word was spoken eighteen hundred years ago; but to believe in a present revelation, in a perpetual revelation, is deemed impiety. To admit that God incarnated himself in Jesus is deemed a saving faith; but that in every age he in spirits, ensouls, himself in every noble mind, who dares to whisper that? He was in Palestine in the first century; but can he be in America in the twentieth? The immediate presence of Deity, like the immortality of soul, seems too good to be true. Nothing is so easy as to imagine God as past and absent until we think: then nothing is so hard. When we become truly in earnest, either with our thoughts or our lives, then we must have a present, personal religion to us or none at all.

The other hindrance to this faith is our material progress. We move so rapidly to-day that we have little time to ask whither are we tending. We ask the how of everything, not the what. We think more of the manifestations of life than of its mystery, more of the working power of heat and electricity than of their subtle essence. We speak of the impersonal energies of nature as though they had an independent existence, more than matter, less than mind; we speak of the laws of nature as though they could execute themselves. To believe that in all our practical activities we are working with God, that in all our subtle scientific researches we are but thinking over his thoughts that it is the Eternal Spirit who drives the car along the street and flashes our message around the world—all this we can hardly credit, yet all of this is literally true. Change your words a little, and for nature's forces say the Eternal Will, for nature's laws the Eternal and Unchangeable Thought, and you have the religious conception exactly.

Yes: God is in all things, and we in Him. He shines in the sunlight and veils Himself in darkness. He whispers in the night wind, He speaks in the rushing river, He lies reflected in the clouds which hover above the setting sun, He mirrors his presence in the midnight stars. No world is so great that He does not fill it wholly, no atom so small that He is not wholly there.

"To Him no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills. He bounds, connects, and equals all."

But most of all is He is present in the conscience and reason of man. Other things are His creatures, we His offspring. He is the maker of the world, but He is our Father. He is in all things, but we are in Him. The end of the world is to manifest His power: our mission is to reveal His wisdom and love. As being his children, He has imparted to us His nature, and made us as real as Himself. Only by an act of self-annihilation can we escape God. That we can think His thoughts and work His will is the promise and pledge of our immortality. I see not how the soul that is in God can ever perish. I see not how I can be less or less enduring than all I can comprehend.

When we become possessed of this greatest of all truths, as we surely some time will be, our little lives

ed honor to a noble work that years has been going on in an institution where, after my home had wholly vanished sight, I at length found a home-ge for my closing years. It is of idere Seminary of which I now This, though by no means wholly n by Spiritualists and liberals, has een suffered to lapse into obscurity istice to itself as well as to the ad- cause of religious liberty and as justly to call for renewed at- This institution was established enty years ago by three sisters, the ush. Two of these are now mar- still connected with the educa- work: the husband of one of them, nkin Clark, M. D., being the resi- hysician. The other sister, Miss ush, has been well known in literary as a poetic writer and author of a published soon after the close of war, entitled "Voices of the Morn- d inscribed

who sorrow for the dead flood on Freedom's altar hath been shed." so wrote many fugitive pieces which lie an extended circulation in the icals of the time. But for many having apparently made a voluntary ce of most of her poetic privileges, noble woman, as principal of the sem- , has devoted the strength of her life e welfare of the youthful ones com- ed to her charge.

his is an institution peculiar in some rtant respects. It is free from sec- n influence and is not afraid of heresy. ns constantly to teach a wise observ- of the laws of health, bodily, mental spiritual, and thus to promote the nat- development of a true nobility of acter, including especially perfect al and moral freedom. The prevailing nce here is the law of love, both with ers and pupils, and discordant words t heard. Money advantages are but ly regarded; hence often it is that unate ones as to educational privi- even though now somewhat ad- ed in age, are helped on according to nt needs, and rarely, if ever, is the e lack of money allowed to quench the irations of those who apply.

This is tically a family education- school in which are found almost every and stage of progress, and in which all made to feel something of the comforts happiness of life. It has its playful eations as well as its healthful work. disorderly and rough ones, especially he male sex, are rigidly excluded. The lding is large and capable of accommo- ing many home inmates. It occupies a manding position near the Delaware r, including within its landscape view adual upward slope toward the high- ls both of New Jersey and Pennsyl- ia which forms some of the finest scen- of the valley. The health influences also remarkably satisfactory.

The history of the Belvidere Seminary is e which if rightly understood would call th the sympathy and admiration of all lovers of free thought and Spiritualism, and secure for them a far more general support. In its earlier stages the institu- tion was liberally patronized by citizens of the town who sent their children as day scholars. But the prevailing religious in- fluences here being almost entirely of a narrow, sectarian character, no sooner had the independent and liberal character of the school become fully known than this outside town support was withdrawn, leaving the income uncomfortably dimin- ished. Since that time the support has come almost wholly from such Spiritualist and liberal families as were willing to make some sacrifice of convenience or popu- larity in order to secure a higher education for their children, the natural outcome of which should be a true manhood and womanhood, instead of allowing them to float with the fashionable current into in- stitutions of so-called orthodoxy where a creed bound theology still largely prevails, and where sad perversions of true spirit- uality are almost sure to be so exhibited as to darken the entire earthly future of sensitive ones and render its close an un- speakable terror, when a right knowledge as revealed in modern Spiritualism would enable them to look upon death as another life:

We bow our heads at going out,
And enter straight another mansion of the king
Larger than this we leave and lovelier."

Strange is it not? that in so many in- stances parents who have themselves es- the bondage of a false theology allow their children to be ex- me gigantic evil. Surely ought not to continue;

and it is with the hope of doing something toward connecting the mistaken ways of our liberal public in this respect that I thus appeal to them through the columns of THE JOURNAL. HERMAN SNOW.

BELVIDERE, N. J.,

WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR: Woman's mission in the redemption of mankind from evil demands her fullest development mentally as well as physically. To her has been con- fided the task to perpetuate the race, and the character of her maternal charge, as well as its mental peculiarities, are even more influenced by her state of mind and the conditions surrounding her before birth, than by her example and teaching after- wards. She should therefore be the recipient of a most liberal and practical education, that she may fully understand the laws of her own being and their effect on her offspring. It is only through the proper harmonial operation of those laws and a thorough understanding of a rational philosophy of life by both sexes that we can expect finally to extirpate crime and evil from the mundanesphere of life. The truly harmonial woman would scorn to give her hand and link her life with one not equal or superior to her simply for rank, wealth or station, no matter what her position in life might be. Qualities of heart and mind, a high standard of morality, general intelligence, and that subtle magnetism of the soul, "true love," will then be her guide to marriage. From such unions harmonious offspring will be the result, and such will always be found in the forefront of battle for liberty, morality and philanthropic movements for amelior- ating the conditions of the toiling masses, as well as for the dissemination of true philosophical ideas and general education.

Wherever woman's rights have been most respected and her education been im- proved we find the most virtue, the greatest advance in arts and science, and the least crime proportionate with the number of inhabitants of a given area. The sex has not only proved itself capable of becoming the peer of men in art, music and science, but many an eminent statesman has frankly avowed his indebtedness for suc- cess to his wife or mother; whose fine spir- ituality has assisted him to rise above his co-workers. Let us therefore hail with de- light the day when woman, enfranchised and the full political equal of man, will take her place in the legislative halls of our country, as she now can at the bar and infuse therein some of her spirituality, and battle for downtrodden humanity. The presence of some of the many advanced thinkers and practical women of our coun- try in our legislative halls, both state and national, would tend to greater dignity in them, and would soon make its influence felt by less class-legislation in favor of capital, corporations and trusts, and more for the elevation and relief of the toiling millions of our country. God speed the efforts of the noble women who now strive for their God-given rights, and hasten the day when sex shall no longer be a mark of inferiority. S. M. ROTHAMMER

A WORLD OF SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: What could console us for the loss of our dear departed ones so much as to know that their spirits are around and near us; to know that there are those in this world who have the gift and strength to assist us to converse with parents, brothers, sisters, husband, wife and friend, or a beloved child whom we idolized when on the earth plane. That this can be done, that I have received verbal as well as writ- ten messages from dear spirit friends, is a positive fact. A skeptical friend says, "Spiritualism is an ism." The word ism means a plausible and captivating, but unsound theory. Spiritualism is not in that sense an ism; it is plausible because it is fitted to gain favor or approbation, and it is beginning to be, now, in the year 1891, very popular; and in the year 2000 I believe that Spiritualism will have taken such firm hold upon the minds of intelli- gent people that they will be much hap- pier than they possibly could be if Mr. Bellamy's air-castles should become a re- ality. Spiritualism is captivating. Again my friend says, "yes it is so captivating that a well-known lady of our town went insane over it." That was because the woman allowed her mind to be carried away with it. Baptists, Methodists, and peo- ple of all other religious denominations have gone insane over religion; and why not one over Spiritualism; Spiritualism teaches nothing but what is good; it is founded on the Bible. Catholicism asserted its right to exist through all its trials, and as Juda-

ism, that most persecuted of all religions, has and will continue to exist, so will Spiritualism, gaining strength year by year until at last those who do not believe in it will be few and far between. It is no longer in its infancy, slow as its progress has been, and it has come to stay, bringing consolation to the infidel as well as to the believer in the One who can do all things. ADDIE DEITCH FRANK.

ANOTHER DOG GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: "A Dog Ghost," in a recent issue of THE JOURNAL, prompts me to relate an experience of my own. In early life I was very fond of hunting. I had a favorite pointer dog named Sancho, that I had raised and trained for field work. As each "bird" season came around Sancho and I would take an outing for a week or two just for the fun of the thing.

When at a "point" he would sometimes look back at me as much as to say "These birds are ours." He would hunt with any man that carried a gun. But woe to the hunter who should miss as many as three birds in succession.

If that happened the hunt terminated then and there, for Sancho would strike a "Bee line" for home, and no amount of per- suasion would induce him to take the field again.

In a moment of absent mindedness he one day swallowed a piece of corporation sau- sage containing enough poison to waft him over the "shining river." Some five years after this event I was having a sitting with a lady medium, an entire stranger to me. She said, "I see a dog with you named Sancho" and then described the animal min- utely. I never saw a dog that was marked liked this one. His head and ears were "liver" color except a narrow strip of white running up the center of his fore- head. His neck and body were white with small dots of bluish colored hair on both ribs, and a spot on his rump nearly round and about as large as a silver dollar was of the same color as his ears. It seemed to me at the time and I still believe that the medium actually saw an image of that dog.

Whether this was a veritable spirit dog or the projected image of one by some higher intelligence I am wholly unable to determine. Let those do so who can.

C. H. MERRY.

A VISION.

TO THE EDITOR: I am a miner, and come to the cabin to get my dinner, prefer- ring a warm meal to a cold lunch, and after dinner I sometimes take a look at the papers before returning to work. On Thursday, after dinner, I sat down to look over my home paper, and on wanting to turn the paper, so as to read the inside, I chanced to look towards the window, and, sitting on a chair between me and the win- dow was, to all appearances, a real woman, arranging her hair. It was parted in the middle, and she held one half in her mouth and was twisting the other into a coil at the back of her head. When that was done she took what she had in her mouth and wound it round the coil and put hair- pins in, then raised up, brushed her apron with her hands, as if removing some loose hairs, and then vanished, and there the chair was, in the same place; but the woman had departed and, like the wild, whence she came and whither she went, I know not, but that I saw her as plainly as I would had she been flesh and blood I know, and in broad daylight, too. If my eyes played me a trick that it was well played is all I can say. R. T. MATHEWS.

GRANITE, COL.

A POEM AND ITS HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR: I send you a poem, the history of which may be interesting to your readers. It was written during the dark days of our civil war, when almost every woman's hand was busy making something for the comfort of soldiers. Knitting mittens was for months the even- ing occupation of our household, consist- ing of our mother, two sisters and the writer. While thus employed one winter evening, the idea of the poem came to me, was written out and published. A few days after I received a package by express, from Philadelphia, containing several pounds of woolen yarn, in the centre of which was a printed copy of the poem, but the donor's name remains unknown to me to this day. The yarn was gratefully re- ceived, and willing hands soon made it into one-fingered mittens which, with other supplies, were forwarded to our brave soldiers. That they were well appreciated

the writer had abundant proof, and years after strangers wrote their thanks for the poetry which had cheered their perilous soldier life, and the mittens which warmed their hands. And they did more than write their thanks. When duty called the writer and her sisters to labor in the edu- cational field, for the elevation and eman- cipation of woman, they came forward to aid the work with their means and influ- ence. Verily, no good deed, be it ever so humble, is lost, but, angel guarded, as precious seed, each one lives and grows to "bless the world with its fruits of an hun- dred fold." Let us take courage then, and press bravely onward as duty leads. With words of cheer to you and your readers, I am as ever, yours for the truth,

BELLE BUSH.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, BELVIDERE, N. J.

A SONG FOR THE ARMY OF KNITTERS.

Here's a pair of warm mittens for some one—

A stranger it may be to me;

Yet I call him a friend and a brother,

Whatever his title may be.

A colonel, a captain, or private,

As equal in honors I view;

For they are the heroes of Freedom

Who prove themselves valiant and true.

And I send to them all the kind wishes

That spring from pure sisterly trust,

And ask in return that our banner

May never be trailed in the dust;

But aloft, with its starry adornings,

Unsullied and bright, may it wave

O'er the land that is sacred to Freedom,

Baptized in the blood of the brave.

I'm knitting more mittens for some one—

The task is a pleasure to me;

Yet cannot help thinking, while knitting,

Ah, who will that some one be?

And I fancy the one who receives them

Will shout to his comrades, in glee,

"Ah, some one has knit me nice mittens!"

Oh, joy! what a comfort they'll be!"

And then, as he hastily tries them,

Their merits the better to see,

I fancy he'll silently query,

"Oh, who can that some one be?"

Then over the chords of his spirit

The fingers of Fancy will stray,

Till the pulses of music awaken

And throb with a tenderer lay.

Ah, then the dear image of some one.

In brightness and beauty will come

In dreams to look smilingly on him

And sing of the loved ones at home;

And the heart of the soldier will listen

Entranced to her joy-lighted themes,

Till hushed in the moan of the river

That rolls by his palace of dreams.

Then bright o'er his pathway of peril

Will glimmer Hope's beautiful star,

And his heart will grow braver and stronger

To follow the fortunes of war

For our country, her freedom and honor,-----

He'll triumph o'er thick-coming fears,

For he'll know there are hearts in the home-

land

Who pray for the brave volunteers.

Oh, bright to the soul of the hero

Each labor and peril will be,

While his heart o'er love's token is singing,

"Ah, some one is thinking of me!"

Thus toil we, "an army of knitters,"

Encamped by life's murmuring streams,

While Hope, with the thread of our fancies,

Keeps knitting us beautiful dreams.

MR. J. H. PRATT.

We learn with regret but not surprise that Mr. J. H. Pratt, of Spring Hill, Kan- sas, has had a severe stroke of paralysis and is not expected to long survive. It was quite apparent at the time of our visit at his house in company with Dr. Hodgson, a year ago, that he was in a serious condition both physically and men- tally. We predicted paralysis or paresis within two years. We regretted to be obliged to report adversely upon the alleged

are lifted up and glorified. Then we become indifferent to times or places or callings. Where can we be where He is not? What can we do that He is not in it all? If we dig, He is in the plough and the clod. If we buy and sell, He is in the merchandise upon our shelves. If we sketch the landscape, we are copying one of His million revelations. If we analyze the sun, we are reading His thoughts. He is present equally in our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and fears, our temptations and trials. If we ascend up into heaven, He is there. If we make our bed in the grave, behold! he is there. If we take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there His hand shall lead us and His right hand hold us. The infant that perishes in your arms falls asleep upon the bosom of God. Nothing can happen to you that He is not in it all. Alone, cast away upon the trackless ocean, the cold wave wraps you about and brings to an end your earthly life. But that wave, could we see its spiritual side, is but the embrace of a loving Father. The ocean were not there, nor were we there, but by His will or permission.

"We cannot be where Thou art not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides—
Our God forevermore!"



LIFE'S PAUSES.

A curious stranger environed in doubt,
An interrogation point toddling about,
A bundle of questions—nothing more—
Cooling and creeping upon the floor.

A comma of sunshine, a playtime to see
The flower, the bird, the brook, and the tree;
A vision of childhood—count one for the pause—
A ripple of laughter, a golden clause.

A stile in the pathway, a summer day,
A blissful moment too sweet to stay;
Swift semicolon of youth divine,—
Count two in tracing the raptured line.

An exclamation—"You! O You!"
The same old story, forever new,
An arrow's flight to a soul new found.
A volume of love in a vowel-sound.

A song, a prayer, a marriage vow,
A compound word in the chapter now,
Only a hyphen, but angels wait
And hush their anthem in heaven's gate.

A gleam of light in the gliding years,
A colon of joy in the front appears,
A point of hope in the fleeting text:—
Our line continued in the next.

The sentence finished, a gentle mound
By waving grasses encircled round;
A period here, but not complete,
Merely a rest for weary feet.

A rest for the night till the morning wakes,
Till the purpling east in glory breaks;
Fate writes a dash for the great To-Be—
Beyond Time's bracket—Eternity.

Few people are aware, probably, of the great amount of valuable work that is being done at the Harvard Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology, says a Cambridge special to the New York Sun. A vast deal of original investigation is being carried on in Mexico and Central America under the charge of Professor F. W. Putnam, the curator of the museum. But one of the most valuable workers for the museum is Miss Alice C. Fletcher. She has been devoting herself for many years to the study and improvement of the Indian race in America. Her long visits to the Omaha, Ponca, Winnebago, Sioux and Nez Perce Indians have given Miss Fletcher a deep insight into the character of the Indian race, and have enabled her to obtain for the museum trophies and relics from the different tribes which have probably never been seen before by the eyes of any other race. Among these curiosities is the sacred pole of a tribe with the scalps of noted enemies attached. There are also arrows associated with mystic ceremonies and the sacred pipe of the tribe. Miss Fletcher's efforts have not been unappreciated. A recent gift to the museum of \$30,000 for the foundation of a fellowship has been presented by Mrs. Mary Copley

Thaw, who has specified that the first holder of the fellowship shall be Miss Fletcher, and that she shall retain it as long as she lives and carries on her work among the Indians. This establishes for the first time in Harvard University a fellowship for a woman. The fellowship is to go to Miss Fletcher's successor when she dies or retires, to be used in philanthropic and scientific work among the North American Indians.

Mrs. Marietta M. Bones, the South Dakota woman suffrage advocate, urges that the Indians be removed from the Northwest, and makes this suggestion: "If it is true, as reported, that large districts of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire have been almost depopulated by reason of the inhabitants seeking homes in the more genial and fertile West, it would be a wise plan for the government to try the experiment of colonizing the 'noble red men' in those deserted districts, where they would be in the immediate vicinity of their solicitous friends and admirers, and far removed from the vicious frontiersman and cowboy of the West."

The following, in regard to women inventors, is from an article by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, in the February number of the *New England Magazine*: "The steady increase of patents granted to women since scientific studies have been opened to them explains in part why inventions by that sex have been heretofore so rare. A list recently published gives the number of patents granted to women inventors by the United States Government, from the year 1790 to July 1, 1888, as 2,300. After 1809 to 1815, only one patent was issued. From 1857, the number of women inventors increased rapidly. In 1870, the number was sixty; in 1887, the number reached 179. If last year's list were published, it would probably show a still more rapid advance. And these inventions take a wide range, from mere household and dress inventions to railroad journal-boxes and submarine telescopes. In addition to the better scope and invitation for inventive genius which wider knowledge gives, the more independent position of women now requires less moral courage on their part to apply for patents than would have been necessary at an earlier period."

Mrs. Anna C. Fall, who was admitted to practice at the bar in Boston the first of the week, is the wife of George H. Fall, of Malden, who is already a member of the bar. She began the study of her profession in March, 1889. She will practice law with her husband. The two will not be in partnership at the beginning, as the state law does not permit of contracts between husband and wife, but it is their intention to petition the legislature now in session for the passage of an enabling act which will permit of their forming a co-partnership. For the present the style of the firm will be George H. & Anna C. Fall. If the passage of an act is secured the sign will read "Fall & Fall." Mrs. Fall is a student of the Boston University and is one of twelve candidates appointed by the faculty for the position of class orator. Boston has now three women lawyers, Mrs. Leila Robinson-Sawtelle, Alice Parker and Mrs. Fall. Miss Mary Green, who at one time had an office in the city has moved to Rhode Island.

He was a young man who had been a few years married. In answer to a question about pin money he said: "I get my wages every Saturday night. I carry the money home and give every cent of it to my wife. If I want any I ask her for it. She buys what we want, and puts in the bank all we can spare. It is as much her interest as it is mine to save all we can. If she is fit to be my wife and to bring up the children she is fit to be trusted with the money, and I never ask her what she does with it." A clever man, who receives monthly wages, said: "When I am paid I hand over to my wife as much money as she earned before we were married, and that was \$4 a week." There is peace in both these houses. There is no need of comment.—*Woman's Journal*.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fogg, who died recently in New York, left \$945,000 in specific bequest, of which over \$600,000 goes to educational and charitable institutions.

Eutrasia Catral is a girl in Buenos Ayres, who is now known as "the first citizeness" in consequence of the part which she played during the revolution. During the strug-

gle she showed so much courage that she was chosen by an operative society as their leader during the demonstrations of joy at the fall of Celman. She was dressed in white, with a red scarf across her shoulders, and was drawn in a triumphal car, from which she addressed the crowds who assembled to hear her.

Rev. Florence Kollock, the popular pastor of the Universalist church of Englewood, has a salary of \$2,000 a year. Miss Kollock is a very broad-minded woman and searcher for truth; she is a very successful organizer, and has the happy faculty of setting her whole parish at work, and thus interesting each one. She has a large and enthusiastic following of young people, which must be a power for good in the community.



SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

TO THE EDITOR: It seems to me that every earnest and intelligent person must be deeply interested in any movement looking to the better understanding of the evidences of a future life. But probably no two persons will be satisfied with the same mode of reaching satisfactory proof. It is both unmanly and unkind to affirm that honesty and intelligence will reach the same conclusions that I do. In discussing the various organizations now at work on this topic, each one must be permitted to follow his own convictions in the spirit of fairness. It is perfectly in the line of legitimate discussion to drive an opponent to the wall by an honorable use of our own weapons, but to call him unseemly names because he does not yield when I think he has been vanquished, is unworthy and beneath an honorable antagonist. It must be admitted that this whole field of thought rests on opinions reached from the testimony of our senses. We may be still in the same line of honest and intelligent research and differ widely as to the proper way to reach the truth. I may say in this line that I have quite clear convictions as to the value of what is now called "psychical research," both in relation to the parent society in England and its abandoned child in America, as also the new one now seeking recognition as purely American. No one can well doubt the candor and intelligence of these persons who represent these societies; and if engaged in any department of study in the range of their sensuous faculties they would no doubt bring to us valuable results of their work.

Allow me to affirm my deep and well considered conviction that there is nothing in this so-called "psychical science" to aid in the investigation of true Spiritualism. If this is due to my lack of insight of facts and fancies outside of mental processes, then there is no hope for me. I speak thus plainly because many old-time and intelligent Spiritualists have slackened their zeal since the appearance of this new promise from "psychical research," hoping that more effective means of knowledge will reach them made to order. I wish to give them this timely warning that their hopes will fail from this direction. Up to date, "psychical research" has done nothing but to invent a few fanciful terms that can have no possible bearing on the subject of inquiry.

In THE JOURNAL of February 14th, Alfred R. Wallace is quoted as saying "The number of men eminent in literature, art, and science who have joined the society (for psychical research) and have contributed to its proceedings, has given the objects of its inquiry a position and status they did not previously possess, while the correctness, and thoroughness, the literary skill and philosophic acumen with which the evidence has been represented to the world, has compelled assent to the proposition that the several classes of apparitions known as doubles, phantasms of the living or the dead, spectral lights, voices, musical sounds, and the varied physical effects which occur in haunted houses, are real and not very uncommon phenomena; well worthy of earnest study and only doubtful as regards the interpretation put upon them." Very well! To me this puts the subject of Spiritualism out of the psychical court as having no jurisdiction. It is the old story of the man whose sight had been partially restored—"I see men as trees walking." It is well

termed the "census of hallucinations." What in the name of common sense we learn from a "phantasm?" It is to none of our objective senses. reach none of the avenues by which we gain knowledge. To say that we "phantasm" and then affirm that it was not a dead friend is a misused word. We have no means of knowing what it is. Here is the fatal point in "psychical" study. If a "phantasm" has power of speech or motion to convey something known only to me and my father, then it is fair to affirm that its inspiring agent, but "census of hallucinations" never reports in clear either sight or hearing.

"Psychical research" has undertaken to map the geography of a continent by the reach of those who use the methods of survey. Their telescopes pointed in the opposite direction from planet they wish to view. They associate unrelated subjects. Sensations as studied from the theory are not "phantasms." They are to us only as they appeal to our recognition. If they are aught else cannot possibly be of interest to Spiritualists. They are no doubt of "scientific" value to those who are ested in "speculation," but this should divert Spiritualists from their already sured foundation in the natural use of powers. Not a whit of testimony from a spiritual seance or zealous medium should be taken with the least confidence till our sensuous means of knowledge been reached. We are not interested to affirm or deny the character of phenomena that do not come within our ability measure. What if great minds like Wallace do believe that "phantasms," "apparitions," and "hallucinations," forms of spirit manifestation? This more than any psychical research so will admit, and has only the value of a conjecture without defined evidence as to effect asserts. In the absence of testimony the conjecture of one person is as valid to the question as another's.

Mr. Wallace, like other mortals, be limited to the use of his natural faculties by which he, like the rest of us, came a Spiritualist, and I am sure if "eyes had not seen" nor his "ears had heard more than has been reported," "psychical research" he would not, as now, stand the very front ranks of defenders of an ancient cause. Any person who v abandon theory and wait on the natural use of his senses will in due time be sure of immortality. And I predict that no church or religion will stand the test the coming ages that does not strongly centuate a demonstrated future life. harm can come of perfect candor in these matters; and the sooner our faith is measured by demonstrated knowledge the sooner the world will realize its highest hopes. appeal to speculation, philosophy or science, can help us in the attainment knowledge that can come to us only as Spirit-world may see fit to disclose.

S. D. BOWKER.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

LETTER FROM A VETERAN CONTRIBUTOR.

TO THE EDITOR: Please allow me space in your brave and earnest paper for a special and somewhat peculiar object. I am about entering upon the eightieth year of my earthly life and already begin to feel proud of my anticipated octogenarian venerableness and to claim some special reverence from your readers and contributors, with some of whom I have exchanged thoughts through your columns for twenty years or more. Let all my old JOURNAL associates take due notice and act accordingly! In all soberness, I feel that I may safely rely upon my fellow workers to join with me in thankful congratulations that after so many active and laborious years I am still able to do something for the truths we all love, even though it be but occasionally to fill acceptably a column or two of our favorite paper. Still more confidently may I rely upon your sympathetic congratulations for the undimmed brightness of the faith that just beyond the death passage there is awaiting us all a far more joyous and efficient activity for humanity's welfare. Let me here assert it as firm conviction that my own extended mental activity has been owing almost wholly to the advent into my life of the new Spiritualism, with its conscious, unseen, helping influences. All honor then to the new faith and help also, so far as may be in my power, both in the here and the hereafter.

But the special object

materializations occurring at his residence through Mr. Aber, and did it as mildly as possible. We have been repeatedly urged to take editorial notice of Mr. Pratt's wild statements made subsequent to the brief publication of the result of our investigation; but believing him to be not only the victim of disease but of a widespread scheme to get money out of him by different methods we refrained. We pitied the sick man and deplored the plucking process too deeply to aid those who were confiding him, by furnishing them further excuse for offering sympathy—to be paid for in good round sums of currency. For all that he has done to injure THE JOURNAL and misrepresent its editor he is freely forgiven. Whatever charges may be justly brought against Mr. Pratt prior to his publicity in connection with his supposed psychical researches, we believe that since then he has been the victim and the sufferer. From the bottom of our heart we pity the man; we hope those who have taken advantage of his credulousness and prejudices will repent and make restitution.

H. M. Rothhammer writes: Your notice of a meeting of prominent thinkers and workers among the ladies, at your residence, suggested the accompanying thoughts, which I place at your disposal, should you deem them worthy your notice. [Printed in another column.—Ed.] Those noble ladies deserve the admiration and thanks of every thinking mind. "Pressing Questions of the Hour," in THE JOURNAL of March 7th, is forcible, to the point and very practical; also "A Woman's Suggestion," in the same number. "High License and Inebriate Asylums," of same date, deserves the careful study not only of all legislative bodies and church organizations, but of every individual. Philanthropists will find in it a suggestion for saving many unfortunate human wrecks. I have sincere respect for your worthy labors in humanity's cause.

Mrs. Clara Bisbee, Clarkson st., Dorchester, Mass., writes: "For three years the Boston Society for Ethical Culture has held its meetings at my house. This was due to my inability to prepare essays for public delivery, while striving through the week for means to educate my sons. Circumstances have changed, since now my father and Mr. West, of the *New Ideal*, whenever possible, will cooperate with me in Dorchester." Mrs. Bisbee, who is an earnest worker in the field of moral and religious reform, solicits contributions of money to enable her to carry on her work, which is one deserving of encouragement and support.

W. Z. Hatcher, Cleveland, in renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL, writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL since 1866. It has been to me a fountain of intelligence and of inspiration to thought; have ever found it devoted to the cause of truth, earnestly arrayed on the side of justice and indefatigable in its efforts to expose fraud. I can earnestly recommend it alike to believers and investigators as an uplifting guide in their search for testimony and higher development in the spiritual philosophy. To me it is an invaluable guide, a grand teacher and an ever pleasant companion.

Mr. J. H. Marshall in renewing his subscription writes: I desire to express my appreciation of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; but my continuous subscription running back into the sixties makes it more forcible than words. The change in form I am getting used to and like, and the advance from a phenomenal to an ethical and more spiritual basis cannot but be gratifying to your readers who appreciate progression and advance thought.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Therapeutic Sarcognomy. The Application of Sarcognomy, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by Means of Electricity, Nervaura, Medicine and Haemospasia with, a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Massage, and Presentation of New Instruments for Electro-Therapeutics. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. Boston: J. G. Cupples & Co. 1891, pp. 671. Price, \$5.00.

This book which opens with two pictorial illustrations of sarcognomy presenting the anterior and posterior aspects of the human body, aims to explain the relations of the soul and the brain—a very difficult undertaking, and their joint action as the source of vitality. This it claims to do not theoretically merely but, experimentally and pathologically. The anatomical, neurological and therapeutic relations of the spinal column are considered. The work attempts to explain the vital relations of all parts of the brain, to give a new view of health and its preservation, to illustrate the application of the psycho-vital forces, to explain the physiological power of the occipital region of the brain, to give the laws of treatment for the abdominal and crural regions, and disclose the sub-human elements in man, illustrating the philosophy of evolution. An exposition of pneumatic treatment guided by sarcognomy, examination of the animal magnetism of Deleuze and Esdaile, illustrations of the practice of the author's treatment, his news of hygiene, a review of electro-therapeutics and explanation of electro-therapeutic apparatus, with a complete code of practice in diseases generally, go to make up the work which, although replete with ideas and suggestions, some of them novel, contains a great deal of thought which, true or false, must be carefully verified by the methods of science before it can be accepted by the scientific world. Dr. Buchanan personally may have proof of propositions that, unsustained by objective evidence, must remain to others mere speculations. Sarcognomy is a word coined by Dr. Buchanan to represent a new science which he teaches as a portion of philosophic biology. The word comes from *sarkos*, flesh, and signifies the development and character of the living body. The chart of human sarcognomy shows how all important portions of the body express the soul as well as physiological action, and offers the basis of artistic expression in sculpture and oratory. Other works by Dr. Buchanan are in preparation to expound what he regards as a new science. His work shows ability, patience and industry, even though some of his conclusions be regarded as unsubstantiated.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Different New Testament Views of Jesus. Joseph Henry Crocker. Boston: American Unitarian Ass'n; Dramatic Sketches and Poems. Louis J. Block, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.. Price, \$1.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The Home-Maker. (New York.) An unusual variety of reading is to be found in each department this month.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The following articles indicate the variety of reading to be found in this monthly for March: Impressions in Cairo; The Traditions of the Baymen; A Day in Kyoto, and Cannes Flowers.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The several departments are well filled.

The Phrenological Magazine. (New York.) Descriptive articles upon Hon. George Bancroft and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth are well worth reading.

The New England Magazine. (Boston.) The opening article for March is a valuable and interesting one, entitled Harvard College during the War of the Rebellion, by Captain Nathan Appleton, who belonged to "the great and glorious class of 1863." Photographs of Prof. Eliot, Prof. Agassiz, Col. Henry Lee and General Chas. Devens and others add to the attractiveness of the sketch which is full of facts and incidents of the war of the Rebellion and College life. George Herbert Stockbridge gives the early history of Electricity in America. A Master From the States; Photographic Illustrations of Poetry, and The Problem of the Unemployed are among the other contributions. This is an unusually valuable number of a publication entitled to rank among our best monthly magazines.



TAM-O-SHANTER'S RIDE.

"Yes," said he thoughtfully, puffing ring after ring of smoke into the air above his head, "Tam-o-Shanter's ride through the midnight wind with the uncanny witches pursuing him, was a strange fancy of Burns'. It always reminds me of a certain time in my life when I seemed pursued by every demon of disease. Indigestion, dyspepsia, almost constant sick headache, weak lungs, boils and ulcers, everything seemed to ail me, and my physicians had finally given me up as a sure victim of consumption.

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It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
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The letter you did not write,
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Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
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The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

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So easily out of mind;
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And sorrow is all too great,
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That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
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Through the maddening maze of the waltz;
Two blossoming buds are your lips, love,
Your eyes say your heart is not false.

Your hands are so dainty and white, love,
Your figure so wondrously fine,
That I'm tempted almost, but not quite, love,
To say I adore you—be mine!

But no! there's a frightening fear, love,
That will not allow me to speak;
You're spending three thousand a year, love,
I'm making twelve dollars a week.

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God hath said,
Hath proclaimed it through farthest space,
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That beauty which he possesses in life.
"Every one shall hold in darkness,
That darkness to which he clung in life.
"Every one shall ascend unto Me,
Who truly wills to ascend unto Me.
"For I have given him wings,
And if he clip these wings
Who is in fault!"
"For neither in the highest heavens,
Nor in the earth,
Nor in the waters,
Nor in the air,
Nor in the fire,
Nor in any element,
Can the spirit escape the consequence of its acts.
"It cannot be forgiven:
It must purify itself.
It cannot be atoned for, or redeemed;
It must purify itself,
It must purify itself!
"Sacrifices cannot make it beautiful;
It must purify itself!
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It must purify itself!
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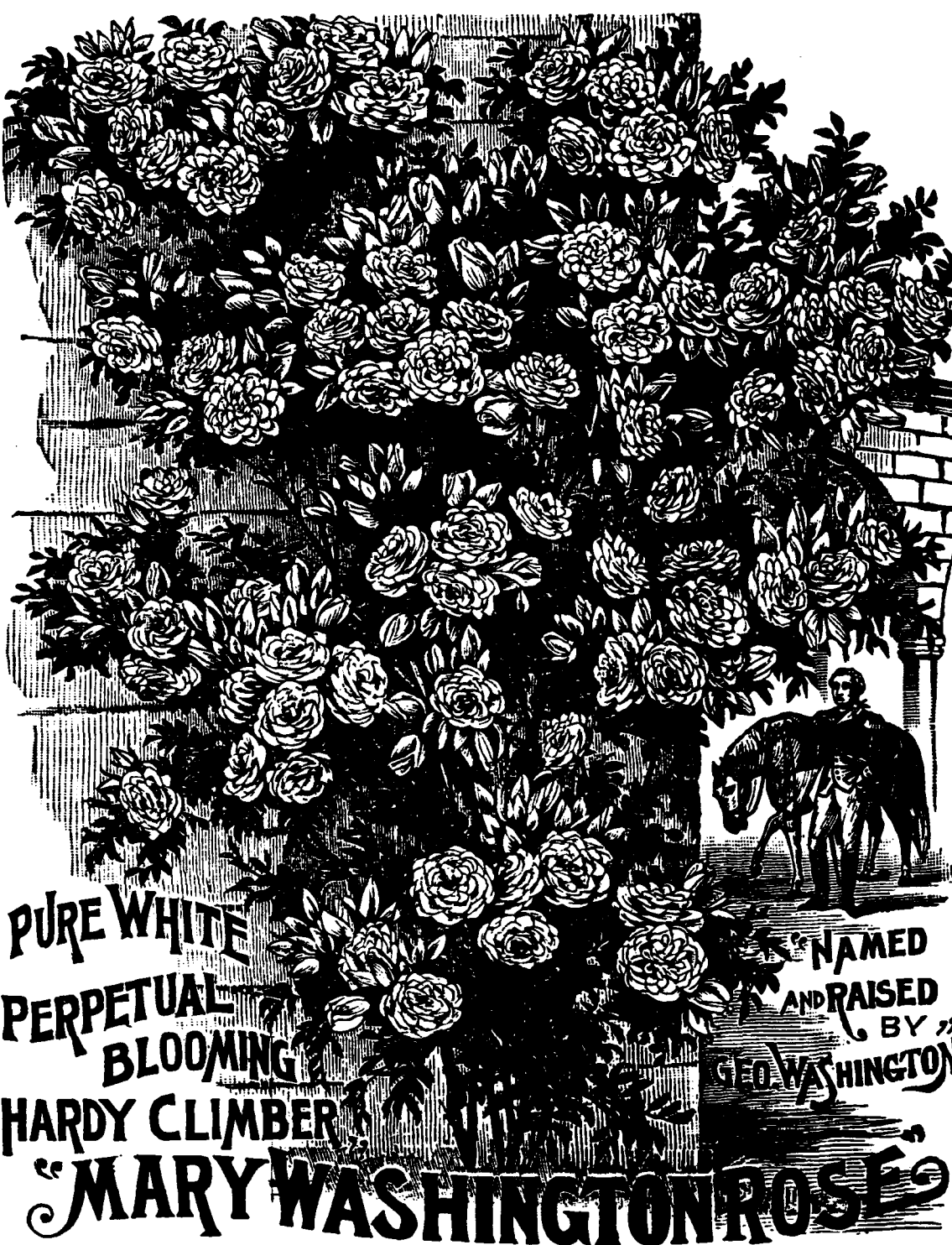
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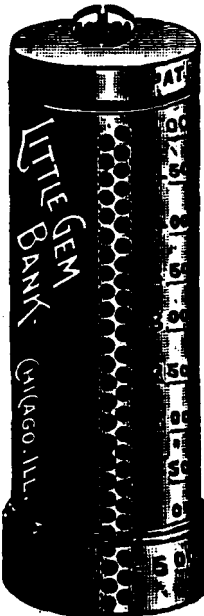
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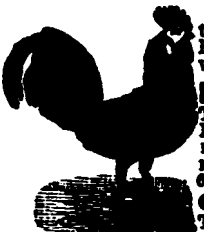
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THE JOURNAL was originally built as a spiritual locomotive, so to speak. It has been surrounded from the first by volunteer polishers who would have wiped it out of existence could they have had their way. But it has proven to be made of metal that neither fire, acids nor friction can destroy. Its constituent parts were selected and tempered in the psychical world by master mechanics, and it has never failed to "get there." Sometimes the track has been precariously slippery but the sand-box has never been empty, and a fresh supply of grit has caused the ponderous driving wheels to grip the rail and pull the load.

Now all I ask as a publisher is that those who have confidence in THE JOURNAL as an engine of progress shall keep it generously supplied with fuel. It can stand any amount of frictional polish, no end of steep grades so long as the coal and water are plentifully supplied. But the locomotive driver cannot leave his charge to mine coal, dig wells or regulate windmill pumps. He is ready to do his part, but you must do yours. If you want that locomotive to pull you and your friends through the Slough of Despond across the Desert of Doubt over the Mount of Sorrow into the Golden City of Happiness you must cheerfully and enthusiastically do your part.

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A first class paper cannot be published for less than \$2.50 per year. Five cents a week is a trifling sum to pay for such a paper as THE JOURNAL. The larger the subscription list the more can be expended in improving the paper.

Remember that I will send THE JOURNAL one year to five addresses for \$10; provided names and money are sent together. The names may be of old or new subscribers or a part of each.

In order to give further variety and interest to this page I this week establish a department which I think I will call "The Growler" wherein all, whether friends or foes, are welcome to state their complaints or objections to THE JOURNAL in brief terms, but over their own names. The omission of name being at the publisher's option.

THE GROWLER.

A correspondent, whose name is considerably suppressed writing from Philadelphia, under date of March 17th, says:

Why don't you publish more accounts of phenomena? They are what I want to read. I have been a Spiritualist for more than thirty years, but I am as interested in hearing and reading of the phenomena as ever. I was urged to subscribe for your paper three months on trial; the time is about out and I don't want it after. You publish a high-toned paper, I suppose, but it makes me think too hard; I don't want to have to think when I read; I want to be entertained.

The editor would be glad to aid in conducting original experiments, and to publish results, but to do this involves a large outlay of money. Who will supply it? He is constantly soliciting well authenticated cases of spontaneous phenomena and reports of carefully conducted investigations. The files of THE JOURNAL for the past year, and always, for that matter, are rich in interesting accounts. But to fill a paper with stories of what inexperienced or credulous people think they have seen or heard, and which in most instances are known by the editor to be open to grave doubt or wholly worthless, would be a waste of space and an injury to Spiritualism, however greatly it might "entertain."

Is it not about time, after thirty years of seeking, for this correspondent to go to doing? What has he ever done to advance Spiritualism or make the world better? He don't even want to think. Evidently THE JOURNAL is not the paper for him; it is only useful to those who have some power and inclination to think.

A man whose "bark is worse than his bite," writes on March 14th, from Hart-vill, Wyo., thus:

DEAR SIR: My subscription is out on the 11th of next month, if I am not mistaken; you will please let it stop then. While I agree with you in putting down frauds and helping on investigation of Spiritualism, I don't like the trash that gets into your paper; for instance, an article by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, on "Christian Science." Christian humbug, drive! You seem to care more for what some Methodist or Universalist may say of you and your paper than you do for those inside of your own ranks. Taffy is great, and you seem to have great capacity for taking it in large doses. When a person cannot get along without your paper, if they state the truth, they will simply say that they cannot think and want somebody to think for them. Well, I am not of this class. I do my own thinking. I don't see what vitality you are going to get out of non-Spiritualists. I have this to say, if you are publishing a paper for non-Spiritualists, just keep on doing so. If you should take a notion to publish a paper for Spiritualists, then I shall most likely subscribe again.

This brusque brother thinks he can think. Well, that is something, but if he will do as much profound thinking in a year as Mrs. Gestefeld does in a week, he will have more respect for her thought and less self-assurance. To denounce as "drive!" merely because one does not comprehend, or, comprehending differs, is the habit of untrained minds. The publisher presupposes that Spiritualists have graduated from spiritism, and do not need further knowledge of spirit phenomena to

fortify their professions, but seek to perfect themselves in spiritual philosophy and all that this implies. Hence he endeavors to present the proofs of phenomena in a way to impress all candid and sympathetic outsiders; and to advocate only such methods of research as shall yield verifiable, valuable results. The brother from Wyoming will grow into larger views in time, in the meanwhile I wish him well, and look for a new subscriber to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. Carrie McCall Black, who has been so active in organizing the Spiritual Society at Omaha, lately christened a baby at the Sunday meeting. The society presented the child with a silver mug and also tendered thanks to Mrs. Black and presented her with a gold pen and holder, a token of esteem and love.

William H. Johnson, sr., Scranton, Ia., writes: I will be seventy-nine years old on August 5th. I have taken the paper, THE JOURNAL, over twenty years, and I like the editor for his fidelity to truth and his opposition to all frauds and mountebanks. This may be my last letter to you, but I hope not.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

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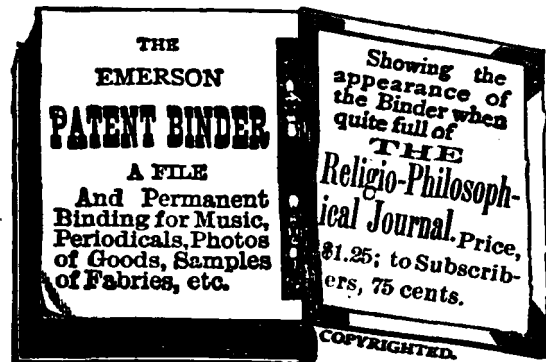
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MICHAEL JOONNEL

Extract From a Letter of the

Rev. W. C. Kampmeier, Lowell, Wash. Co. O.
After the second dose of the Nerve Tonic which I ordered for my little son upon the advice of Rev. E. Koenig, the spasms disappeared and no symptoms shown since four weeks, although the attacks came from 15 to 20 times each day before. The child was so delicate that it could hardly stand or walk, now it is playing in the yard and has gained 3½ lbs. in weight. Although the Rev. Koenig had expressed but little hope that the Nerve Tonic would help, I thank God, that I followed his advice and shall recommend the remedy to all sufferers.

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